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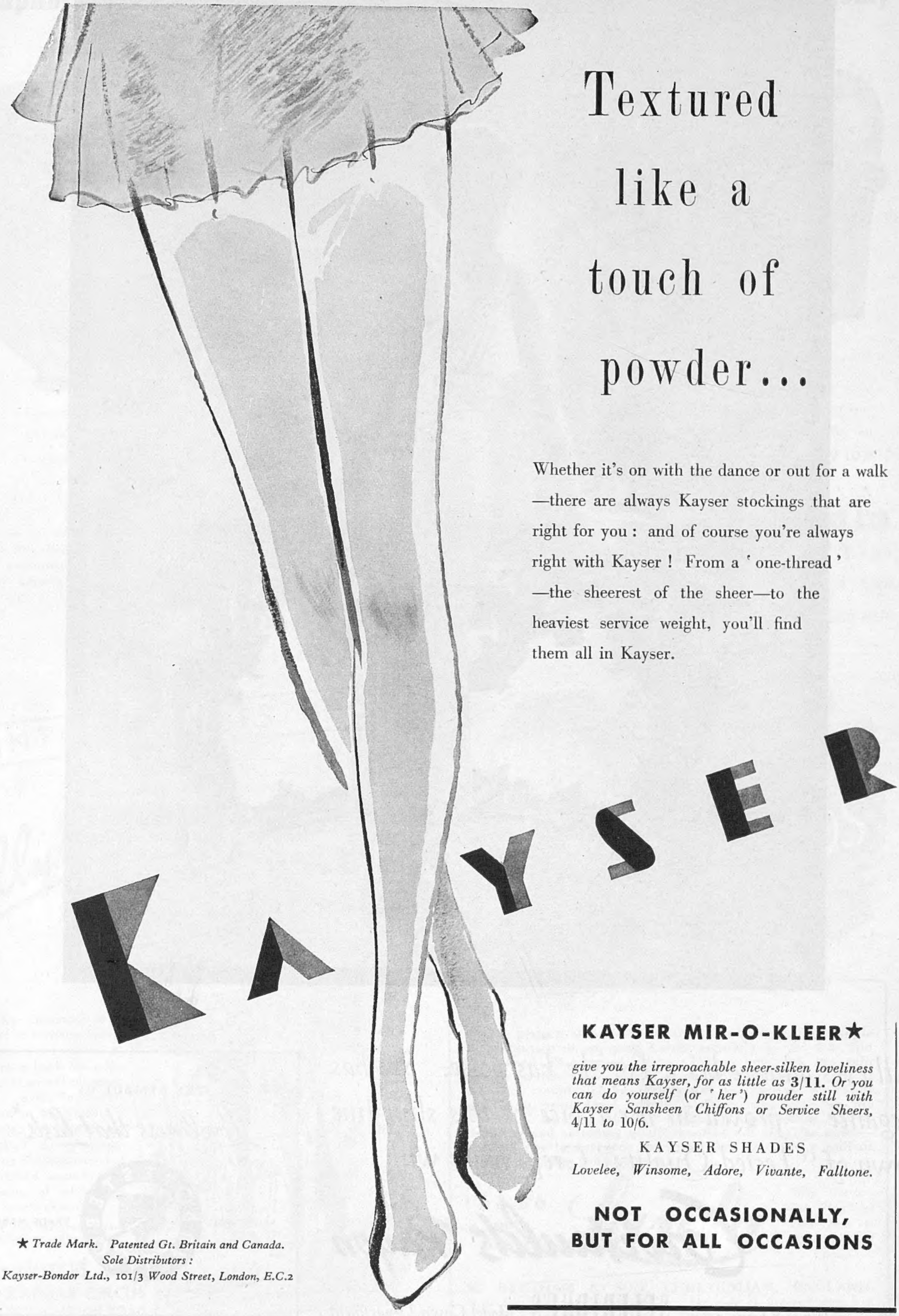

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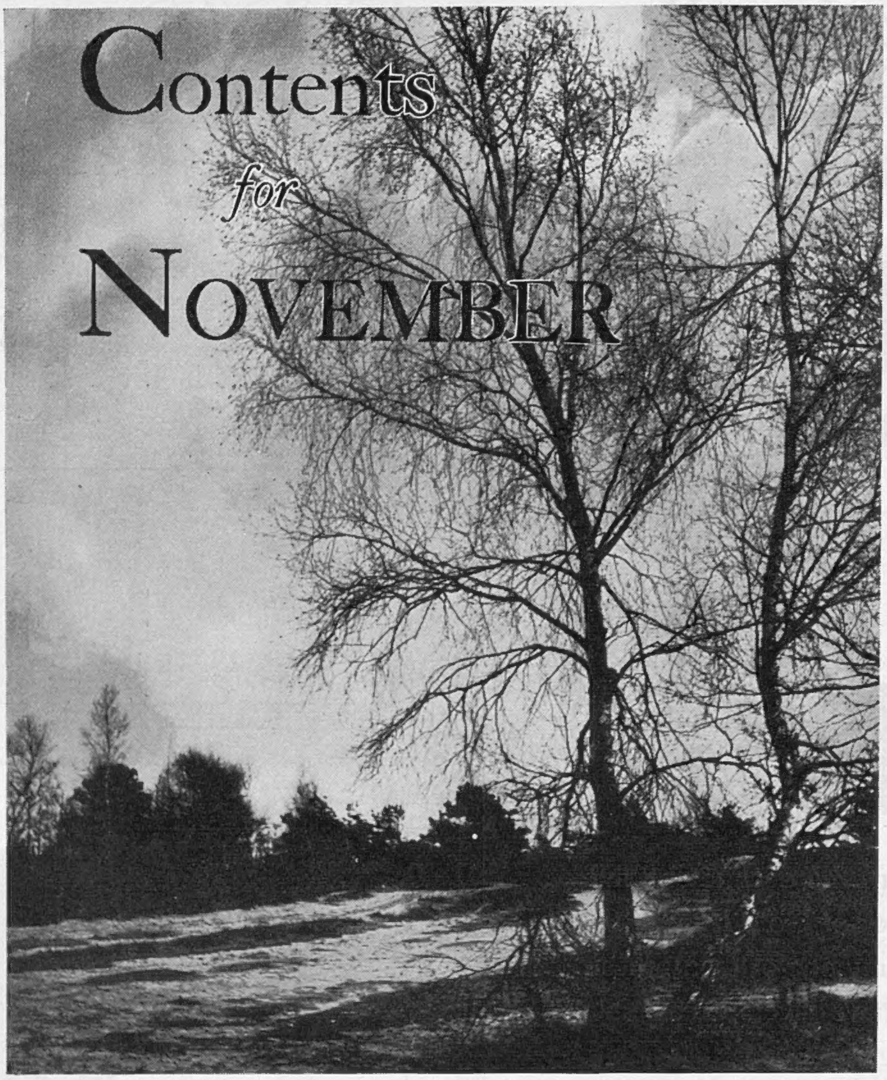

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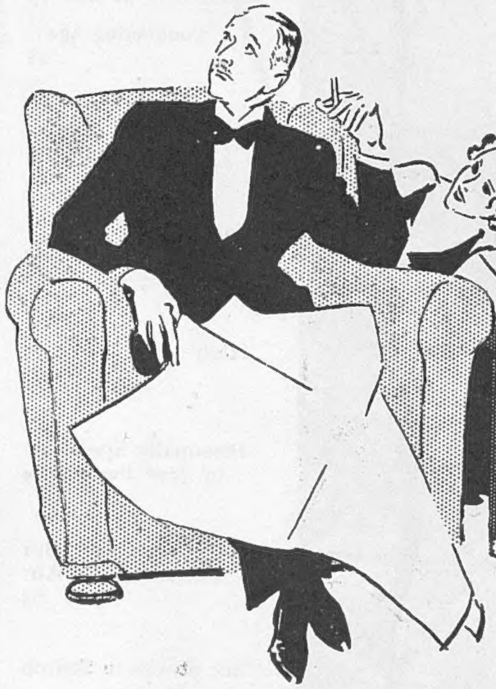
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 152. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Yes, my darling daughter?



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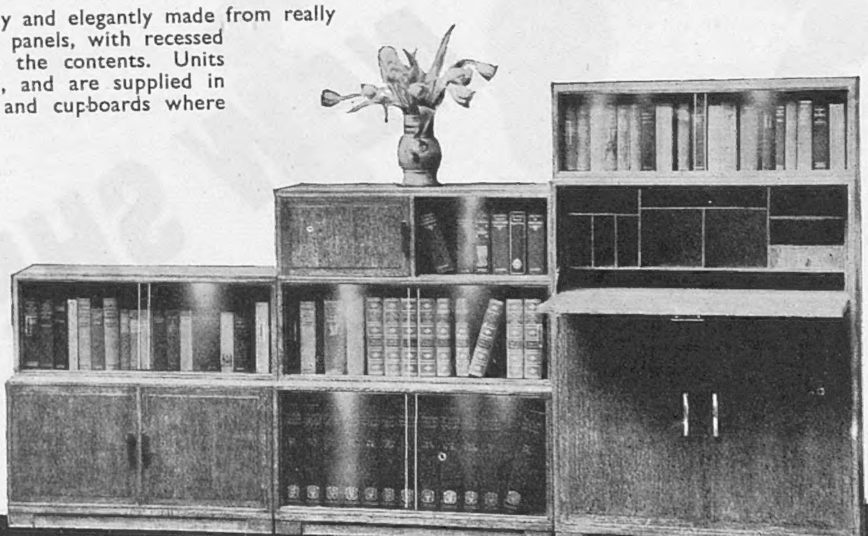

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A LITTLE PLAY FOR NOVEMBER

The Plot of Guy Fawkes

SCENE ONE *January 1595.* An encampment of the Spanish Army before Calais. Three officers are resting in a tent of russet-brown. The fire outside gives a flickering light.

One officer, with a map in his hand, speaks with a broad Yorkshire accent.

"Now here, Senor, are the enemy battlements. This line here. First I tunnel" — he makes a tunnelling motion with the palm of his hand—*" under this point, see ? Good ? Eh ?"*

The elder of the two other officers nods.

"I'll go now," continues the English-speaking officer. *"You keep the map till I come back. Reviendre ? Manana—you understand. Adios."*

"Adios," murmur the two other officers. Then one turns to the other as the first goes out and talks swiftly in Spanish.

"A good plan, do you think, Francisco ? But of course it all depends on whether we can get the gunpowder in exactly the right place. This man knows his business, think you ? This Capitaine . . . ?"

"Fawkes, Guy de Fawkes. He is a good engineer. None better with our army. I have seen him do wonders with land mines. He is the man for this job without doubt."

SCENE TWO The darkened basement of a house in Lambeth. January, 1604. Thomas Catesby, Thomas Winter and John Wright are sitting round a table. They are looking at plans of some large edifice. It is that of the Parliament House.

At the moment the curtain rises Catesby is shaking hands with Winter.

"It is agreed," says Catesby with deep feeling. *"We are bound now together by death. It is to us three that the country must look for deliverance from these dastardly laws against the only true and Catholic faith."*

"Agreed," murmurs Winter.

"And this man Fawkes, your friend, you think he will join us ?" inquires Wright.

"That I hope," says Winter. *"I leave to-morrow for Flanders where he now rests. He is an engineer skilled in the use of gunpowder. And although born a Protestant he is a follower of the only true faith."*

"Gunpowder !" whispers Wright. *"Gunpowder ! We will seek freedom and salvation through the ordeal of GUNPOWDER!"*

SCENE THREE A man is knocking at the door of one Thomas Percy, hard by the House of Lords. The door is answered by a man with black beard and downcast eyes, dressed in the habit of a servant.

"Enter," he says quietly.

The two walk down a passage, and descend a winding staircase.

Then into a tunnel, where several men are working.

"You're doing well," observes the caller.

"Yes," says Guy Fawkes. *"When we get properly beneath the spot I think thirty-six barrels will answer my demands."*

"When will that be ?"

"When ?" echoes Guy Fawkes. *"It is now March. Perhaps by November we will be ready to strike our blow against the persecutor James !"*

"You will take the gunpowder into the cellar of Parliament House itself ?"

"Aye, and hide it beneath faggots. We need fear nothing."

"Except one," murmurs the other conspirator.

"What is that ?"

He looks round him.

"A traitor."

"No, no," says Guy Fawkes. *"We are all honourable men and true. We are bound by the most solemn oath, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."*

SCENE FOUR *October 26th, 1605.* The house of Lord Monteagle at Haxton. His lordship is reading aloud to his doctor and with increasing amazement, a letter which has just arrived from London.

"Out of love I bear to some of your friends I have a care for your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift your attendance of this Parliament, for God and man hath arranged to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not lightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into the country, for I say that Parliament shall receive a terrible blow, and yet they shall not see who hurts them."

"It means ?" asks his doctor.

"What it means I vow I know not. Nor the handwriting, which is strange."

"You will act on it ?"

"Aye, if the king is concerned. Romanist I may be, but I am no regicide."

SCENE FIVE *November 8th, 1605.* A corridor outside a dungeon in the Tower of London. A priest and a notary stand in whispered conversation.

"It is now three days since he was brought here from Westminster. The Lord have mercy on his soul. But had he succeeded the death of many men would have been on his conscience," says the priest.

"They say that thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were found in the Parliament cellars," whispers the notary.

"That is his confession in your hand ?"

"Yes, unsigned. Won from him on the rack. Ah, we must enter."

On a long table, his feet in irons, his face a deadly white and his mouth open as that of a dead man, lies Guy Fawkes On either side stand his torturers.

The notary produces a quill pen and offers it to the tortured man. One of the jailers forces the pen between the pallid fingers, while another raises him up. And Fawkes scrawls the word

GUY

then trembles and falls back senseless.

CURTAIN

(For of his brave death on January 31st, 1606, of his procession—dragged on a hurdle from Tower to Parliament—and of his scaffold speech there is no need to further dramatise.)

It Happened in CHINA

Bath Crystals

TSING HEI pushed the lacquer tray of melon seeds closer to his guest. Godfrey ignored the gesture.

"Then you will smoke perhaps?" Tsing Hei tendered a packet of cigarettes that had been wrenched from Godfrey's pocket while they had him on the ground.

"Thanks for offering me my own cigarettes." Godfrey took one.

Tsing Hei flicked open a lighter and lent across the table. Godfrey found the Chinaman's unending politeness maddening. The fellow was just a thug. Why all these airs? He looked across at Tsing Hei trying to determine his age; he might be thirty, or he might be fifty.

After taking a couple of puffs, Godfrey asked, "What's the game? Ransom?"

Tsing Hei shook his head. Putting his hand in his pocket he took out a silk handkerchief which Godfrey recognised as his own. The handkerchief was knotted at the corners. Tsing Hei unfastened the knots and took out a watch, two letters, a roll of notes, a silver lighter, and some small change. He passed the articles to Godfrey. "And your cigarettes," he added the packet of cigarettes.

Godfrey looked at his restored property. Tsing Hei continued blandly. "My nephew, whom I sent specially to see that you came to no harm, looked after your possessions himself. I trust you were not injured in any way?"

"I wasn't hurt," Godfrey said.

Even the fellow who had got him by the throat, when they tipped the rickshaw back, had held him down as gently as his struggles allowed.

Tsing Hei looked contentedly at his prisoner: "I gave orders that even if you fired on my men they were not to retaliate. Dead you are of no use to me; but you can be of infinite service alive. I was obliged to employ this means of meeting you because I knew you were in Shanghai for one night only, and I could hardly hope you would devote that to my company."

"I shouldn't have," Godfrey said, looking at Tsing Hei's round brownish face and trying to make out what was in his mind.

"But I wanted to see you, Mr. Godfrey."

"How do you know my name?" Godfrey asked sharply.

"Tsing Hei smiled: "If I had not known your name I should not have put myself to the trouble of bringing you here."

"You Chinese never can answer a question straight." Godfrey spoke irritably. "You have not told me why I am here yet."

"That will be explained," Tsing Hei went to a blackwood cabinet and came back with a decanter of colourless fluid and two liqueur glasses. "Chinese whisky—made from rice."

"I know the stuff," Godfrey said.

When Godfrey had drunk Tsing Hei refilled both glasses. "In China we drink three glasses or four or five; never only one."

Godfrey nodded; the glasses were no bigger than a thimble. "Well, what's the game?" he asked, after emptying the second glass of Samsui.

Tsing Hei leaned back and struck a gong. A Chinese girl came in. She was about eighteen. Godfrey saw that her blue coat was of silk and the jade ear-rings and bracelets she wore were of rare quality. He sized her up as a high-class singing girl.

Tsing Hei presented the girl. "Miss Son Cha: Mr. Godfrey." Tsing Hei watched closely to see how Godfrey greeted the girl. "Miss Son Cha is the daughter of my friend General Ho Chen; she has just come back from Europe."

Godfrey looked hard at the daughter of one of China's leading generals. Tsing Hei took a melon seed and passed the dish to Son Cha. Godfrey watched her tapering dresden china hands, fascinated. For the first time since he had been brought to the house in the native city he began to believe he was in no danger.

Tsing Hei fetched a third glass and poured out Samsui for everybody. Before drinking, Son Cha raised her glass to Godfrey in the prettiest manner.

Subtle methods are often used by the Orientals to accomplish their purpose

By Arthur Mills

He thought once again that no people have such exquisite manners as the Chinese.

When they had drunk, Tsing Hei packed a tiny, long-stemmed pipe with a pinch of tobacco; after three puffs the tobacco burnt out and he put the bowl down. "I brought you here because I wanted you to do something for me."

"Why didn't you come down to the boat? As you know my name, I suppose you know the boat I'm travelling by?"

"Yes; I know the boat and I know why you are in China."

"Why?" Godfrey's face did not move.

"To sell poison gas."

"Who to?"

"To whichever side will pay you the most."

Godfrey laughed. "How do you suppose I brought poison gas out in a mail boat? Loaded in cylinders in the baggage-room?"

Tsing Hei shook his head. "You do not carry your gas in cylinders; it is in the form of crystals, to which you add a little water." The Chinaman paused: "My countrymen have a certain reputation for ingenuity in the ways they have devised for putting people to death, but your invention, my dear Mr. Godfrey, makes us mere amateurs. Your idea is based on the method by which wasps' nests are taken."

Godfrey drew back sharply and stared at Tsing Hei. "How do you know all this?"

The Chinaman leisurely refilled his small pipe; he did not speak until he had lit it.

"I am Colonel Tsing Hei, Chief of the Chinese Military Intelligence Service. You did not know we had such a service. We have had one for two thousand years; that is one of the reasons why no country has ever conquered China. You see why I could not come to you or allow you to come to me. In the event of my suggestion not interesting you, it was undesirable you should know of my existence."

"What makes you think your suggestion will interest me?"

"Because you have not come to China for the sake of your health. You are a professional arms merchant, Mr. Godfrey. You were in Asuncion during the Paraguayan war, and more recently in Barcelona." Tsing Hei put his hand inside his coat and took out a cheque-book. "You can satisfy yourself about the value of my cheques by making enquiries at the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank; or I can pay you in cash, if you prefer?"

"What do you require for this?"

"Enough of your special crystals to kill ten people."

"You wouldn't know how to use the stuff."

"I am aware of that." Tsing Hei looked at Godfrey through the slits of his eyes. The arms merchant had obviously no feeling about taking human life; his face was greedy and cruel; his pale eyes glinted at Tsing Hei over a thin, narrow mouth.

TSING HEI refilled the glasses. "If, in addition to supplying us with the crystals, you would give us the benefit of your practical knowledge, Mr. Godfrey, we would, of course, increase your fee."

"You want me to manipulate the gas?" Godfrey asked tersely.

"If that is the only way an effective result can be achieved."

"You are taking a chance if you let a novice play with the stuff."

Tsing Hei looked at Son Cha, then back at Godfrey. "In that case, we had better deal on the assumption that you will co-operate with us."

"I must be given uniform and military status if you want me to work in the line."

"We will attend to everything." Tsing Hei looked at Son Cha again. "In the meanwhile, Mr. Godfrey, may I suggest that you get your luggage off the boat and take a room at the Astor House Hotel?"

Godfrey's face hardened. "How long is this job going to take, and what's in it?"

"Those matters you must leave me to arrange later. If you are not content with our offer, you can continue your journey. But remember, your gas is only effective against people who shelter in cellars or other places underground. I do not think the Japanese will be greatly interested; there is no Maginot Line in China."

Illustrated by Charles Crombie

Godfrey had already thought of this. "Well, I'll stop off a day or two and see how things break," he said. "How do I contact you?"

Tsing Hei pointed to Son Cha. "This young lady will come to take coffee with you in the lounge of your hotel at 9.30. I shall be glad if you will agree to any suggestion she may make for your entertainment afterwards." Tsing Hei smiled at Son Cha. "She is one of our modern Chinese girls, of whom you will find several now at the cabarets and dancings."

WHEN Godfrey was clearing his baggage through the Customs the examining officer found two large tins labelled "Bath salts" in the bottom of his trunk.

"You are travelling with rather a large quantity of bath salts," he said.

Godfrey smiled pleasantly. "One needs bath salts in China, but if you've any doubts, smell them." He prised the lids off both tins.

The Customs official put his nose to the salts, one of which was scented with verbena and the other with lavender, in accordance with the labels; he chalked the tins.

Having cleared his baggage, Godfrey made his way to the Astor House Hotel. He saw his luggage carried to his room personally, tested the locks on the trunk, then went down to the Palm Court and ordered an iced drink.

Stretching himself out in a cane chair, he surveyed surroundings he had not seen for ten years. He had been with a chemical firm in Hankow then, working hard and looking forward to a good position. Then the slump came, and it was from the day he had been discharged that he had taken a vow never to work for a company or a private individual again. He grinned a little as he reflected the use to which he had put his knowledge of chemistry since! Well, his time in Hankow had taught him one other thing besides chemistry. He had learnt to trust the word of the Chinese. He knew that if he did what Tsing Hei wanted he would get his money. This knowledge meant a lot. Against it he had to set off the personal danger he must run. If he accepted Tsing Hei's contract he would have to go through with the deal. The Chinese are a dangerous race to double-cross. That, too, he had learnt in Hankow.

Godfrey did not want to double-cross Tsing Hei; he would willingly have sold him all the "bath salts" the two tins contained and more by order. He was, however, less enthusiastic about the proposition that he himself should manipulate the gas. If the Japs caught him they would kill him, whether he was in uniform or not. He must find out exactly how and where it was proposed to operate before committing himself. He looked at the clock and saw that it was past eight. When Son Cha joined him after dinner he would hear more. He looked forward to seeing her; she was one of the most delicately graceful Chinese girls he had ever seen, and he was a connoisseur of Oriental women.

HE found Son Cha in the lounge when he came out of the restaurant. She had changed into a long Chinese coat of pale mauve silk; the coat was fastened by an embroidered collar high round her throat; she had tucked a spray of jasmine in her black hair and was still wearing the costly jade necklace and bracelets.

"I am so glad you have not put on European clothes," Godfrey said.

"I should look silly in them," Son Cha answered.

Godfrey realised that, with those dark slanting eyes, only Chinese dress was possible.

"Well, what is the plan?" he asked, when he had ordered coffee.

"Do you mind if you have to dance a little?"

"Anything you say."

Son Cha looked at the clock over the reception-desk. "At ten o'clock we will go to the Lotus Pool; it is the newest dancing in Shanghai. Many of the officers of the inter-allied forces that are in China go there ; I have a friend among the officers ; I will introduce him to you. You will tell him that you have come out on a business visit and that you are going down to Canton to see the representative of your firm tomorrow. You will ask if it is quiet there now."

" Will he know ? "

" He is the—how do you say ?—the ' go-between ' between the British commander and the Japanese."

" Liaison officer."

Son Cha nodded : " After the Japanese aeroplanes sank that American gunboat, their generals became frightened ; they promised not to drop bombs on any place in China where Europeans were without warning. So you will hear if they are going to make an air raid on Canton."

" Is your friend a Japanese officer ? "

" I do not have Japanese friends."

Son Cha spoke in her usual quiet tone ; her expression remained unchanged, but Godfrey could feel the girl's concentrated hate for all things Japanese.

" This fellow knows when the Jap bombers are going down to Canton ? " he said.

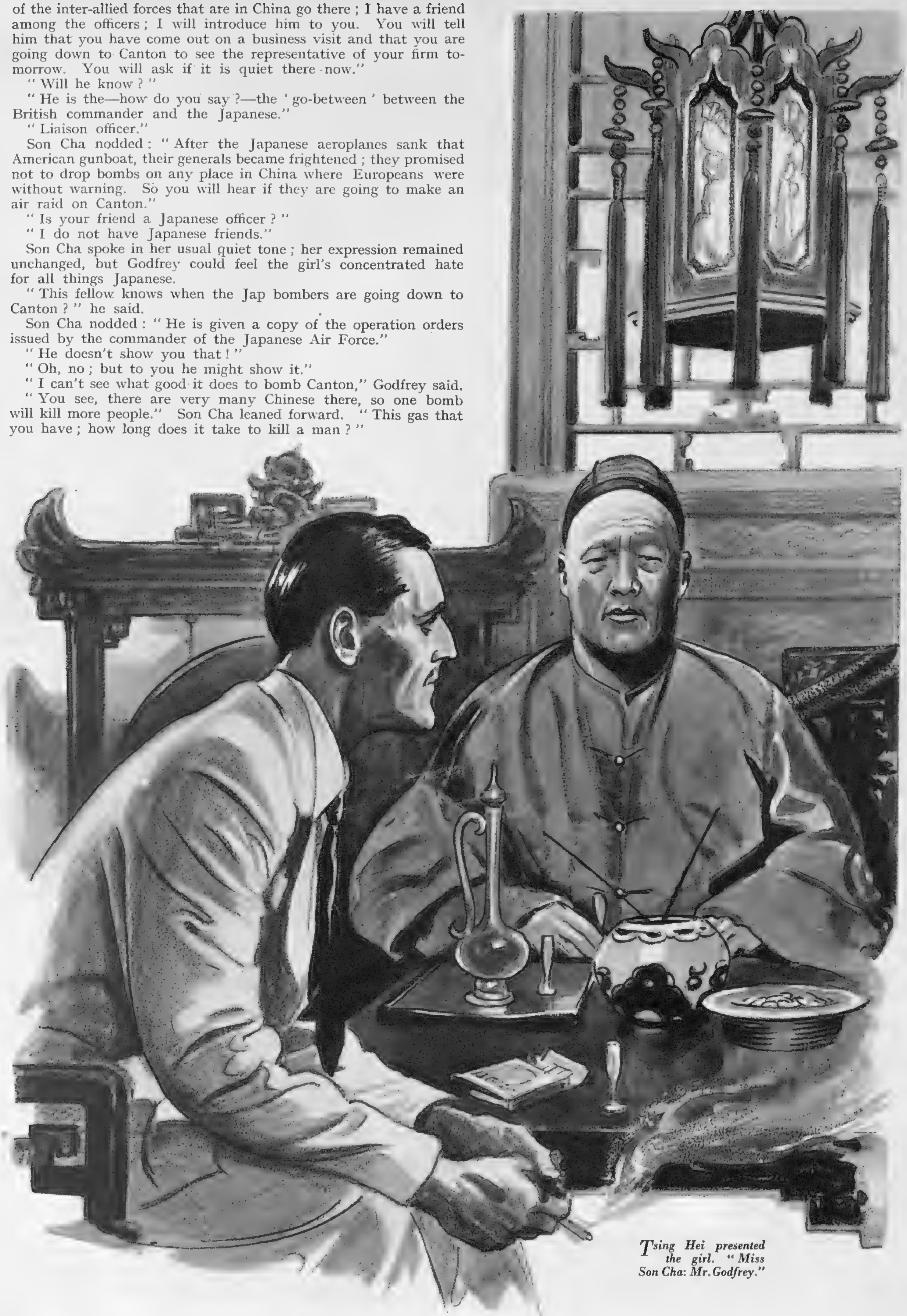
Son Cha nodded : " He is given a copy of the operation orders issued by the commander of the Japanese Air Force."

" He doesn't show you that ! "

" Oh, no ; but to you he might show it."

" I can't see what good it does to bomb Canton," Godfrey said.

" You see, there are very many Chinese there, so one bomb will kill more people." Son Cha leaned forward. " This gas that you have ; how long does it take to kill a man ? "



Tsing Hei presented the girl. " Miss Son Cha: Mr. Godfrey."

" The victim is overpowered at once, but it is not a very quick death ; it burns out their guts."

" ' Guts ' ? Ah, yes ; I know. You have some of the crystals that make the gas ? "

Godfrey nodded : " They are in airtight tins in my room."

" How do you use them ? "

" They are only effective when they are wet ; the procedure is much the same as that used for destroying wasps' nests. You find the place where the wasps are going in and out ; put down some crystals, stop up the hole, and pour water through."

" How do you pour the water through after the hole is stopped up ? "

" Use a tube."

" When you are taking the crystals with you, how do you carry them ? "

" Anywhere they won't get damp ; they are like rattlesnake venom—quite harmless dry. A tobacco-pouch does very well."

" Will you fetch some to show me now ? "

" I will if you like," Godfrey said, not very willingly.

" I shall be glad if you do."

Godfrey went to his room ; he opened his trunk, filled a large rubber tobacco-pouch he kept specially with a handful of crystals, and slipped this and a thin metal tube in his pocket.

He returned to the lounge, sat down by Son Cha, opened the pouch and showed her the gas crystals.

" But they do not smell of poison ; they smell of flowers ! " she said.

He explained how they came to be scented, telling her his ruse for getting the stuff through the Customs.

" That was good," she said, when she heard how the examining officer had been taken in. For a full minute she looked straight in front of her without speaking ; then she got up. " Shall we go now ? "

" Give me my tobacco-pouch," Godfrey said.

Son Cha pointed to her handbag. " I will take care of it."

" Wait a minute," Godfrey signed to her to sit down. He looked round to make sure no one was in earshot, then leaned forward. " I 've handed over what you want. Before we leave this place I want to know how I stand."

Son Cha opened her handbag again and took out a cheque, which she passed to Godfrey. He saw that the cheque was made out to himself for twenty thousand dollars (Hong Kong), but that it was not signed.

" I can't do much with that," he pointed to the blank space where the signature should be.

" I will sign it for you to-morrow, when we have finished."

" So it is that way ? " Godfrey said.

She saw he was angry and explained. " It is not signed because Tsing Hei did not wish to pay your executors the money unless what we require has been done."

" My executors ? "

" A signed cheque is evidence of the good faith of a contract ; they would be able to claim the money if you were killed."

Godfrey had courage : it was his only quality. " What are the chances of that ? " he asked.

Son Cha looked at him serenely. " None now ; what you have told me will make everything very easy."

Godfrey watched her black, slanting eyes. " This is murder," he said.

" So is the bombing of Canton," Son Cha answered.

" Where are the Japanese that your people want killed ? "

" There is only one."

" Tsing Hei asked for enough gas for ten men."

" That was to be sure this one will die."

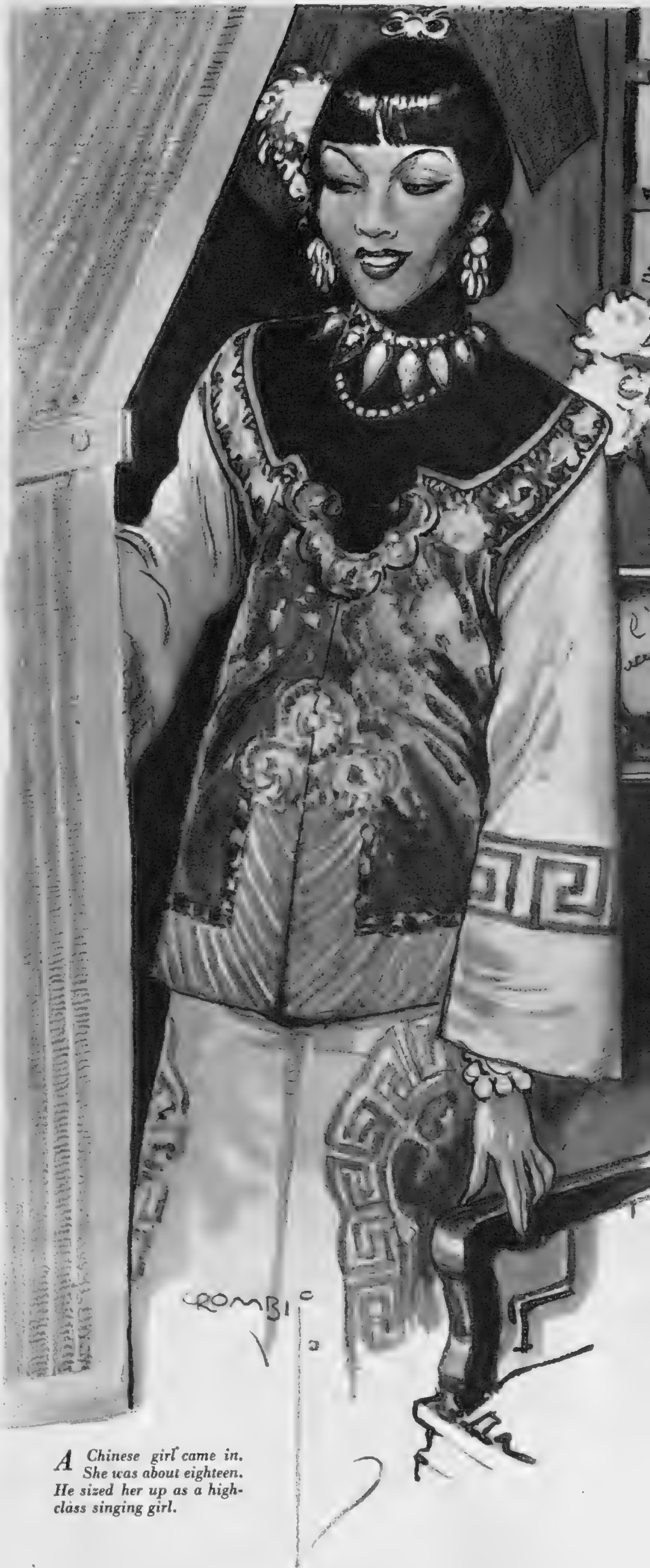
" He 'll do that all right," Godfrey said, thinking of the quantity of gas that could be generated by the crystals in the packed tobacco-pouch. " Where is this fellow ? "

" I am going to try to find that out now. You wait here one minute and then we will go."

Godfrey watched Son Cha go to the hotel bureau and speak to the reception-clerk. The latter, a Portuguese, at once brought out the big ledger of visitors and handed Son Cha a pen. She wrote her name, looked down the list of other arrivals, and rejoined Godfrey.

" I, too, shall stay here to-night," she announced.

" What will your father say ? " Godfrey asked.



A Chinese girl came in. She was about eighteen. He sized her up as a high-class singing girl.

Son Cha laughed. " So you have not met the modern Chinese girls ? "

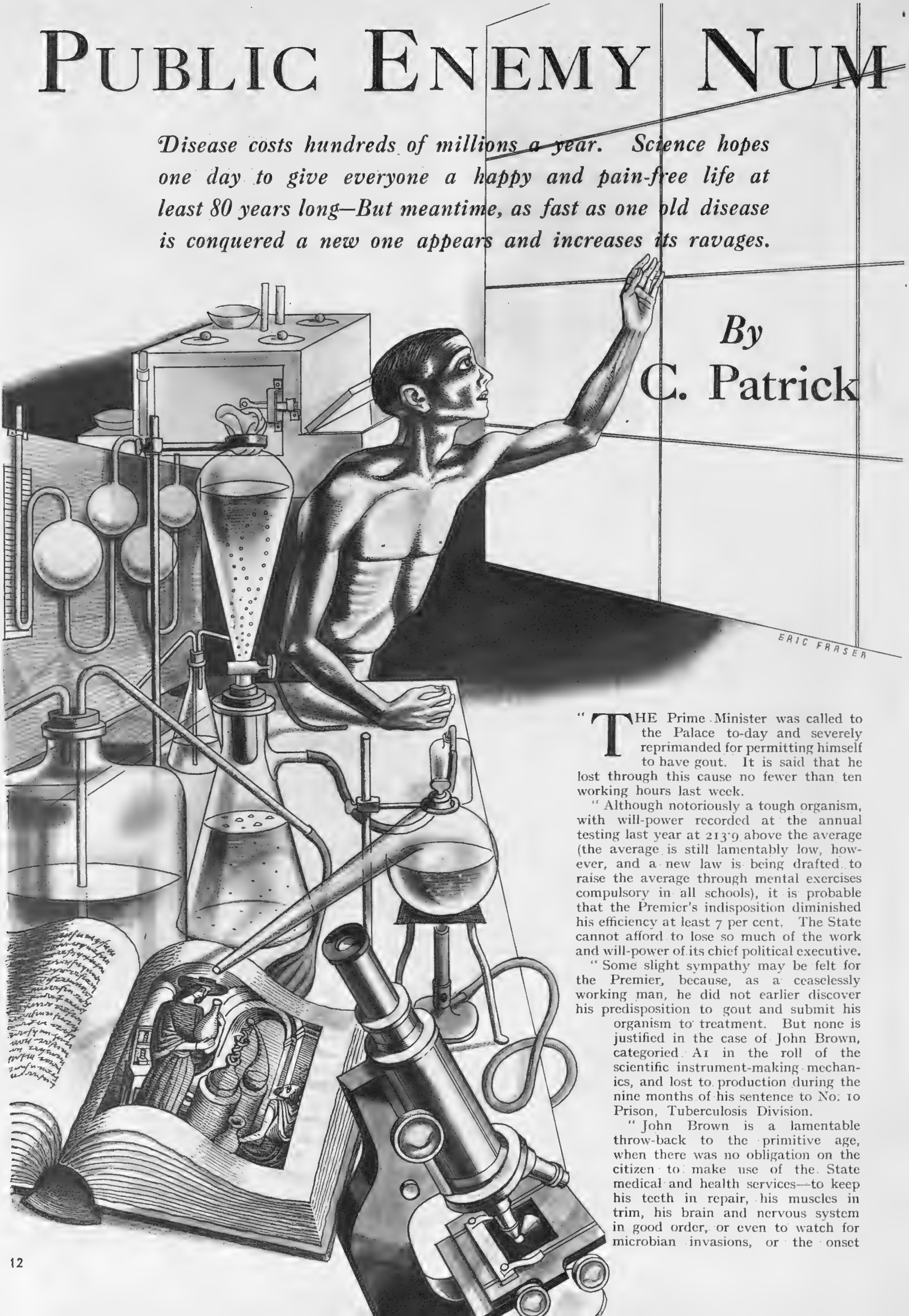
" Well, some of them were just starting to go dance places with their boy friends when I left China ten years ago."

" Now they do what they please. Not all, perhaps, would be allowed to stay by themselves at (*Continued on page* 76

PUBLIC ENEMY NUM

Disease costs hundreds of millions a year. Science hopes one day to give everyone a happy and pain-free life at least 80 years long—But meantime, as fast as one old disease is conquered a new one appears and increases its ravages.

By C. Patrick



"THE Prime Minister was called to the Palace to-day and severely reprimanded for permitting himself to have gout. It is said that he lost through this cause no fewer than ten working hours last week.

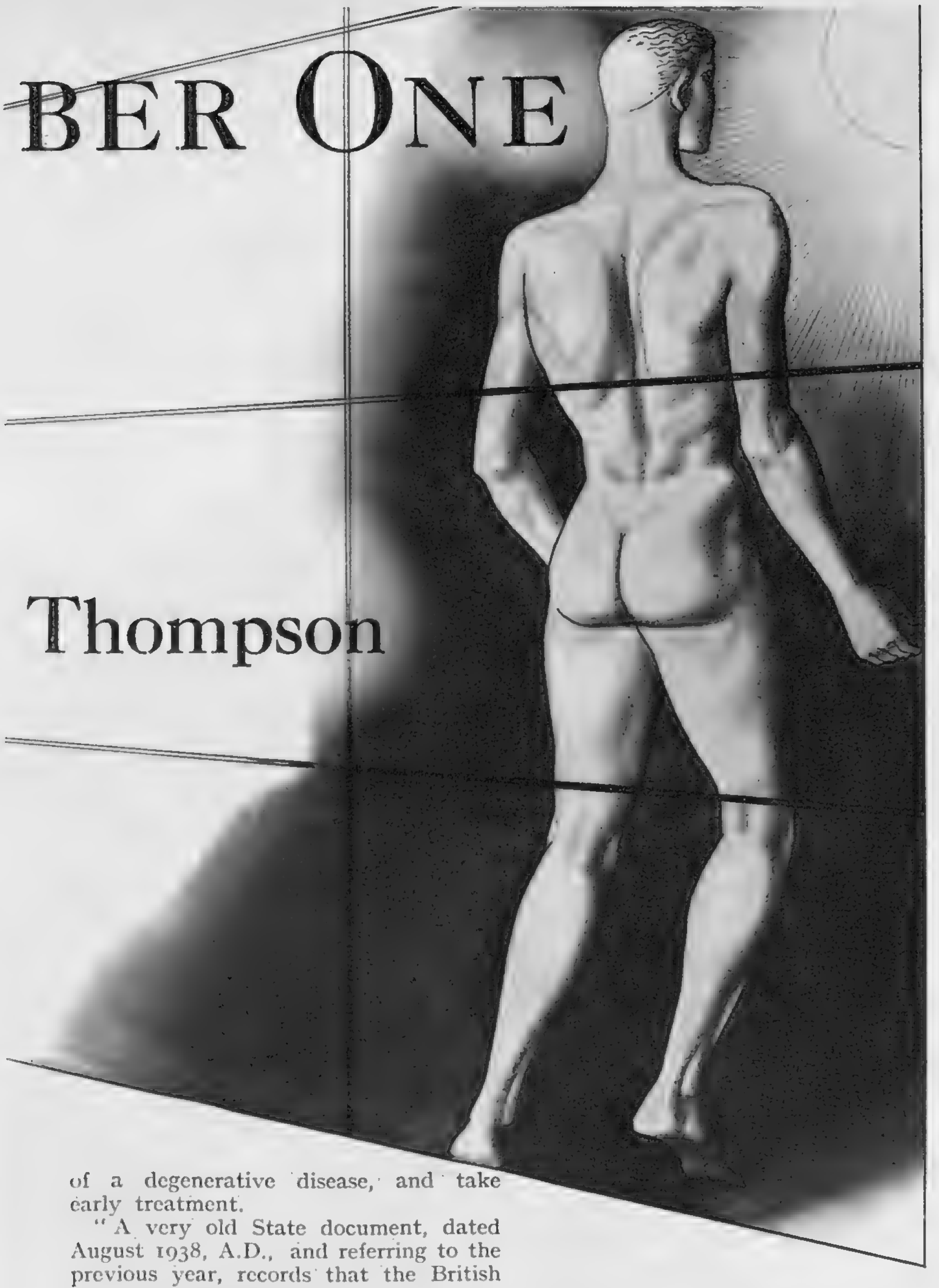
"Although notoriously a tough organism, with will-power recorded at the annual testing last year at 213·9 above the average (the average is still lamentably low, however, and a new law is being drafted to raise the average through mental exercises compulsory in all schools), it is probable that the Premier's indisposition diminished his efficiency at least 7 per cent. The State cannot afford to lose so much of the work and will-power of its chief political executive.

"Some slight sympathy may be felt for the Premier, because, as a ceaselessly working man, he did not earlier discover his predisposition to gout and submit his organism to treatment. But none is justified in the case of John Brown, categoried A1 in the roll of the scientific instrument-making mechanics, and lost to production during the nine months of his sentence to No. 10 Prison, Tuberculosis Division.

"John Brown is a lamentable throw-back to the primitive age, when there was no obligation on the citizen to make use of the State medical and health services—to keep his teeth in repair, his muscles in trim, his brain and nervous system in good order, or even to watch for microbian invasions, or the onset

BER ONE

Thompson



of a degenerative disease, and take early treatment.

"A very old State document, dated August 1938, A.D., and referring to the previous year, records that the British Health Minister, while announcing a general death-rate reduced in a century from 22·4 to 12 per thousand, was compelled to add that during the 1937 year, 30,000 citizens had died—obviously long before their time—from tuberculosis.

"The Minister reminded the citizenry that the facilities for treatment then existing could bring the maximum benefit to persons attacked by the disease, 'provided only if those persons availed themselves of them in good time.' And he added: '*There is, however, unfortunately ample evidence to show that large numbers of persons suffering from tuberculosis, and especially those still suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, still do not seek medical advice until the disease has reached a relatively advanced stage.*'

"The italics are ours.

"Citizens like John Brown must be taught that they have no right, in our enlightened age, to cause themselves unnecessary pain and suffering (repercussing on their family, friends, fellow workers, employers, and the community generally), with probable premature loss of work-power, even danger of premature death.

"Such lapses belong to the bygone age when a Health Ministry, only twenty years old, cost the British people £147,000,000 a year; when the American College of Surgeons estimated that 50,000,000 workers in the United States lost £400,000,000 annually through injury or personal illness, 'most of which could have been prevented'; when the common cold cost countless deaths through undermining the health and letting in viruses and bacteria to attack some weak spot, usually the blood-pump or the oxygen-extracting apparatus of the lungs; and when a celebrated physician of the time, Lord Horder, could announce that rheumatism, preventable rheumatism, surpassed numerically the ravages of cancer and tuberculosis combined, and in countries of advanced civilisation in the temperate zone ranked first numerically among the morbid agencies of suffering, death, and economic loss."

Extract from a severe *Times* leader of—well, travel your own time machine into the future, and make your own century and year. The outburst occurs in the scientific Utopian State, where the citizen suffering from a preventable disease commits a crime.

At that time—three, thirty, or three hundred centuries hence—the comprehensive study of the human being, begun thirty years ago by a team of scientific research workers in the Rockefeller Institute, the world's greatest medical research station, would have been completed.

ALL the wrong roads man treads to-day in his hungry pursuit of happiness and contentment and self-fulfilment before death overtakes him, would have been charted. Politicians, bankers, big capitalists, industrial captains, professional warriors, and dictator-conquistadors, would, naturally, have been removed from control of, and all influence over, the tribes of mankind.

The scientists themselves, cold, far-seeing, planning in generations and centuries instead of parliamentary sessions and presidential tenures, would be managing human affairs *their* way. Their aim and object? To produce a progressively higher type of human being, stronger, longer-lived, more enduring, and more capable of enjoyment; a stranger to pain and ill-health, expecting to retain full powers of physical work up to seventy, and mental work up to within a year or two of death at ninety to a hundred.

A dream? So is our world a dream—if you stand back in time and see it through the eyes of men 5000, 500 or even fifty years ago. In fact, the long-term trend is towards making a reality out of a dream. And in thousands of laboratories and research stations, specialist workers, financed by government or co-operative or private funds, are intensifying and enlarging the drive against disease, and towards the ideal average man and woman—sound in mind and limb, with all his organs functioning efficiently and ageing in unison, and, at the end of a long, useful, happy and pain-free life, dying as naturally as a flower after blooming fades, and drops.

THERE are two sides to this picture. Look at the light side first. Miracles have been wrought in a brief hundred years. In the last forty years, the life expectation of the average man and woman has been increased from forty-nine to sixty.

Typhoid fever and diphtheria used to kill us in large numbers. The death-rate from the first disease in this island was 1228 per million a century ago; now it is 5 per million. Tuberculosis is being progressively reduced. It was "the white scourge," carrying off a quarter of a million annually in Britain. Now the rate is down from 4480 to under 700 per million.

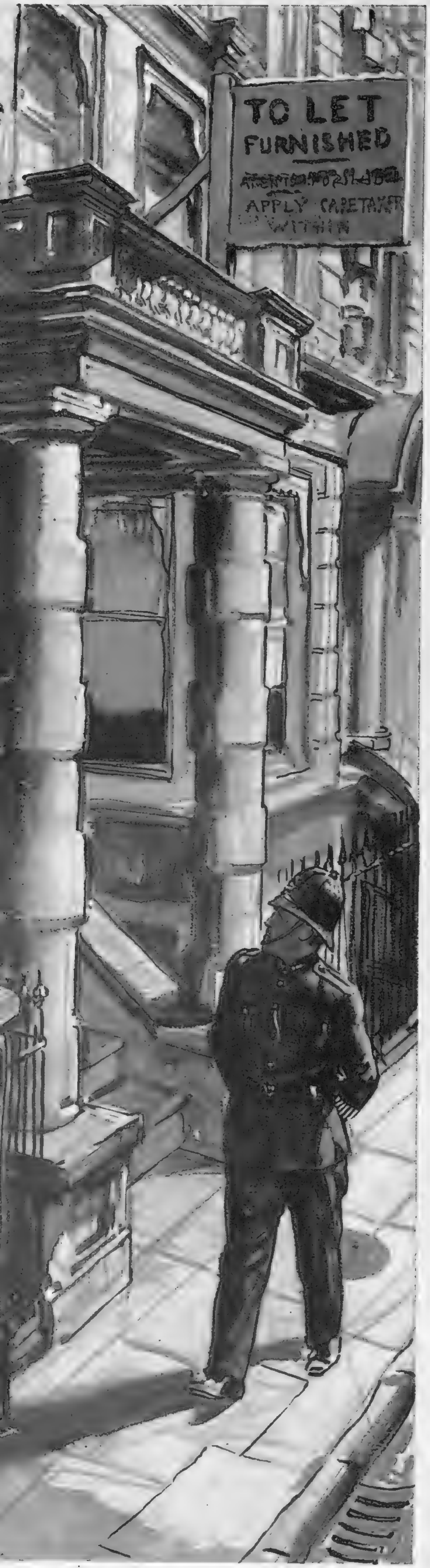
Cholera used to slay like an influenza epidemic. Now it has been checked, and can be controlled. Immunity is conferred by inoculation. The disease is unknown in this kingdom now; but a century ago 22 people in every million perished of it. Smallpox was a common malady, killing between 20,000 and 50,000 people a year here. It has been combated so successfully that, last year, not a single person died from it.

We used to expect to lose 160 babies out of every 1000 born. Now we expect to lost only 58. Only three mothers in every 1000 now die in childbirth.

The British experience is that of every civilised state with well-organised health and hygiene services. Where the old killers are still strong, it is because knowledge is not applied.

Typhoid kills its thousands still in France, because the French are careless about their

(*Continued on page* 94)



POLICE-CONSTABLE BARRETT, on plain-clothes patrol, turned the corner of Rendlesham Gardens and knew that it was exactly two o'clock, because old Hobson was coming up the area steps of No. 7.

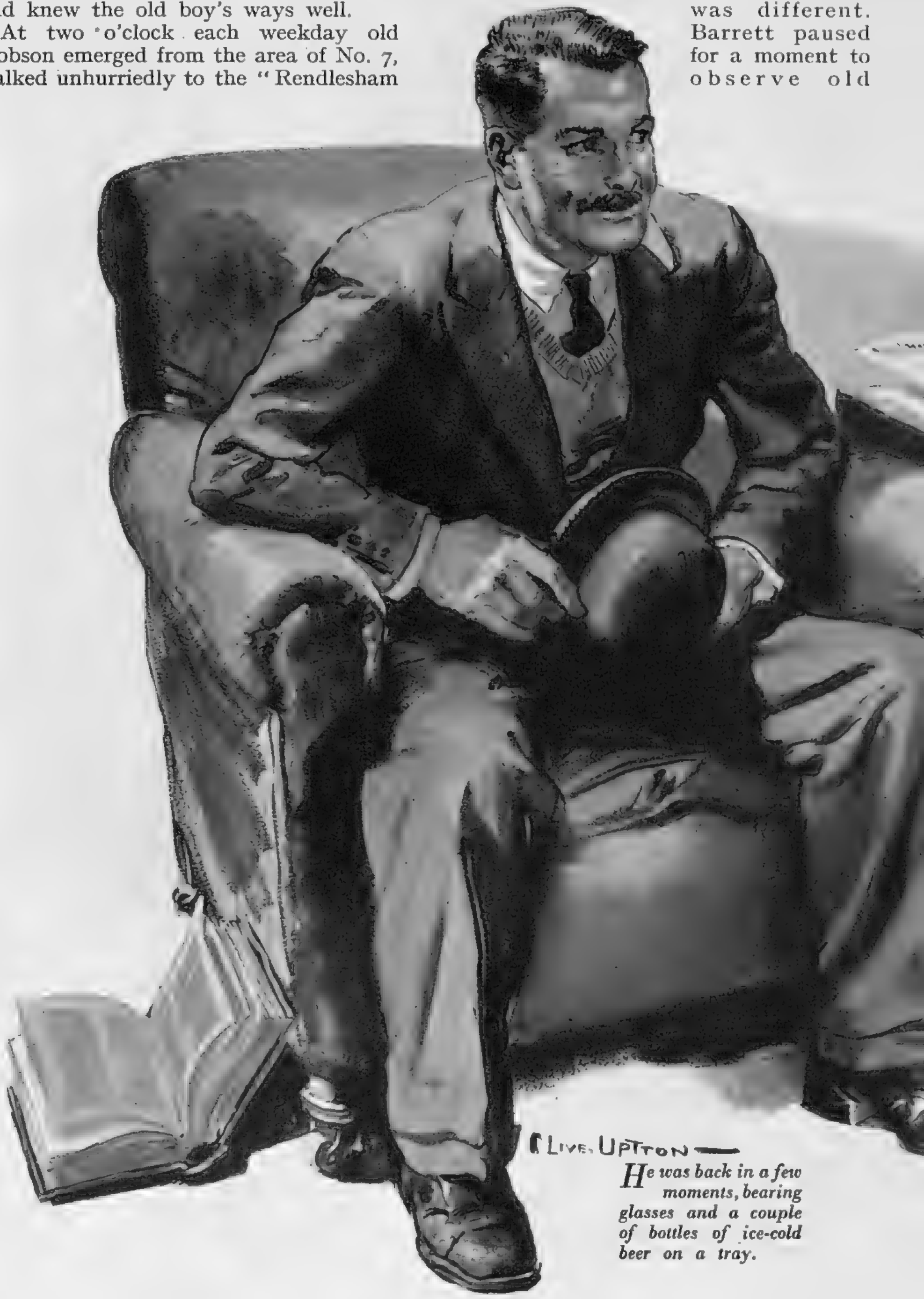
Old Hobson was an institution in Rendlesham Gardens. A dignified, badger-haired man in the late sixties, he gave rather the impression of a benign and absent-minded country parson than that of caretaker of Mrs. Wilson's house. Barrett had known him for a year past, and knew the old boy's ways well.

At two o'clock each weekday old Hobson emerged from the area of No. 7, walked unhurriedly to the "Rendlesham Arms" in the main road, drank two half-pints of bitter and conversed gravely with the landlord, then returned to No. 7 exactly at half-past two. His habits were regular as a clock; indeed, many of the servants in the other houses in Rendlesham Gardens counted him as more accurate than the cheap alarums in their attic bedrooms.

Old Hobson moved with his customary dignity to the public-house, and Police-constable Barrett watched him with some envy, for it was a broiling hot August afternoon and, despite the ease of plain clothes, Barrett was sweating freely. A pint at the "Rendlesham" would have been very welcome at the moment.

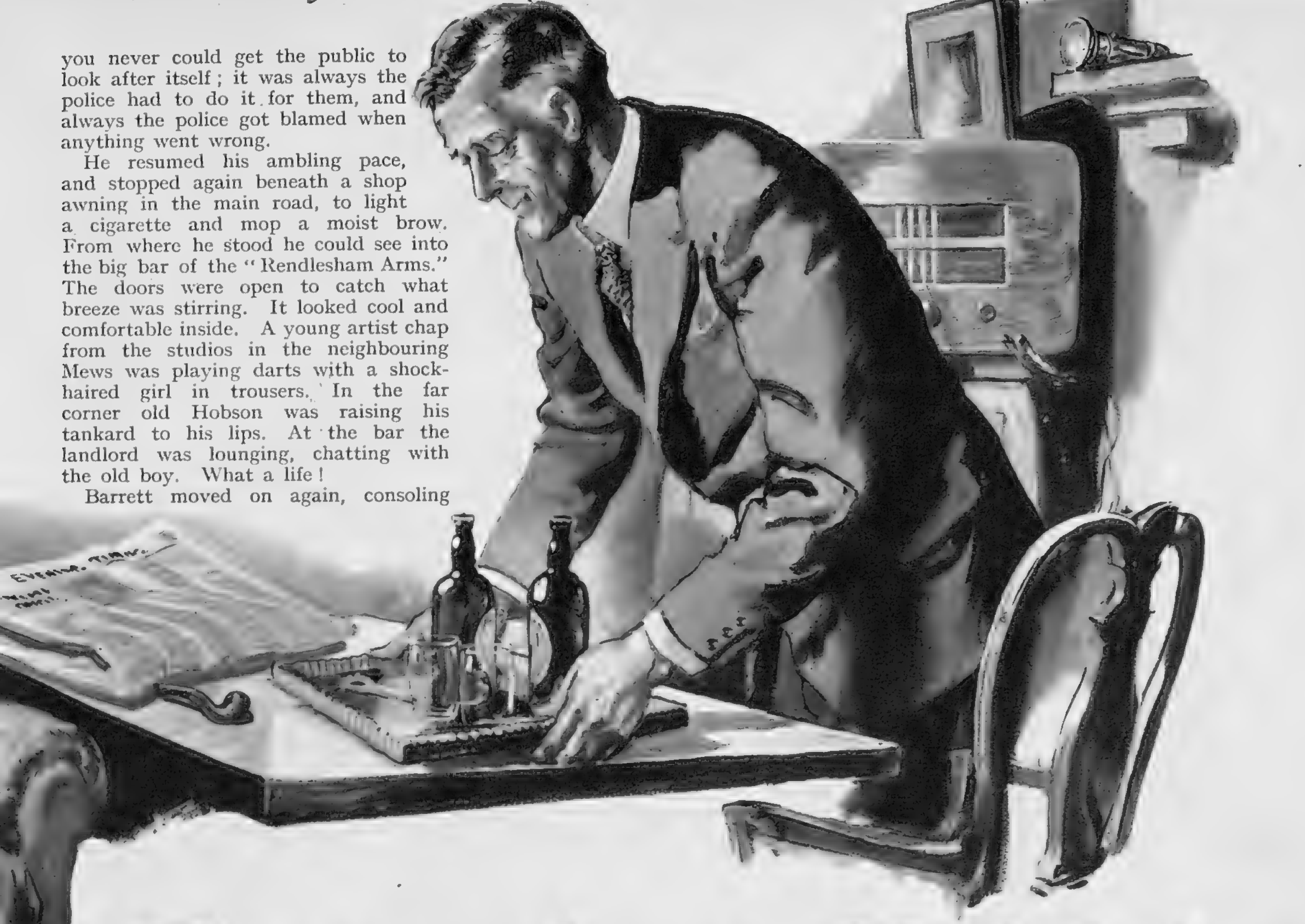
P.C. Barrett lounged slowly along the sun-baked street, pondering Hobson's easy life, and scanning with professional eye the tall mid-Victorian houses that made up Rendlesham Gardens. For there had been the usual epidemic of house-breakings and burglaries that year, and Barrett admitted you couldn't wonder at it, the way people went off holiday-making and leaving their houses with blinds down, just screaming no one at home. Money for jam it was for the house-breaking fraternity. Now, No. 7 was different. Barrett paused for a moment to observe old Hobson's house from across the street. Always neatly kept: steps clean and well swept, curtains trim and tidy in the windows, despite the fact that the place had been unoccupied to his knowledge for over a twelvemonth, and a house-agent's board attached to the forecourt wall proclaimed it "To be Let, Furnished," with, painted beneath it, "Caretaker Within."

A pity half the other houses in the street hadn't got that "Caretaker Within" sign shoved up on their windows, whether there was or wasn't. That warned off the prowling sneak-thief better than a yapping dog. But then, P.C. Barrett mused philosophically,



He was back in a few moments, bearing glasses and a couple of bottles of ice-cold beer on a tray.

Illustrated by Clive Uptton



Caretaker Within

Hobson appeared to be an admirable bailee until . . .

By Richard Keverne

you never could get the public to look after itself; it was always the police had to do it for them, and always the police got blamed when anything went wrong.

He resumed his ambling pace, and stopped again beneath a shop awning in the main road, to light a cigarette and mop a moist brow. From where he stood he could see into the big bar of the "Rendlesham Arms." The doors were open to catch what breeze was stirring. It looked cool and comfortable inside. A young artist chap from the studios in the neighbouring Mews was playing darts with a shock-haired girl in trousers. In the far corner old Hobson was raising his tankard to his lips. At the bar the landlord was lounging, chatting with the old boy. What a life!

Barrett moved on again, consoling himself with the thought that he was going on leave next day. Then a shabby-looking man, ostensibly selling bunches of lavender, occupied his professional attention. People ostensibly selling things in a deserted street at that time of day and year always occupied P.C. Barrett's attention. But the fellow moved on to join a woman with a barrow presently, and Barrett forgot about Hobson as he continued his patrol.

IT was cooler when P.C. Barrett passed down Rendlesham Gardens late that afternoon. A breeze had sprung up to stir the jaded, sooty shrubs in the forecourts. There was a smart, shiny little car outside No. 7, he noticed, and coming down the steps was old Hobson, talking to a well-dressed man. Barrett could hear him as he drew nearer—he had been showing a prospective tenant over the house, obviously.

"Very well, sir; then you will communicate with the agents," Hobson was saying.

"Yes, yes. And if we can get over those small difficulties, I think the place will suit me very well," the man replied.

"Thank you, sir. I am glad you are satisfied." Hobson's body inclined slightly.

Barrett checked suddenly and leaned down as if to tie a shoe lace, watching the two men with interest. He did not want to pass until the visitor had gone. The prospective tenant was a good-looking, soldierly man, and he spoke in a harsh, parade-ground manner. His hand went to his pocket, and a coin passed.

"Thank you for your trouble. Thank you; thank you," he said brusquely as he turned away.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, sir," old Hobson responded, bowing again.

The visitor went quickly to his car, slammed the door, and drove off. Old Hobson remained at the gate looking after him. Barrett rose. "Good afternoon, Mr. Hobson," he called.

Hobson turned with dignity and regarded him through gazelle-like eyes. "Why, Mr. Barrett!" he said. "I didn't recognise you in those clothes."

Barrett laughed: "Going for a holiday to-morrow, thank God. No more uniform for a fortnight."

Hobson beamed.

"Well, well, Mr. Barrett. I'm sure you must be very glad to be having a rest. A hard life, yours. And where would you be going?"

"Felixstowe. Do you know it?"

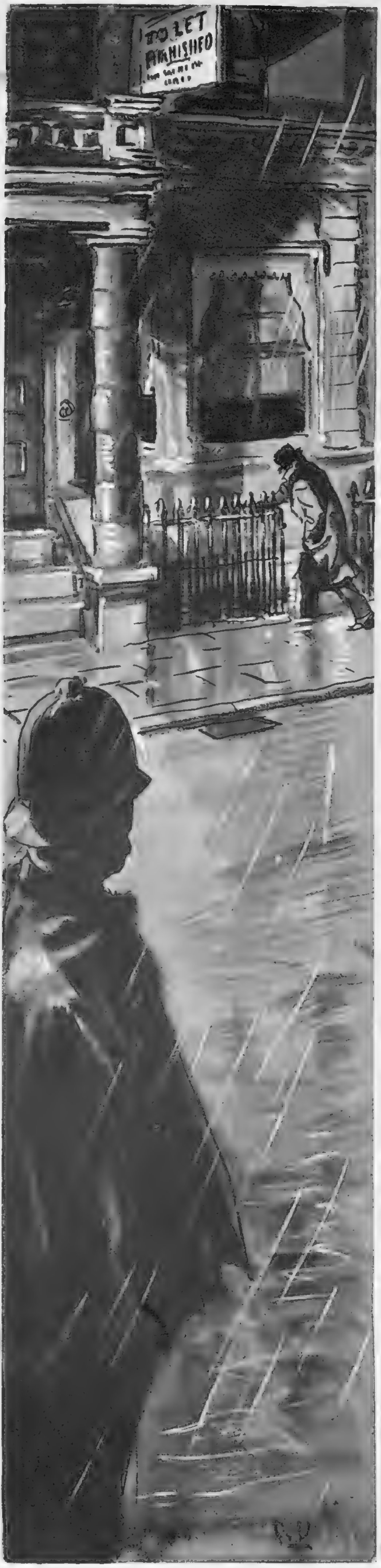
Hobson shook his head.

"I can't say that I exactly know it, Mr. Barrett. I was in service near there when I was a young man. But that would be what"—Hobson frowned reflectively—"best part of forty years ago now. And I expect things have changed."

"So long as the weather doesn't change, I shan't grumble," Barrett laughed. "Well, have you let your house?"

Hobson shook his grizzled head.

"I'm afraid not," he said slowly. "The gentleman was just like all the rest. You show them over, and they say it's very nice, and just what they want, and then it comes to the restrictions,



and they go away, very kind and polite, and say they 'll let the agent know, and you never hear another word. Believe me, it 's very disappointing at times, Mr. Barrett." Hobson sighed. "Though I don't know that this gentleman would suit us, if I were to speak the truth. A military gentleman "—Hobson consulted an order to view—" a Captain Benhall, but rather rackety I should say, if you know what I mean. I 'm sure Mrs. Wilson wouldn't like to let to him, even if he did agree to the restrictions. Excuse me a moment, Mr. Barrett, I 'll just close the front door."

Barrett was interested for more than one reason. He had always wondered why this attractive house should have remained unlet for so long.

"What are these restrictions you talk about ? " he asked, as the old man came slowly down the steps.

"Oh, this and that," old Hobson said with a touch of impatience. But it 's the fires principally. Mrs. Wilson won't allow a gas or electric fire above stairs, and you know what that means, Mr. Barrett : coals to be carried up four flights, and you just can't get the service to do it now."

Barrett nodded, "What 's the idea ? " he asked.

Hobson leaned over the gate and spoke confidentially.

"The fact of the matter is, the lady doesn't *need* the money. She 's in good case, very good case. Got a villa down in the South of France. It suits her there, she 's an invalid lady, and she 'll let only on her own terms. I 've never seen her, but if I was asked to say, she 'd be a little eccentric," Hobson added with a touch of apology.

"I see," Barrett responded. "Oh, well, if you don't need the money, why put yourself out. You 've got a nice, cushy job, anyhow."

Again old Hobson shook his grizzled head.

"I 've nothing to complain of. But I 'm getting tired of it, I really am. I don't feel I 'm giving satisfaction, and I 've always tried to give satisfaction to the families I 've served." He took a pace aside, and extended an arm graciously. "If you 've a minute to spare, since you 're off-duty, would you care to step inside, Mr. Barrett ? "

Barrett hesitated for a moment, then : "That 's very kind of you, Mr. Hobson," he said.

"It 's a very trying day. Perhaps just a glass of something——" Hobson suggested with a thin smile.

"And very nice too," P.C. Barrett agreed.

Hobson resumed his confidances as he led the way.

"It 's not like a regular caretaking : three months, six months : you know where you are then. It 's this always being disappointed." He sighed. "And then these saucy young clerks from the house-agents grumbling at me as if it was my house and my restrictions. I 'm not used to being spoken to like that by their class, I can assure you." Hobson became quite indignant. "I 've been thinking a lot about a change lately. I really don't feel I 'm giving satisfaction."

They had come, down the area steps, into a large airy kitchen. Old Hobson made himself pretty comfortable, Barrett noticed. A wireless set on a side table told how he wiled away most of his time. An afternoon paper lay open in a big, cosy armchair and the whole room was neat and tidy as the outside of the house itself. Hobson removed the paper and indicated the chair politely.

"If you 'll take a seat, I 'll see what we can find in the cellar," he said again, with a thin smile.

He was back in a few moments bearing glasses and a couple of bottles of ice-cold beer on a tray. "To your very good health, Mr. Barrett," he said with dignity, when he had poured out the drinks.

P.C. Barrett enjoyed that glass of beer after hours of patrol through torrid London streets. He said so, and old Hobson beamed benignly and refilled his glass.

"I will say we 've got good cellarage here," he admitted, "and I 've had some experience.'

Evidently the old boy wanted to talk, and Barrett was glad enough to let him ramble on about past times. He had been a butler, but, he explained regretfully, service wasn't what it used to be, so he had taken to his present occupation.

"Aren't you lonely sometimes ? " Barrett asked.

The old man sighed.

"I was at first, after my dear wife died," he said. "But now I don't seem to mind so much. I 've got my wireless, a very wonderful invention for those that have to be alone, I think."

Barrett nodded.

"Never get nervous, I suppose ? " he went on.

Hobson bridled.

"Nervous ! " he exclaimed. "What have I to get nervous about ? "

"There are a lot of funny people about, you know," Barrett said lightly.

"If you mean burglars, I 'm not afraid of them." Hobson gave a short, defiant laugh. "He 'd be a clever man who 'd get into this house, I can tell you. Let 'em try, I say."

Barrett felt that he had touched a sore spot. "Yes, I suppose so," he said, to appease the old fellow.

"I don't want you to suppose." Hobson had risen. "I want you to see. Area windows are barred back and front, and you come and look at my locks."

Barrett followed the old man and was surprised. Not only had the outer doors double locks, but bolts and chains. Up in the hall Hobson fastened the chain on the front door. "And patent catches on all the windows," he stated with satisfaction.

They went into the dining-room, its walls hung with oil paintings that looked good to Barrett : old, anyhow. The furniture was covered in dust-sheets. Hobson drew one back, displaying shiny mahogany. They went into the other rooms on the same floor, and Barrett found them much the same. The house had the air of being exceptionally well furnished, and always well cared for.

"I can see you 're all right, Mr. Hobson," he said. "And you 've got the telephone, I expect."

"I have. Alongside my bed downstairs. But that 's for fire, not burglars. Now fire is the one thing I am afraid of. I remember once——" The old man was off again on his reminiscences.

They went back to finish their beer, and when shortly Barrett left, he thanked old Hobson for his hospitality, but the old man replied : "It 's for me to thank you, Mr. Barrett. Tell you the truth, I do get lonely, and it 's been a great treat to have this little chat with you.

I hope you'll find time when you come back to repeat the visit."

P.C. Barrett emerged into the afternoon sunshine thinking what a queer old chap Hobson was, with his funny old-fashioned polite ways. Brave as a lion too, but Barrett was not too easy about him. He hurried back to the police station, and on his way he overtook his station detective inspector, Blake.

"Afternoon, inspector," he said. "I'll have something for you in my report."

"What's that?" the inspector demanded.

"Is 'Lucky' Lewis interesting you at the moment?"

"He is—very much so. That diamond job in Plomesgate Square on Thursday, that was just 'Lucky's' line of country and I'd like to know where he says he was on Thursday night. But what do you know about him, Barrett?"

"I think, I can't be quite certain, sir, that he was in Rendlesham Gardens at about five-thirty this afternoon."

"Oh, was he? What was he doing there?"

"He'd gone to look over a furnished house to let, number seven. I've just had a few words with the caretaker, I know the old chap. If it was 'Lucky' he was using the name of Captain Benhall. It was his walk and his voice but he's grown a moustache since I last saw him, and he was driving a posh little Fowler eight."

"Get its number?"

"Yes. Not that that makes much odds with any car 'Lucky' drives."

"You're right." Inspector Blake grinned cynically. "Still we can find where he pinched it perhaps. Tell me the details I'll get someone on to it at once. I'd like to pull 'Lucky' in to-night."

Barrett gave him the car number and an amazingly accurate description of the man he had seen leaving 7 Rendlesham Gardens.

"What about this house. Anything there he'd likely to be after, do you think?" the inspector asked as they turned into the station.

"I can't say, sir, unless it's pictures, and that's hardly 'Lucky's' line."

"He has pals in that line," Blake put in.

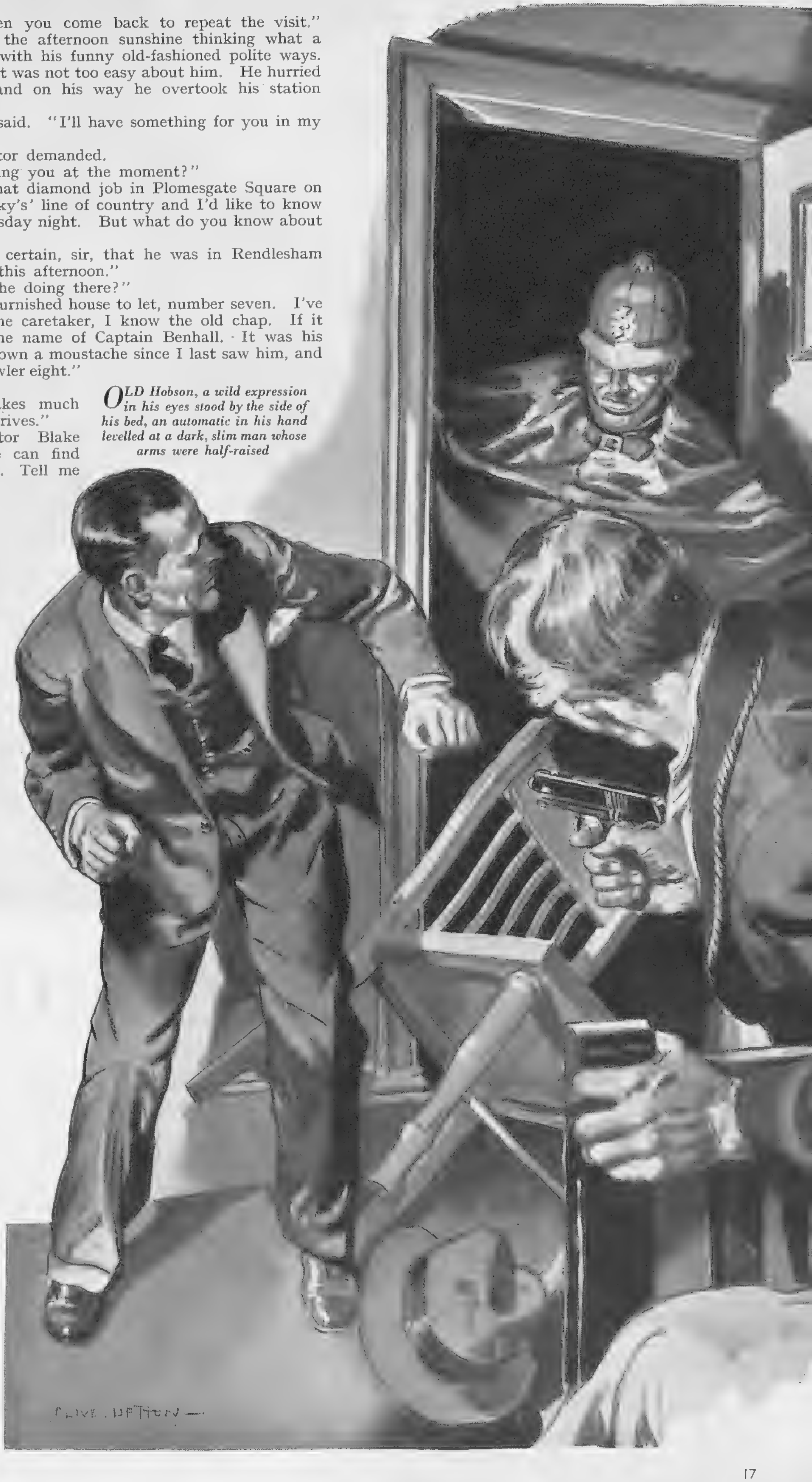
"I did manage just to have a look round the basement and first floor. It's well protected."

"Caretaker O.K.?"

"I should say straight as a die, and anyhow he's been there a year. But I'm making a full report, inspector, and I'm suggesting in view of this we keep rather a special watch on the house. I didn't want to put the wind up the old caretaker. He thinks no one could break in and it wouldn't be easy, I grant you. But some of these chaps would get in anywhere, and 'Lucky's' one of them, especially when he's had a good look inside."

"You're right," the inspector said sagely. "We'll see if we can't pick up 'Lucky.' Thanks, Barrett."

P.C. Barrett passed on to write his last report for a fortnight.



OLD Hobson, a wild expression in his eyes stood by the side of his bed, an automatic in his hand levelled at a dark, slim man whose arms were half-raised

P.C. BARRETT was on night patrol when next he saw old Hobson. It was his first duty after return from leave, a night of pitiless rain. A late summer gale had been blowing up all day and now the trees in the gardens were whipping and the streets were already strewn with leaves.

There was no light in Hobson's window Barrett noted as he passed by just before (*Continued on page* 90)

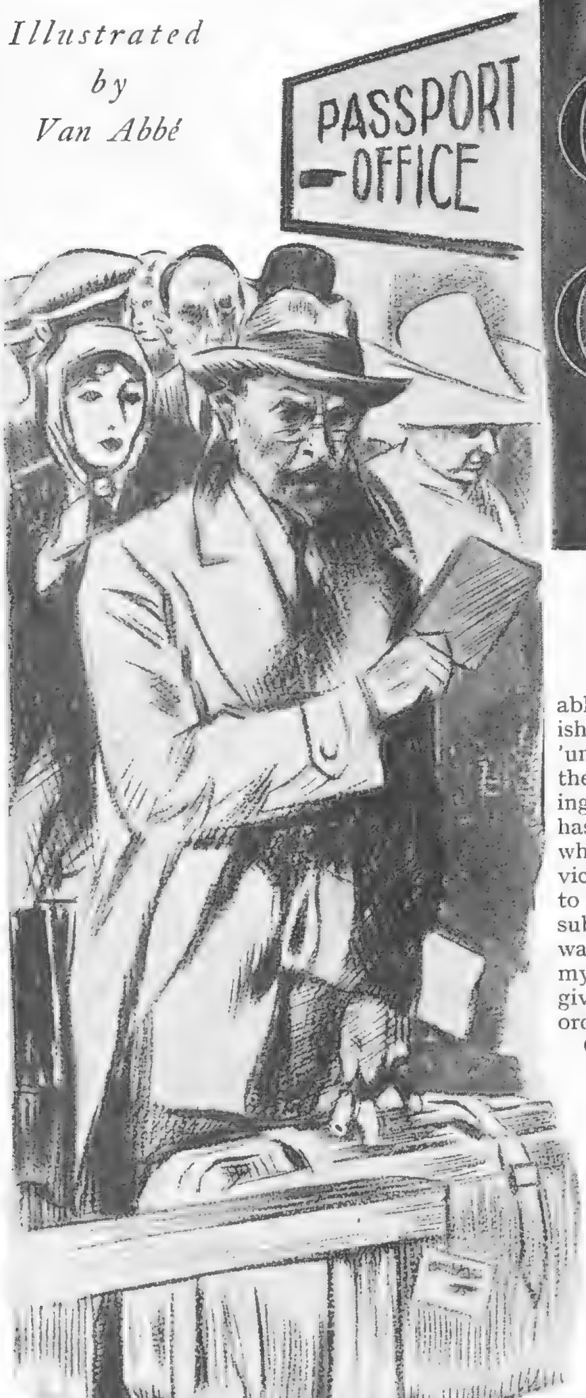
Queer Occupations on a Crazy

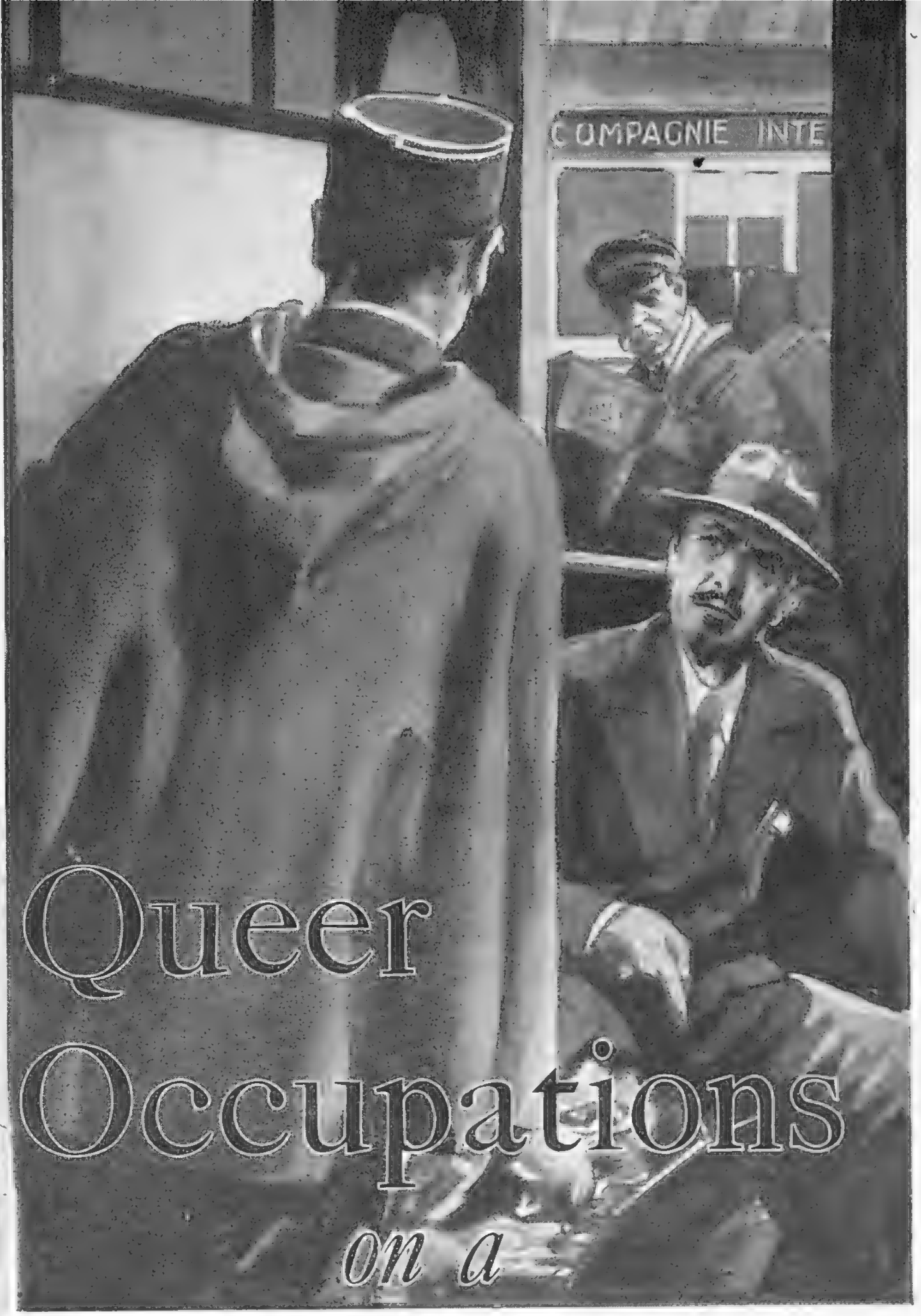
MARSEILLES

WHEN, latterly, a Frenchman was found shot to death in the Paris-Strasbourg express, Sûreté men at once recognised in the victim an individual suspect of having been connected with *des affaires louches*—dirty work. They had been keeping note of him for some time.

Yet what particular brand of dirty work might he have been engaged upon this last journey? Drugs? Arms? "Placing" young women? Espionage? Currency running? Something outside the big five, perhaps? That, the Sûreté was unable to determine, nor has it been able to do so since. Here was a youngish man, known to have been a wrong 'un, murdered in a train heading for the German frontier. The best detecting brains got on to it—and the Sûreté has been cleaned up and revivified, which was none too soon—but the victim had so successfully contrived to conceal the nature of his ultimate subterranean activities, that the grave was to receive him amid heavy mystery. Nothing on his person had given a clue; his papers seemed in order.

Illustrated by Van Abbé





A FRENCHMAN was found shot to death in the Paris-Strasbourg express

Of how many others round Europe to-day might the same thing be written—"He was known to be a wrong 'un but just what he was up to at the end it is not possible to say." Never before can so much work have gone on under the rose—perhaps the time of the Pimpernel would come nearest, yet so far behind, if only on account of the difference in European population, then and now, and the much less complicated existence led at that time.

Nor is it currently just a matter of bad men working away in secret. Interspersed with such, indeed outnumbering them, are others who have embraced the weirdest jobs, mostly sprung from the deeply disturbed, upside-down times in which we live.

Haphazardly, let us begin with the rescuing of people from Barcelona, alternately from Franco Spain, together with the usually accompanying process of salving gems and cash.

French *aristos* rescued by the Pimpernel's men, did not have to pay their saviours: the thing was done from motives of class and compassion. It is rather different now. In Marseilles, that home and hub of queer occupations, there has been developed a small mart for this kind of job. Prices are "all according."

WAGONS-LITS ET
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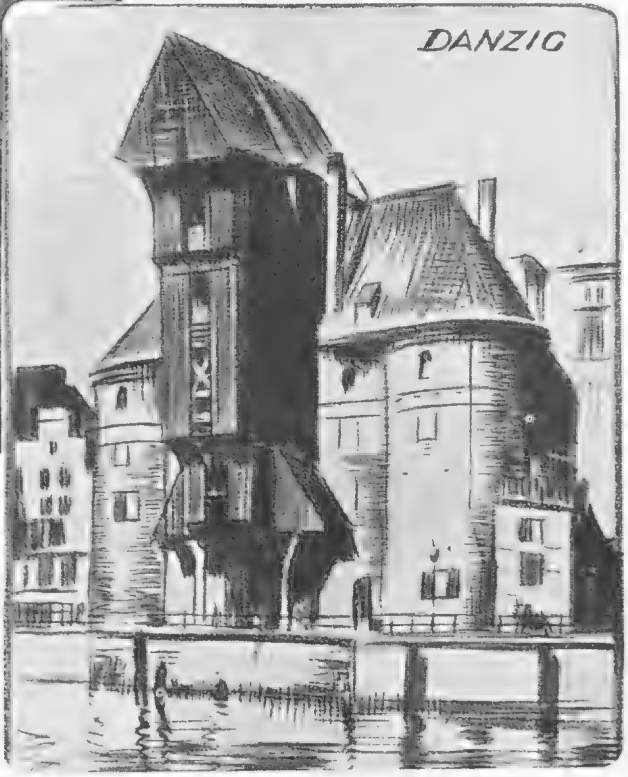
PASSPORT
PASSEPORT



Continent

By Ferdinand Tuohy

The risk would normally be death for the rescuer, if found out, and therefore when one of this branch asks for a sum running into perhaps hundreds of pounds—half paid down in advance, the rest on the conclusion of the special mission—he would seem justified in so doing. *But* as likely as not, if and when tracked, a rescuer will have useful information to give to his captors, which he proceeds to do, thereby saving his own hide.

In which event, what becomes of the ones he was to have rescued, their jewellery and cash? All three will probably be revealed to the very people it was intended they should be brought away from. Again, it has occurred that the rescuer has collared currency and gems on the plea of their greater safety in his keeping, and made a getaway, leaving the owners, those he was to have brought away too, high and dry. The worst known case concerned, two schoolgirl sisters who were to have been secretly removed from Barcelona. Their father, a wealthy Catalan, had managed to escape early on, but his daughters were up country at a convent and could not be reached. Well, in due course—nearly two years afterwards—they were reached by one of the Marseilles mart working in arrangement with the father. And what happened? The rescuer brought the girls by an easy subterfuge to South America, whence he communicated his new terms to a distraught parent. Either the latter sent him £3,000 in small notes or he would never hear of his daughters again. And they were in South America!

THE Spanish Civil War has produced other odd occupations, both in high places and low.

In Toulouse are established two British Missions, counting ten or a dozen persons altogether. The first, under Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, hopes to act as the instrument by which military and civil prisoners in Franco's hands are exchanged for similar Nationalist captives of the Spanish Government. Scores of thousands of prisoners on either side have not even been able to communicate with their families, and this Mission could accomplish humanitarian work resembling that achieved by King Alfonso's Swiss organisation twenty and more years ago. Yet thus far one side refuses to co-operate. Nor has any greater success attended, to date, the second Mission, whose job it is to investigate the air bombardment of open towns. As the Government has only bombed Huesca and Saragossa, and that a good while ago, Franco can hardly be expected to show interest in this Mission whose work looks like being confined to trips of verification along the Spanish Mediterranean seaboard.

In these latitudes, too, appear most of the non-intervention observers in neutral shipping and at (*Continued on page* 108)

Sea Wolves *of the*

THE seas of the world, like its continents, have their own special and individual characteristics, and the Indian Ocean is no exception to the rule. Even in its moments of calm, there is about it a sense of latent ferocity, of something untamable even if for the moment quiescent, which one finds perhaps nowhere else on the earth's liquid surface. Those long sleek swells, as full of effortless strength as the muscles that ripple under the lion's skin, can become the boiling confusion of the cyclonic sea. Glance down from the deck of your ship into those clear blue waters, smiling so invitingly in the sunlight—and you may chance to see sliding under the keel one or two long shapes, dark on their upper surfaces and dirty grey beneath, with an exaggerated receding chin like a horrible caricature of vacuous humanity. I doubt if anyone can ever see a shark without an involuntary shudder at the thought of the terrific force that lies behind that feeble-looking jaw with its double *chevaux de frise* of serrated fangs. It shares with the crocodile the distinction of being the most universally detested of all living things. Yet even crocodiles have been tamed sometimes; sharks, I believe, never. As for the reputed devotion of its pilot-fish, which serves the purpose of guiding the purblind monster to its prey, it is no more than that of any sycophant for his patron.

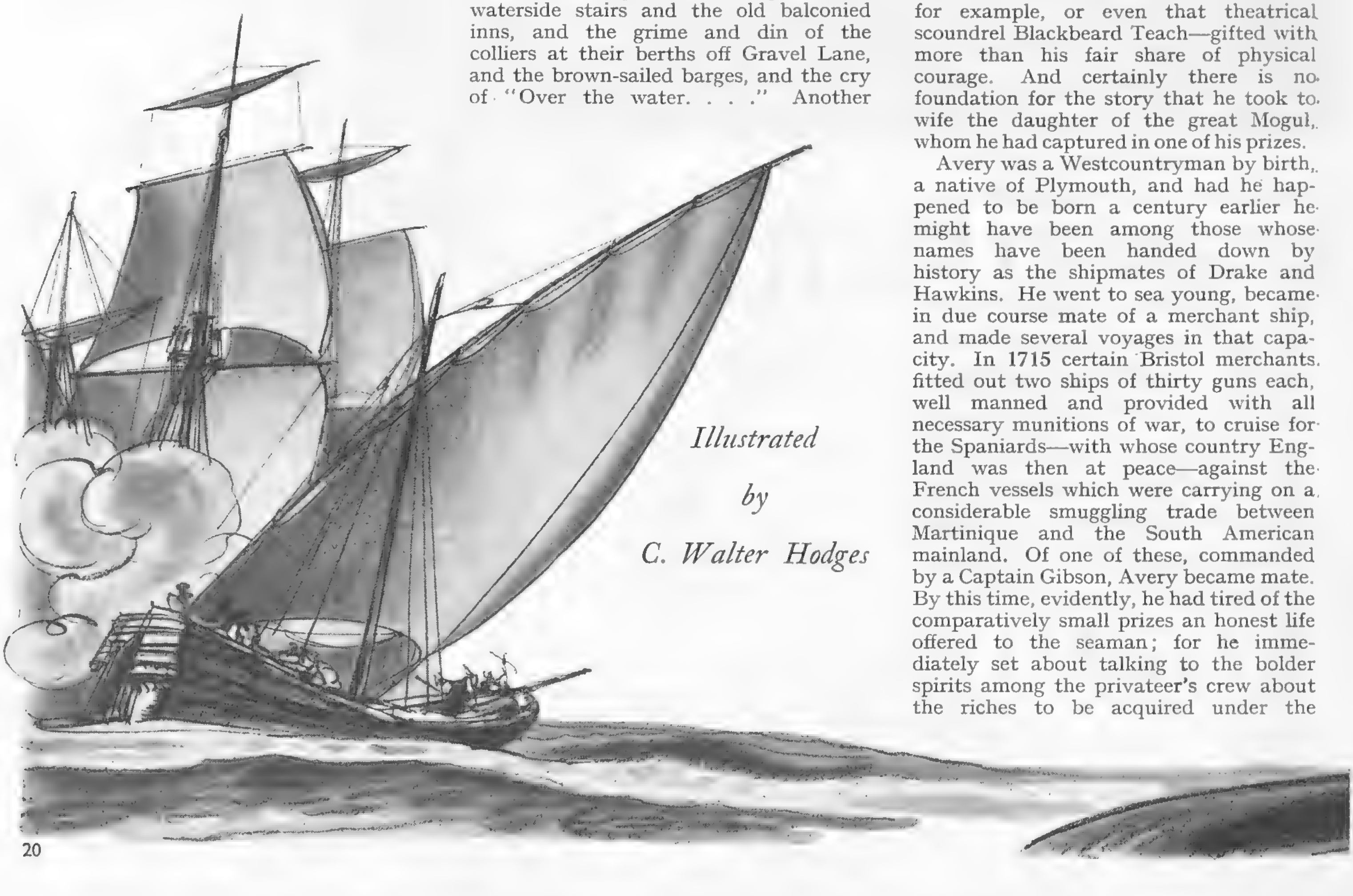
The fierce destructive might of the hurricane—the lurking terror of the hungry wolves of the sea beneath its surface—to these had to be added up to comparatively recent times the greed and the ferocity of those human wolves of the ocean who lay in wait for the merchantman and her cargoes on the trade routes of the world. And of these the Indian Ocean had its full share.

The pirates who all through the eighteenth century sallied forth from their strongholds in the Caribbean to prey upon shipping early felt the need of some place to which they might resort, after voyaging in Eastern waters, in order to rest and refresh their crews and careen their strained and leaky ships. For this purpose Madagascar and the adjacent islands were admirably adapted, and the place became, therefore, in a short time a nest of the pirate fraternity only less important than the Bay of Campeachy itself.

Here they feasted and caroused on the rum and wine and brandy taken from plundered ships, and the fresh meat and fruit of all kinds the island yielded in tropical profusion. Many of them, indeed, never troubled to return to the Caribbees. Perhaps they thought themselves safer there from the pursuit and capture and the ghastly shadow of the gibbet which ever lay athwart the hawse of the tobyman of the high seas. When Captain Woodes Rogers visited Madagascar in the *Delicia* to purchase slaves, he found a regular colony of these outlaws, wild, hairy and skin clad, and surrounded by a horde of their native wives and children. One had originally been a waterman on the Thames, but had fled the country in consequence of having come under the displeasure of the law and made his way to the West Indies, and thence to Madagascar; a far cry from the waterside stairs and the old balconied inns, and the grime and din of the colliers at their berths off Gravel Lane, and the brown-sailed barges, and the cry of "Over the water. . . ." Another had been there twenty-five years, and had not only his children but his grandchildren about him. Perhaps this was none other than the redoubtable James Plantain, "the King of Ranter's Bay," who, having been the associate of the notorious pirate captains England and Bartholomew Roberts, retired from that gentlemanly profession to settle in his shabby kingdom and live in patriarchal state with his wives (native, of course), "Moll, Sue, Kate and Pegg." To these he later added Nelly, otherwise Eleanora Brown, the daughter of another pirate potentate by one of his native consorts, and—tiring in time of Madagascar—he and she departed for Malabar, where he entered the service of the famous Oriental freebooter Angria, and is thereafter lost in oblivion.

BUT the most famous of the pirates specially associated with the Madagascar stronghold was the renowned Captain Avery, whose exploits and immense gains were the subject of many a seaman's tale, and assumed in his day almost legendary proportions. In sober truth, he was in all likelihood, as were most of his kidney when they were stripped of the trappings of romance, a tolerably ordinary sort of ruffian. The pirates' fabled wealth was, more often than not, non-existent. With them, as with the highwayman, "Quick come, quick go" was their way of living. Their gold lace was tarnished enough if you looked at it closely, and the velvet breeches in which they went swaggeringly to the gallows were shabby, stained and threadbare. Avery was not even, as some were—Richard Sawkins, for example, or even that theatrical scoundrel Blackbeard Teach—gifted with more than his fair share of physical courage. And certainly there is no foundation for the story that he took to wife the daughter of the great Mogul, whom he had captured in one of his prizes.

Avery was a Westcountryman by birth, a native of Plymouth, and had he happened to be born a century earlier he might have been among those whose names have been handed down by history as the shipmates of Drake and Hawkins. He went to sea young, became in due course mate of a merchant ship, and made several voyages in that capacity. In 1715 certain Bristol merchants fitted out two ships of thirty guns each, well manned and provided with all necessary munitions of war, to cruise for the Spaniards—with whose country England was then at peace—against the French vessels which were carrying on a considerable smuggling trade between Martinique and the South American mainland. Of one of these, commanded by a Captain Gibson, Avery became mate. By this time, evidently, he had tired of the comparatively small prizes an honest life offered to the seaman; for he immediately set about talking to the bolder spirits among the privateer's crew about the riches to be acquired under the



Illustrated

by

C. Walter Hodges

Indian Ocean

Stirring Tales of the Pirates who infested these Seas in the Eighteenth Century

By C. Fox Smith

Jolly Roger, and had soon persuaded them to join in seizing the ship at the earliest opportunity that offered itself.

This was not long in coming. At ten o'clock the next evening Captain Gibson, who was over fond of the bottle, went to bed, as did those of the crew who were not in the plot. When all was quiet the long-boat from the other ship, in which were sixteen of her company who had also agreed to throw in their lot with the mutineers, came alongside. Avery hailed it in the usual manner, and received the agreed signal in reply: "Is your drunken bos'n on board?" and the men then swarmed over the bulwarks. The hatches were secured, the anchor was weighed, and the ship immediately put to sea without noise or bustle.

All this time the captain had never waked from his drunken sleep in his cabin. When at last he did so, he rang his bell furiously, and Avery and another of the conspirators appeared to answer it. "What is the matter with the ship?" he asked, still hardly awake from his sodden stupor. "Does she drive?" So far he had no inkling of the true state of affairs, but merely thought that the wind had got up and that the ship had dragged her anchors.

"No, no," replied Avery, "we're at sea, with a fair wind and good weather, too."

"At sea!" repeated the captain, stupidly. "How can that be?"

"Come," said Avery, "don't be in a fright, but put on your clothes and I'll let you into a secret. I am captain now, I'd have you know, and you must walk out, for this cabin is mine, d'ye see? I'm bound for Madagascar where we will make all our fortunes, and yours too if you have a mind that way. If you join us, and turn sober, I may make you my lieutenant. If not, why, here's a boat and you shall be put ashore."

The captain chose the latter alternative, and he, with six of the crew who refused to join Avery, went off in the boat, while Avery and his merry men set a course for Madagascar. When he arrived off the north-east of the island, he found two sloops at anchor there, whose crews at once ran their ships ashore and took to the woods. They had lately run off from the East Indies, and at first thought that Avery and his men were in search of them. They were, however, soon reassured, and the three sailed for the coast of Arabia in company to cruise against the shipping there. It was not long before a big fish came to their net. A large vessel was sighted which at first they took to be an East Indiaman,

(*Continued on page* 102)

C. WALTER HODGES

Olivia de Havilland going through a scenario with her "stand-in" Ann Robinson

Tyrone Power, who played one of the leading parts in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, with his "stand-in," Tommy Moonan

UNKNOWNS

SOME of the most interesting people in Hollywood never get their faces anywhere near the screen. They are the army of Unknowns hard at work behind the Knowns. And without those Unknowns the Knowns would not get much further in the battle of the studios. There are the men and women who make-up stars and extras alike, before they face the cameras. There are the hairdressing experts who can start a new fashion by changing the style of a film star's coiffure. There are the stand-ins, whose unsung labours give the stars much needed rest, and put them before the cameras once more, fresh and on their toes.

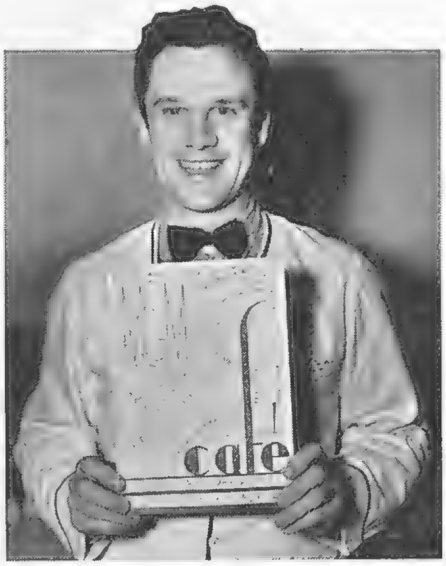
Joan Blondel with her "stand-in," Connie Rae. Joan was matron-of-honour at Connie's wedding

There are the parents of child-stars, whose wisdom and unceasing care keeps their precious progeny fit and unspoilt, eager for the work that seems, to them, a glorious game. There are the secretaries who know the secrets of the stars; it is the tactful work of those secretaries that keeps film fans satisfied and smiling, and brings new admirers to worship at the feet of their idols. There are the energetic women who manage huge studio restaurants, and provide luncheons for stars and extras alike, during rush hours that resemble a six o'clock tube stampede.

But did you ever bother about such people? Would you know what they look like, if they bumped into you in the street? Suppose a vision in sables and velvet, with red-gold hair and sapphire blue eyes, jumped out of a taxi and landed right in your arms, you would yell: "Ginger Rogers!" and shove paper and pencil into her hand, demanding: "Autograph, please!" But if another vision, with the same hair—a little paler in colour—and the same blue eyes, smiled straight at you, would you respond by yelling: "Ginger Rogers's mother!"? You would not. Because Mrs. Lela Rogers is one of the army of Hollywood's Unknowns.

Yet there would be no Ginger, in more ways than one, if there were no Lela Rogers. From the beginning of the working career of Miss Katherine Virginia Rogers her mother has been the guiding influence, the careful manager, the brains in the background steering her daughter to fame over the rocks that clutter up the path of every would-be film star. Lela Rogers is a charming, resourceful, clever woman; she can think clearly and act fast.

She knows all the film world, in Hollywood, and they all know her. She calls them by their christian names, and powerful executives at all the big studios sit up and listen when Mrs. Rogers talks. Extras know and love her, too. But nobody in the outside world knows a thing about her. To many strugglers, fighting their way up the ladder, Ginger's



Frank Stusek, bus boy in the M-G-M Commissary. He meets and talks to the stars, knows their favourite dishes and how many lumps of sugar they like in their tea. Is proud of his menu card which has been autographed by all the stars at the studio

Cesar Romero (right) with his "stand-in" Guy Gabriel

Paul Stanhope, make-up expert, finishes Carole Lombard's make-up before she leaves her dressing-room for the set

Hazel Moore, who is manageress of the Paramount Studio restaurant

Warner Baxter, out for a stroll with his "stand-in," Frank McGrath, who is also one of his intimate friends, off the screen

BEHIND *the* KNOWNS

The World Does Not Know These Hollywood Personalities

By Margaret Chute

mother is a haven of refuge. She has known hunger and heartbreak herself, and the bitterness of striving against overwhelming odds. Her heart holds a thousand secrets, yet she has never once violated a confidence.

LELA ROGERS first knew Hollywood when it was a sprawling village, punctuated here and there by an occasional studio. The child with the red-gold hair who held her hand so tightly in those days holds it still. And the whole world knows her as Ginger Rogers. When Ginger was starting to mean something in the studios, thanks to her mother's cautious handling of every contract that came her way, Mrs. Rogers decided to form and run the Hollywood Theatre. She intended it as an incubator for talent; she banked on her own ability to sense a possible film star, in embryo. It is running still, and has produced more than one good screen personality.

Ginger and Lela Rogers always speak of themselves as "Us." There is no "I" in Ginger's life. It is always "we," when there is anything to be done or discussed. And the "we" includes her mother. In Ginger's case it is true, emphatically and happily, that "Mother knows best." That is why Miss Ginger Rogers stands where she does, to-day, in filmland.

Another popular mother, unknown outside Hollywood, is Mrs. George F. Temple, mother of dimpled, twinkling Shirley, film star *par excellence*. I have met Gertrude Temple more than once, and found her a delightful, good-looking woman, with a quiet manner and a very attractive, low-pitched speaking voice. It is thanks to her guidance, and to the fact that she knows how to be loving yet stern, that Shirley has arrived at the age of nine without becoming an impossible, spoiled, little brat.

(*Continued on page* 138)

Frances Edwards, who feeds the stars. She is head of the M-G-M dining-room

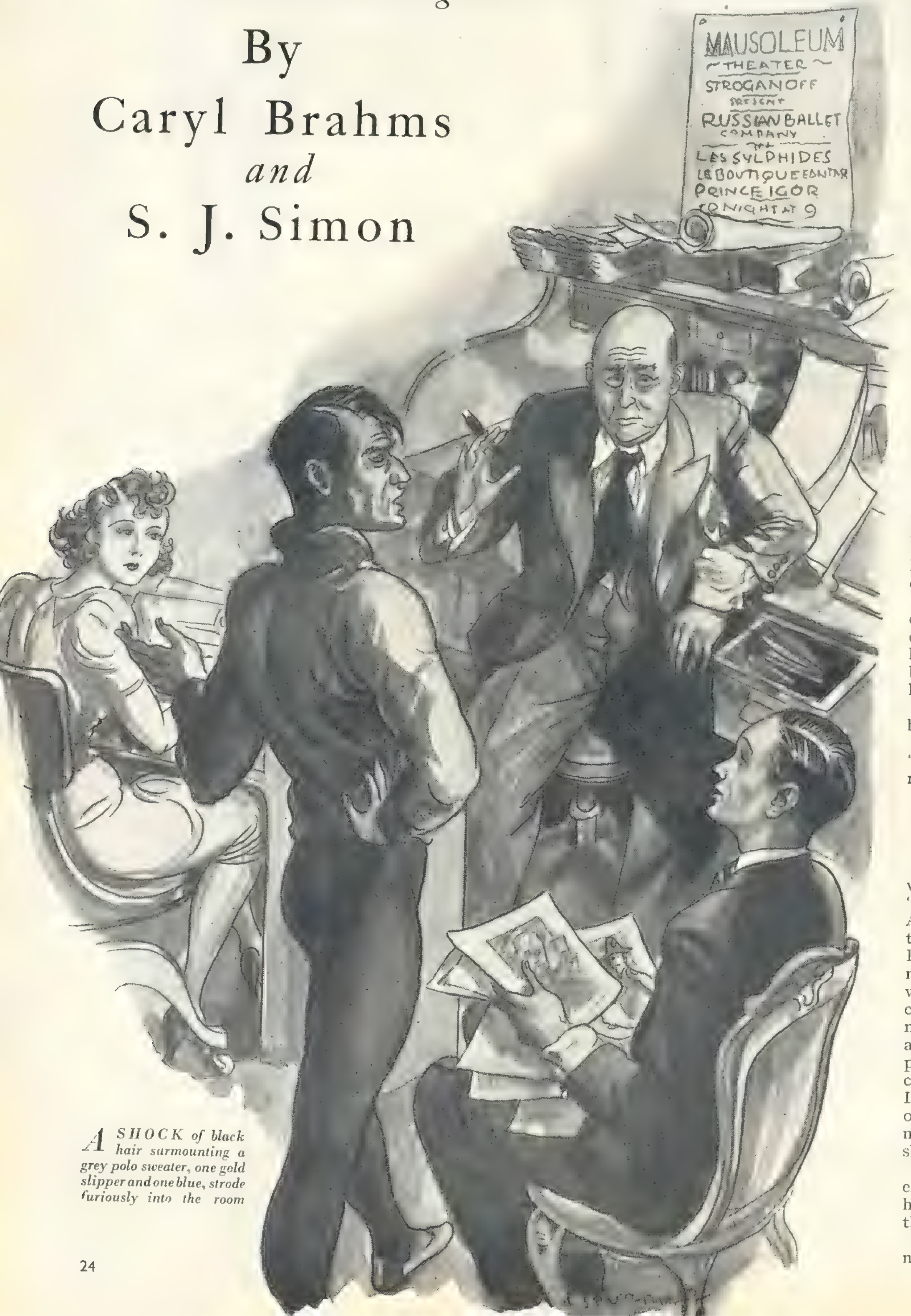
Mrs. Lela Rogers, who is Ginger Rogers's mother, manager and best pal

Irene Dunne, with her "stand-in," Kathryn Stanley

It's In My Contract

A difficult situation arose for Stroganoff when both his ballerinas wanted the leading role

By
Caryl Brahms
and
S. J. Simon



A SHOCK of black hair surmounting a grey polo sweater, one gold slipper and one blue, strode furiously into the room

THE ambitious author, sitting timidly on the edge of a chair (borrowed from *Spectre de la Rose*), gazed in awe at the froth of curls jiggling to the jerky rhythm of a typewriter. What luck! To think that he had just walked through the stage door of the Mausoleum Theatre without even as much as a visiting card, and here he was in the presence of the confidential secretary of the great Vladimir Stroganoff. Practically the father of the Russian Ballet—that is if you did not count Diaghilev, De Basil, and Blum.

And the great man was due in this very room at any moment. The secretary had kept assuring him of this for the last hour. She seemed a friendly creature.

"What sort of a man is Stroganoff?" he asked, taking his courage in both hands.

The typewriter stopped. The froth of curls swung round. The blue eyes lit up.

"He's wonderful," said Galybchik. "Galybchik" in Russian means "little darling." Back in England she had quite an ordinary name, but this had got mislaid when she joined the Stroganoff Ballet. "He's got such energy, such optimism. And his gift for organisation. . . . Why, do you know he got his whole ballet to Bolivia on credit!"

Just then the energetic organiser bustled in, sat down at his desk, mopped his bald dome, and then beamed happily around him.

"I have arranged it," he announced triumphantly.

Galybchik was eager. "The programme for tomorrow's opening?"

"*Non.*"

"The electricians' strike?"

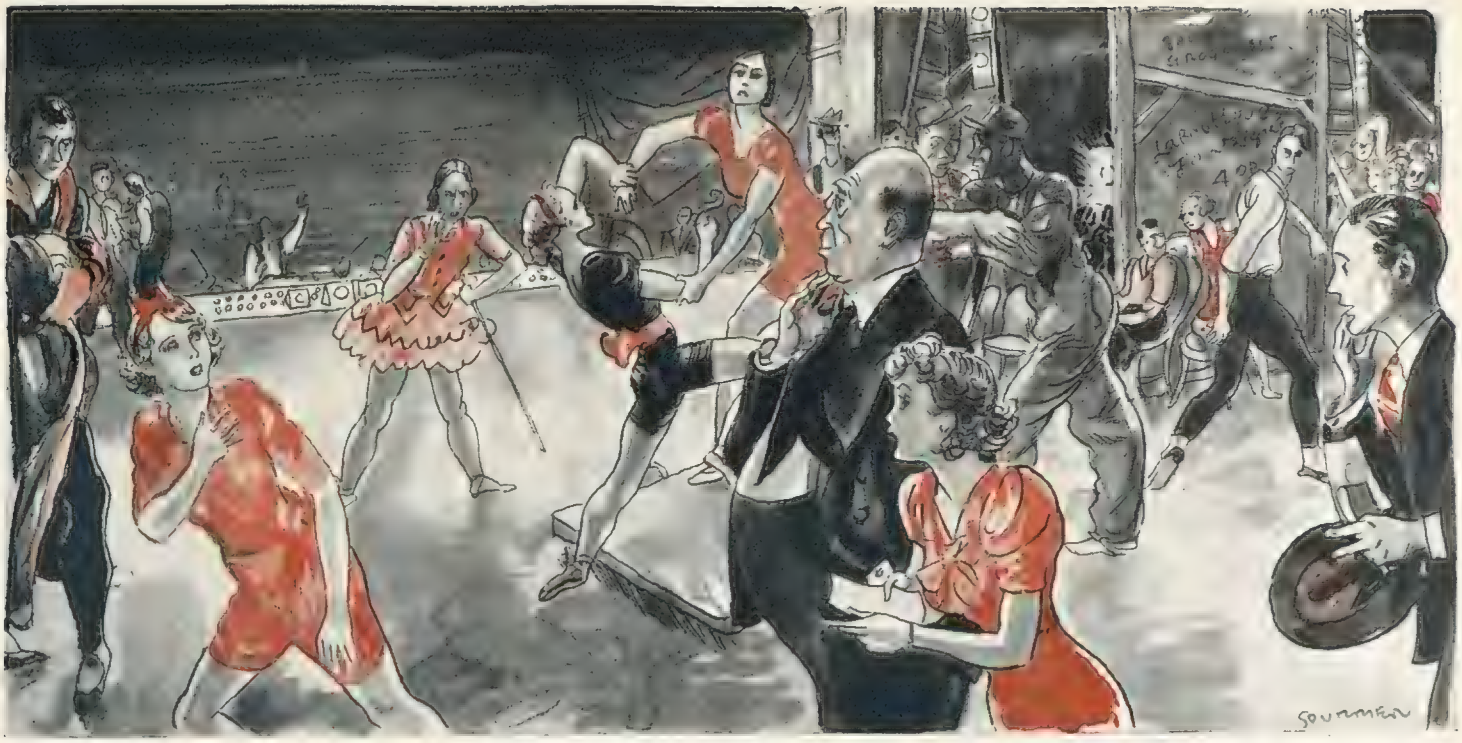
"*Pas encore.*"

"Credit for the dresses?"

"*Mais non.*" Stroganoff waved these trifles aside. "It is my Russian tea. At last I find the warehouse that sell the brand I desire. I had to buy maybe too much," he confessed, "but what would you? The crate it come at any moment." He turned to the author. "It is a terrible place your America," he complained. "Everywhere I go they bring me the orange juice. Even for my breakfast!" He shuddered.

"He's an Englishman," explained Galybchik, "and he wants to write about the ballet."

Light dawned on Stroganoff. This man he had



"*YOU go away," said Mimi. "I do this dance now." "Get you out," said Dyra. "I get here first." They pushed*

been addressing must be a stranger. Doubtless an important stranger. He extended both hands in welcome.

"It is with much pleasure that I meet you. You are from the *London Daily Post*—no?"

"Er . . . ?" said the author.

"You tell your editor," said Stroganoff, "that he is wise to make for me the big publicity. New York shall see that in London at least I am the appreciate. The publicity here is the disgust."

"We've been rehearsing for a week," said Galybchik hotly, "and they've only printed his photograph once."

"A small photograph," added Stroganoff peevishly, "and not in my admiral's uniform." He delved into a drawer and produced a batch. "*Tiens!* here are a few of our voyage for the London papers." He shuffled. "*Voilà*—me with the deck tennis. Me with the *capitaine*. Me with the whiskyansoda." He thrust them on the author and returned to the drawer to emerge with a cabinet-size reproduction.

"This," he announced, "I give to you personally. *Tiens!* I sign it. You have the pen." He reached over, plucked one from the author's waistcoat, signed with a flourish, passed over the portrait, and flung the pen into a drawer.

"Er . . . my pen," said the author.

"Pardon," said Stroganoff, passing him an ashtray. "To-day I am distrait. I have the so many troubles. Our opening it is to-morrow. . . ."

"I am going to it," put in the author.

"You come to my box," said Stroganoff automatically. "And still," he continued, "nothing is settle. It is not even arrange what ballets we present. *Sylphides—bien entendu, mais après?*" He turned to Galybchik. "You have spoken to Nicolas?"

The author pricked up his ears. Were they talking about Nicolas Nevajno, the advanced choreographer, the mere mention of whose name had broken up innumerable balletomane parties from Bloomsbury to Berlin?

They were. Nicolas, it appeared, was adamant. There could be no opening night without a minimum of at least one Nevajno ballet. It was in his contract.

"But New York is not ready for Nevajno," Stroganoff argued. "Here they know only Falanchine and him they find too modern. We must lead them gently. First a little Fokine, then a little Massine—the early Massine—and only then dare we burst on them the *Gare du Nord*." He turned to the author for support. "Am I not right?"

The author was flattered. Here was Stroganoff actually asking his advice. He was not to know that Stroganoff always asked everybody's advice and never listened to the end of it.

"Well," he began weightily, "I saw it in London and candidly . . ."

"I fear as much," groaned Stroganoff. "You see it is impossible. So," he turned to Galybchik, "you must speak to Nicolas again."

"He will be very angry," said Galybchik.

"Poof!" said Stroganoff. "There will be other angry ones to-morrow. I have decided," he announced, "that to-morrow we dance *Boutique*. They rehearse it downstairs now."

Galybchik was bewildered. "But the doll in the can-can dance?"

Stroganoff shrugged. "Mimi shall dance it. Or Dyra."

Mimi Vanillova and Dyra Dyrakova, thought the author ecstatically.

"Yes," wailed Galybchik. "But which one?"

"Why you pester me now?" said Stroganoff crossly. "To-morrow is another day."

"But we're opening to-morrow," Galybchik moaned. "Why, oh why, did you give them both a contract that allowed them to select any role they wanted?"

"What would you?" said Stroganoff. "Unless I agreed to this Dyra, she would not come to America. And Mimi, she had it in her contract already. It is not fair that you blame me," he complained. "How could I foretell that they would both desire the same part. They are foolish, too, for little Olga she dance the can-can better than both."

A new thought struck Galybchik. "Who is dancing it at the rehearsal?"

"But both," said Stroganoff blandly. "I have arranged it with much cunning. I take Mimi aside and I tell her that she dance the first night and Dyra the second. But I plead with her not to tell Dyra for already I have told Dyra that she dance the first and Mimi the second. Now they are both happy and each one she pities the other. And to-morrow I make my decision." Suddenly apprehensive, he turned to the author. "Of course, I tell you this in confidence as a friend of ballet. You do not print it in your *London Daily Post*."

The author's conscience was pricking him. Was he gaining the confidence of these people under false pretences?

"As a matter of fact," he said boyishly, "I'm not a journalist. I'm an author. I just came here to collect a little atmosphere for my novel about the ballet. It is my first novel," he said blushing slightly, "and I wondered if you'd mind frightfully . . ."

"I, too, am the writer eloquent," interrupted Stroganoff, on whose consciousness only the word "novel" had penetrated. "Already I begin the second volume of my memoirs. *Tiens*—I read you some." He rummaged furiously.

There was a knock at the door.

"My tea," said Stroganoff.

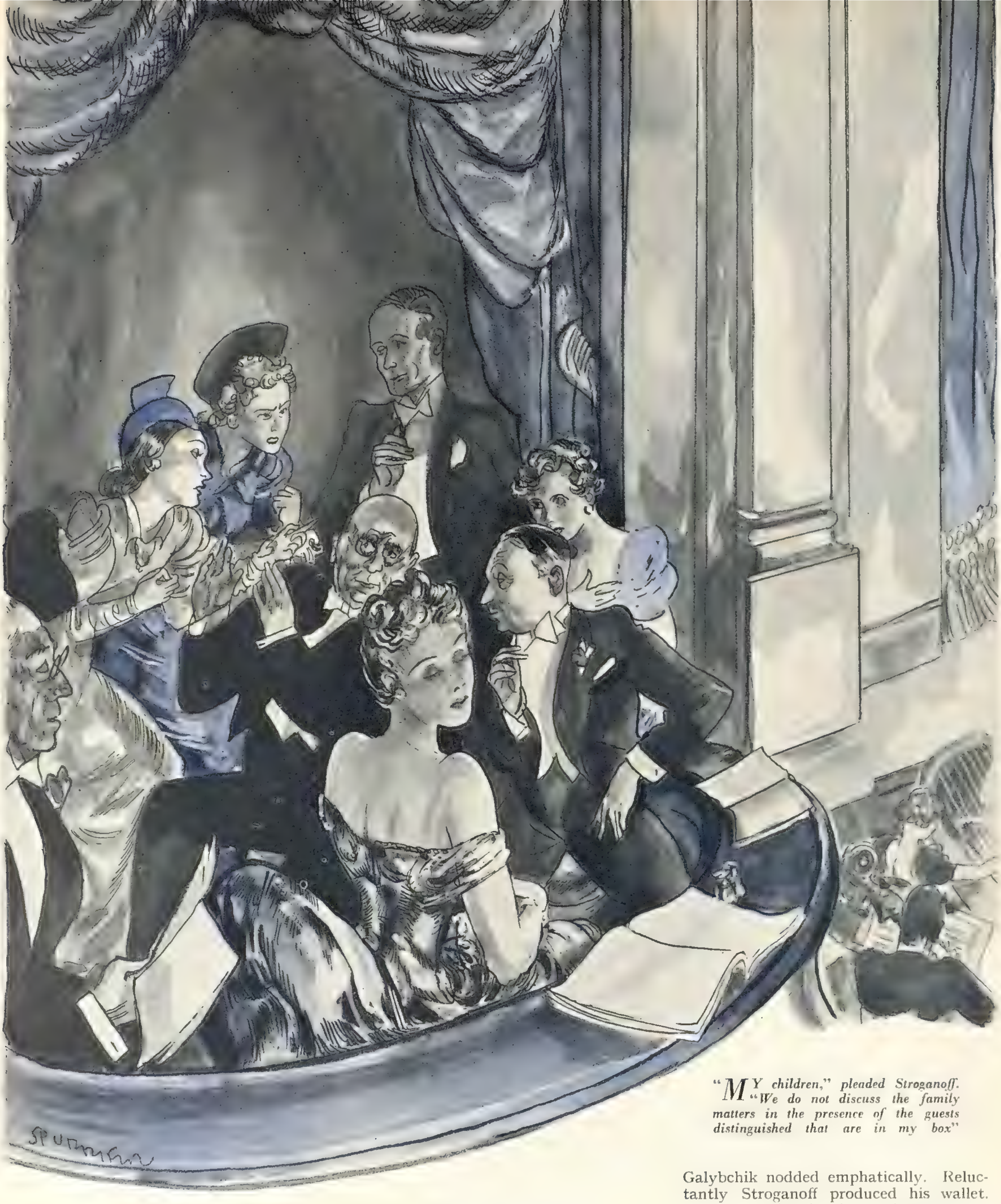
A shock of black hair surmounting a grey polo sweater, one gold slipper and one blue, strode furiously into the room. It was already talking.

"To-morrow," Nevajno was announcing, "I leave the Ballet Stroganoff for ever."

Galybchik paled. "Oh Nicolas—not again."

"Again," said Nevajno firmly. "A first night without a Nevajno ballet is

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



"MY children," pleaded Stroganoff. "We do not discuss the family matters in the presence of the guests distinguished that are in my box"

the insult I cannot overlook. I leave at once."

He sat down and lit a cigarette. "You will regret this," he announced darkly, "for I have just conceived the idea superb for a ballet."

Stroganoff started apprehensively. "Your ideas they are expensive."

"This," said Nevajno, "is the simplicity itself. I have made it so specially for America. All that it calls for is a bull and a bear. The bull he lift the ballerina and the bear he drop her quick. It will be called 'Wall Street.' The idea it come to me in the subway as I read the paper over the shoulder of man who concentrate all the time on a column of figures that are of no importance. It appears that many people in New York do this."

"It has the possibilities," mused Stroganoff. "Olright, I produce it." He turned graciously to the author. "You may announce it in your *London Daily Post.*"

"*Bon,*" said Nevajno. "It is agreed. So I overlook that you break my contract and there is no Nevajno ballet to-morrow. But to console me you schange me small scheque?"

Stroganoff looked at Galybchik. Galybchik nodded emphatically. Reluctantly Stroganoff produced his wallet.

"*Bon,*" said Nevajno and went.

Stroganoff beamed at the author. "You see how we are all here one happy family. We have the little difficulty but always with tact we arrange it. They look on me as a father and each other as brother and sister."

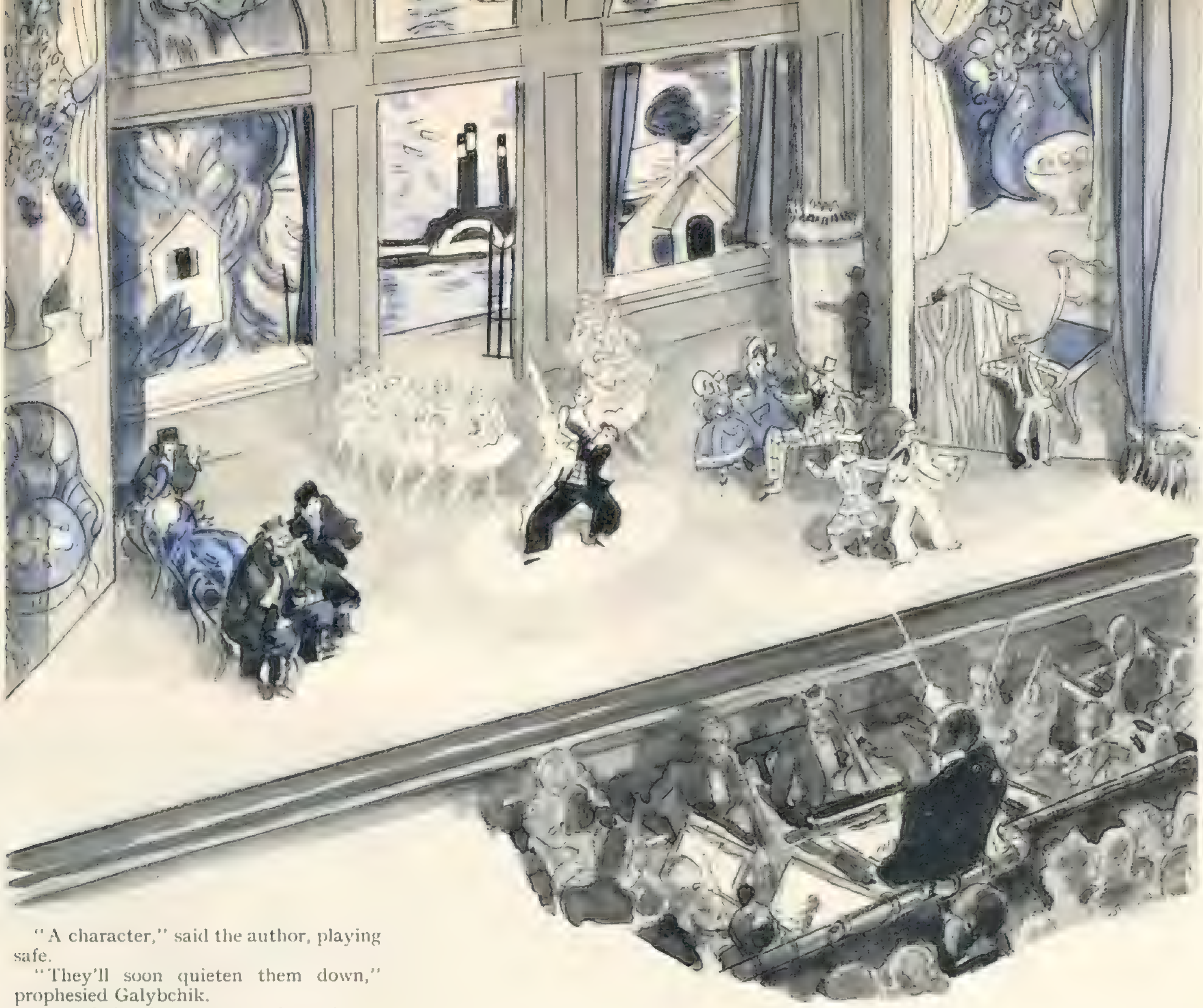
There was a knock at the door.

"My tea," said Stroganoff.

"You come at once," shrilled a hideous, dark woman in a purple practice frock. "Mimi and Dyra they kill each other."

"Pardon," said Stroganoff. They raced off together.

"That," said Galybchik, "was Arenskaya, our ballet mistress."



"A character," said the author, playing safe.

"They'll soon quieten them down," prophesied Galybchik.

An unholy clamour came from downstairs.

"I think," said Galybchik nervously, "I'll go and see what's happening."

She darted away. The author followed thoughtfully. Somehow none of this fitted in with the plan for his book.

THE life of the ballet dancer is composed of classes, applause and conflict. The enthusiasm of the public, the stacks of flowers at the end of a performance, the comfortable pay envelopes—these are the trimmings of the profession. But it is the life-long rivalries that keep a ballerina going—possibly to the betterment of her technique. To hoodwink a critic that—as Arenskaya put it—was the chicken feed. But to put one over on a rival ballerina—ah, what satisfaction!

Now, even the conflict between Dyra Dyrakova and Mimi Vanillova had got too keen to be comfortable. It had been more or less all right so long as they worked for different companies, for then they were limited to exchanging press notices and distasteful kisses. But since both had joined the Ballet Stroganoff, each with the title of *Ballerina Assoluta* and each with a contract confirming this, matters had reached seething point. Even the quarrels of the mothers that swarm round the Russian Ballet like maternal bees, even the rows between Arenskaya and the pianist, Nevajno and the conductor, Stroganoff and his backers—all faded into insignificance when Mimi and Dyra decided simultaneously that they wished to dance the can-can in Massine's *Boutique Fantasque*. The little Olga, whose role it was, was swept aside with the entirety of a wood violet in an elephant stampede, and deposited a weeping flower in the arms of her boy friend, David Dovolno.

Right across Bolivia, Stroganoff had managed to keep the feud over the New York opening at bay. So often it had looked as though there would be no New York opening. The Metropolitan was already booked and every other theatre seemed to want a large cash deposit in advance. The ballerinas were not going to waste time quarrelling over the vague future when there were so many good bonfires ready to hand.

But once New York was reached, the theatre miraculously secured, and the first night definitely fixed—then it was different. The role that would reap the most applause in the ballet that even Bolivia had liked—this was something worth fighting for. Stroganoff was never left for a moment. No sooner had he got rid of one ballerina with bland promises that she bragged of it to the other, who in turn burst in to bully, cajole, wheedle, weep, or throw hysterics as the occasion demanded. At times Stroganoff was almost tempted to abandon *Boutique* and put on *Prince Igor*, in which there was no role for either, but always the thought of the new dresses he had ordered, on which he had actually paid the first deposit, renewed his determination. Which of them danced it he did not care—but *Boutique* must go into the opening night.

A further lavishness of promises had shelved the problem for the moment, but to-morrow a definite decision would have to be taken. At the moment there was the new problem of the rehearsal. Neither of the ballerinas wanted to run through the part for the benefit of the band. The false security of Stroganoff's latest promise had lent to each an inward glow.

"You do it," said Mimi kindly. "You need the practice."

"You do it, darlink," said Dyra magnanimously. "It is the only chance you get this season."

The band struck up. Neither moved.

A few yards away David Dovolno stood disconsolately awaiting their decision. He would have much preferred to partner the little Olga. She was not so heavy to lift. And he loved the girl.

A few yards farther on the little Olga watched wistfully.

"You do it," said Mimi. "I know the part well."

"You do it," said Dyra. "And I enjoy myself watching you."

The purple frock of Arenskaya bore down on the combatants.

"*Alors*—still you squabble? *Bon*—you enjoy yourselves but me I waste the time

(*Continued on page 112*)

Millions from

Walt Disney with a couple of the original cartoons made for "Snow White"

"A DOG is scratching for fleas. Animate, in about twelve drawings, the antics of the flea as he endeavours to escape the dog's paw; giving the flea some very definite character, and recording its facial expressions."

Sounds crazy? It is crazy! Successfully animate that flea, not forgetting its facial expressions, and you have signed your passport to a world that is crazier than Bedlam; for this, along with six other tasks—all as deliriously cuckoo as the other, composes a test paper which aspiring cartoon animators must complete before they can gain entrance to what is known in Hollywood as "Walt Disney's Asylum."

It was thirty-seven years ago that the head of this famous "asylum" took his first peep at the world, and but sixteen years ago that he left the straight and narrow path of commercial art for the crazier dimensions of cartooning.

Elias Disney, his father, certainly thought it was crazy—and expensive craziness at that—when Walt used up his own savings, and some of his father's, in the creation of a comic strip known as "Kansas City Topicalities," which sold to exactly three theatres.

Walt was *en route* back to the commercial art grind when he got the idea of animating fairy stories, and furthermore proved the existence of fairies by finding a backer to the tune of fifteen thousand dollars. A year later, with four one-reel subjects completed, and three having been successfully released, Walt thought it might be a good idea to gather in some of the profits. Alas, it was a bad year for profit collection in the movie business, and Walt's distributor, along with many others, went broke.

With "Little Red Riding Hood" rescued from the debacle, and forty dollars over his train fare, Walt set out for Hollywood. Not because he had any visionary ideas of setting the movie world on fire over cartoon films, but because he needed to eat regularly and brother Roy, firmly entrenched in a regular job, said that he might be able to find work for him.

BY this time, however, you could not get cartoons out of Walt's mind, and before long he had brother Roy in partnership and "Oswald the Rabbit" was launched.

As cartoons went in those days, "Oswald" was pretty successful. Roy got his money back and Walt ate regularly, married and bought a house; in fact, he was well on his way to a five-figure bank account, when he took a train journey!

For the hundreds on that train, there was nothing very special about the journey—just a four-day trip from west to east; but for Walt Disney, alone in his compartment with a pad and pencil, it was the most momentous ride of his life; for, somewhere between Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Chicago, Illinois, he invented Mickey Mouse!

Back in Hollywood, and having found a new distributor, Walt extended his organization and, with Roy at the head, formed his own corporation. Then he set to work on "Mickey" and produced two colossal flops in succession. Nobody thought "Mickey" was funny until, at the third try, he produced *Steamboat Willie* and, at last, had his audience laughing and asking for more.

Walt Disney with some of his staff examining a group of penguins for ideas for a cartoon in the making

An artist at the Walt Disney studio getting inspiration from a photograph for facial expression

Minor Lunacy

A peep into the Factory—"Walt Disney's Asylum"—that turns out a yearly quota of Laughter

By Arthur Phillips

Here is Walt Disney again, looking with critical eyes on the statuette figures of "The Seven Dwarfs"

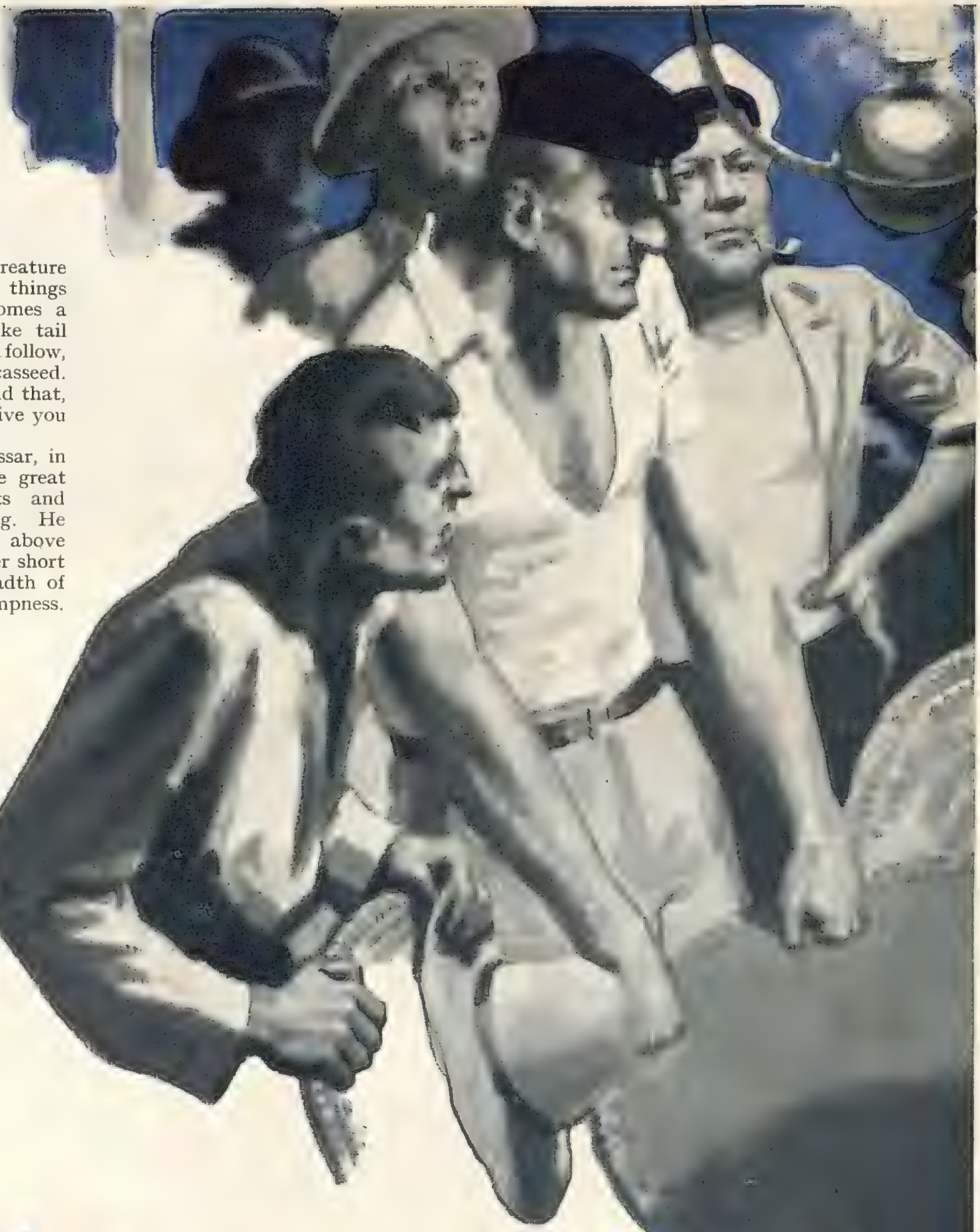
Twenty-one successful "Mickey's" followed. A studio was built, over two hundred hands were employed, and the plant was valued at over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At last Walt was on the way to fame and fortune—at least, that was what Walt thought until Roy abruptly broke the spell by showing a net profit of one thousand dollars in the second year of success! By now however, "Mickey" was a big enough proposition for the major distributors, and so, in turn Columbia, United Artists and now R.K.O. were invited to handle the Disney output and profits increased accordingly.

IT is 1934. Twelve years have passed since Walt made his first cartoon, and though he is now well on his way to fortune, he is still just a cartoon maker. He has not yet become the darling of the intellectual world, or a byword in film circles. Nobody has written about him as a new force in art, or discovered psychological subtleties in his creations. A person could still hold his, or her, head high and admit to not having seen a "Mickey Mouse" or a "Silly Symphony," and nobody had whistled a tune from a Disney film.

Then suddenly this was all changed. *Three Little Pigs* was shown, and Walt, arriving at his office for just another day in the work of cartoon making, found himself in a spotlight of overnight fame. Telephone messages, telegrams, cables, letters poured in on him—the world was at his feet with an ever-increasing crescendo of awed, and often extravagant, praise, and the imperturbable Walt summed up his wonderment in an interview with Aldous Huxley. "Hell, doc," he said in answer to Huxley's inquiry as to just what gave Walt his genius, "I don't know. We just try to make a good picture, and then the professors come along and tell us what we do."

But imperturbable and immune to flattery as Walt may be, he is nothing if not a superb public pulse reader, and no one was quicker than he to realise that "Mickey Mouse" and the "Silly Symphonies" had been swept into a new class. They were no longer just cartoon shorts, but features of world focus, and thus begun a subtle change. The cartoon was jerked out of its one-dimensional frame and decked in colours of pastel softness; (*Continued on page* 120)

Another artist member of the Walt Disney studio makes preliminary drawings of a penguin



Stingaree Jack

He had the strength of Samson and his fists were dynamite

By Albert Richard Wetjen

THE stingaree is a flat fish, roughly diamond shaped, with a hide of coarse sandpaper and a serrated whip-like tail bearing a poisoned barb near the root. It is invariably good natured, indolent, peaceful, and bothers no one save perhaps the little crabs and molluscs on which it feeds. On occasion, however, when some hungry and unwitting creature threatens it, the most surprising things can happen. The stingaree becomes a haze in the water. The whip-like tail threshes so fast the eye cannot follow, and the intruder is more or less fricasseed. The poison barb plunges home, and that, usually, is the end. Which may give you a clue as to Captain Jack Barlow.

He got his nickname in Macassar, in Dutch Pete's bar, soon after the great hurricane that swept the straits and wrecked half the island shipping. He was a plump-looking man, well above medium height, but seeming rather short because of his extraordinary breadth of shoulders and that deceptive plumpness. A lot of people took it for soft fat, and a lot of people were wrong. He had very pale blue eyes and a layer of dark sandy hair that always seemed wet and plastered down, and which no amount of exertion seemed able to ruffle. He had a flat broken nose, but it somehow added to the friendly homeliness of his face with its full lips and the lazy, easy smile. He was, admittedly, and quite frankly, averse to effort and his main characteristic seemed to be chronic indolence. But that, too, in a measure, was as deceptive as his fat.

On this particular evening he sat in Dutch Pete's bar peacefully minding his own business, which at the moment concerned a bottle of gin and some languid conversation with the young supercargo of the *Ainault*, a big three-master just in from Batavia. He was smoking a cigar, carelessly dropping the ashes down his white drill jacket, and in the sticky heat of the place the sweat beads glistened on the corded throat his open shirt exposed. Dutch Pete's was crowded as usual, somebody playing a concertina, a few native and half-caste girls serving the drinks, and the hot night wind coming through the curtained doorways and windows to flicker the oil lamps hanging from the snake- and rat-infested beams above. All colour and noise and smell. With the great moths fluttering about the lights and the talk running wide from the Pribiloffs to the Kermadecs and back.

Big Bill Gunther, the same who owned the great shipping firm of Gunther and Gotch, was sitting at a table near the wall, looking over some master's reports and waiting for a friend to show up, and Dutch Pete himself was hovering at his elbow stirring a vicious drink the islands knew as a twister.

The drink ready, Dutch Pete set it down and then touched Gunther's arm.

"Look," was all he said. Gunther lifted his head and stared. Shouldering in from the front veranda was Sam Moss of the barque *Carrie*, stooping his six-foot-five of bull muscle to avoid hitting the top of the door. He had his mate with him, and two of his crew, hard-eyed, surly men already half drunk, swaggering in the shadow of their master's reputation. The noise in Dutch Pete's softened as men recognised Moss.

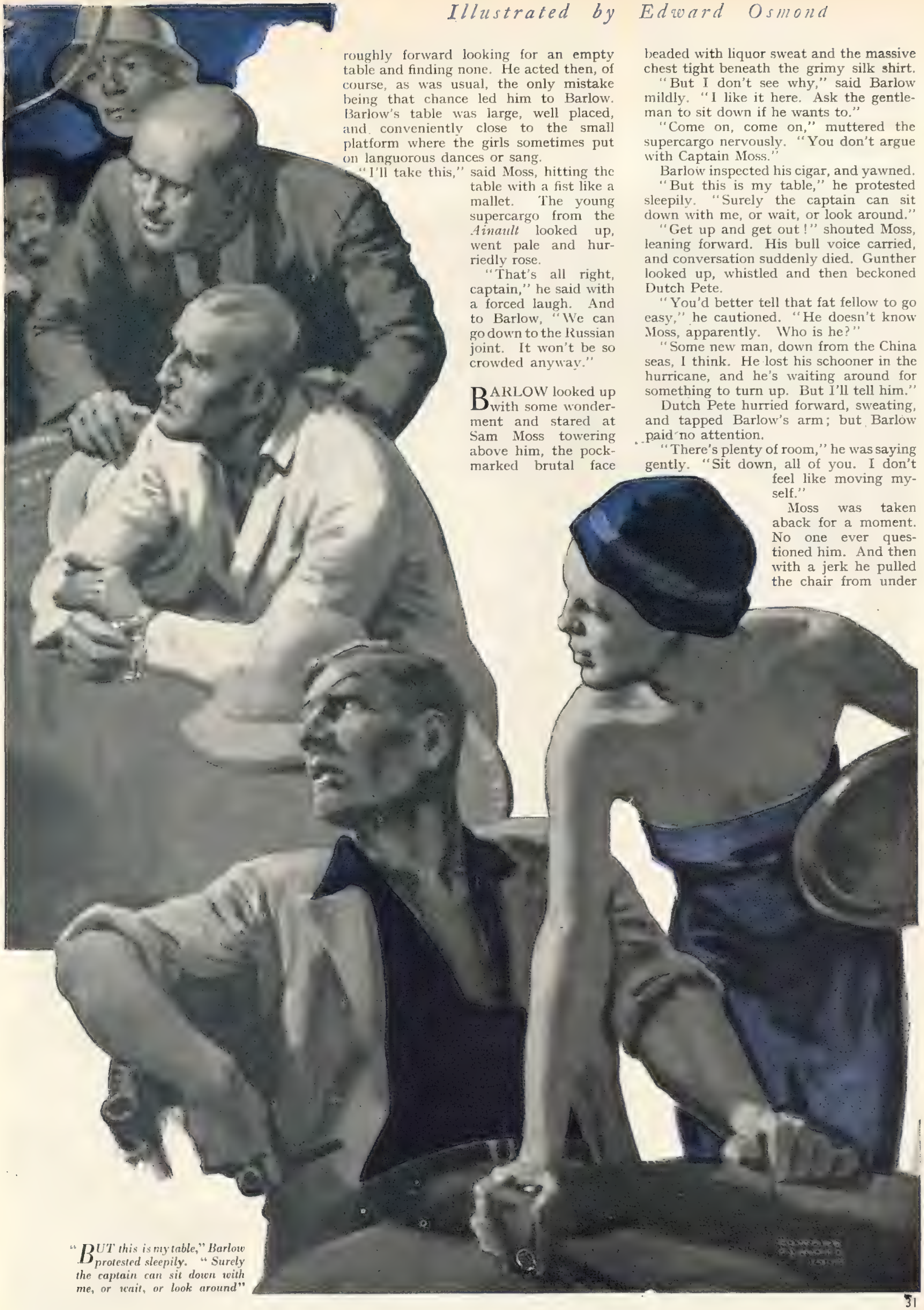
"Half drunk and looking for trouble as usual," said Gunther dryly. "You'd better get the war club out, Pete."

Pete swore.

"Some day someone will settle him," he rapped. "I'd like to see it."

Gunther grunted and turned to his reports again, while Sam Moss elbowed

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



"*BUT this is my table,*" *Barlow protested sleepily.* "*Surely the captain can sit down with me, or wait, or look around*"

roughly forward looking for an empty table and finding none. He acted then, of course, as was usual, the only mistake being that chance led him to Barlow. Barlow's table was large, well placed, and conveniently close to the small platform where the girls sometimes put on languorous dances or sang.

"I'll take this," said Moss, hitting the table with a fist like a mallet. The young supercargo from the *Ainault* looked up, went pale and hurriedly rose.

"That's all right, captain," he said with a forced laugh. And to Barlow, "We can go down to the Russian joint. It won't be so crowded anyway."

BARLOW looked up with some wonderment and stared at Sam Moss towering above him, the pockmarked brutal face beaded with liquor sweat and the massive chest tight beneath the grimy silk shirt.

"But I don't see why," said Barlow mildly. "I like it here. Ask the gentleman to sit down if he wants to."

"Come on, come on," muttered the supercargo nervously. "You don't argue with Captain Moss."

Barlow inspected his cigar, and yawned.

"But this is my table," he protested sleepily. "Surely the captain can sit down with me, or wait, or look around."

"Get up and get out!" shouted Moss, leaning forward. His bull voice carried, and conversation suddenly died. Gunther looked up, whistled and then beckoned Dutch Pete.

"You'd better tell that fat fellow to go easy," he cautioned. "He doesn't know Moss, apparently. Who is he?"

"Some new man, down from the China seas, I think. He lost his schooner in the hurricane, and he's waiting around for something to turn up. But I'll tell him."

Dutch Pete hurried forward, sweating, and tapped Barlow's arm; but Barlow paid no attention.

"There's plenty of room," he was saying gently. "Sit down, all of you. I don't feel like moving myself."

Moss was taken aback for a moment. No one ever questioned him. And then with a jerk he pulled the chair from under

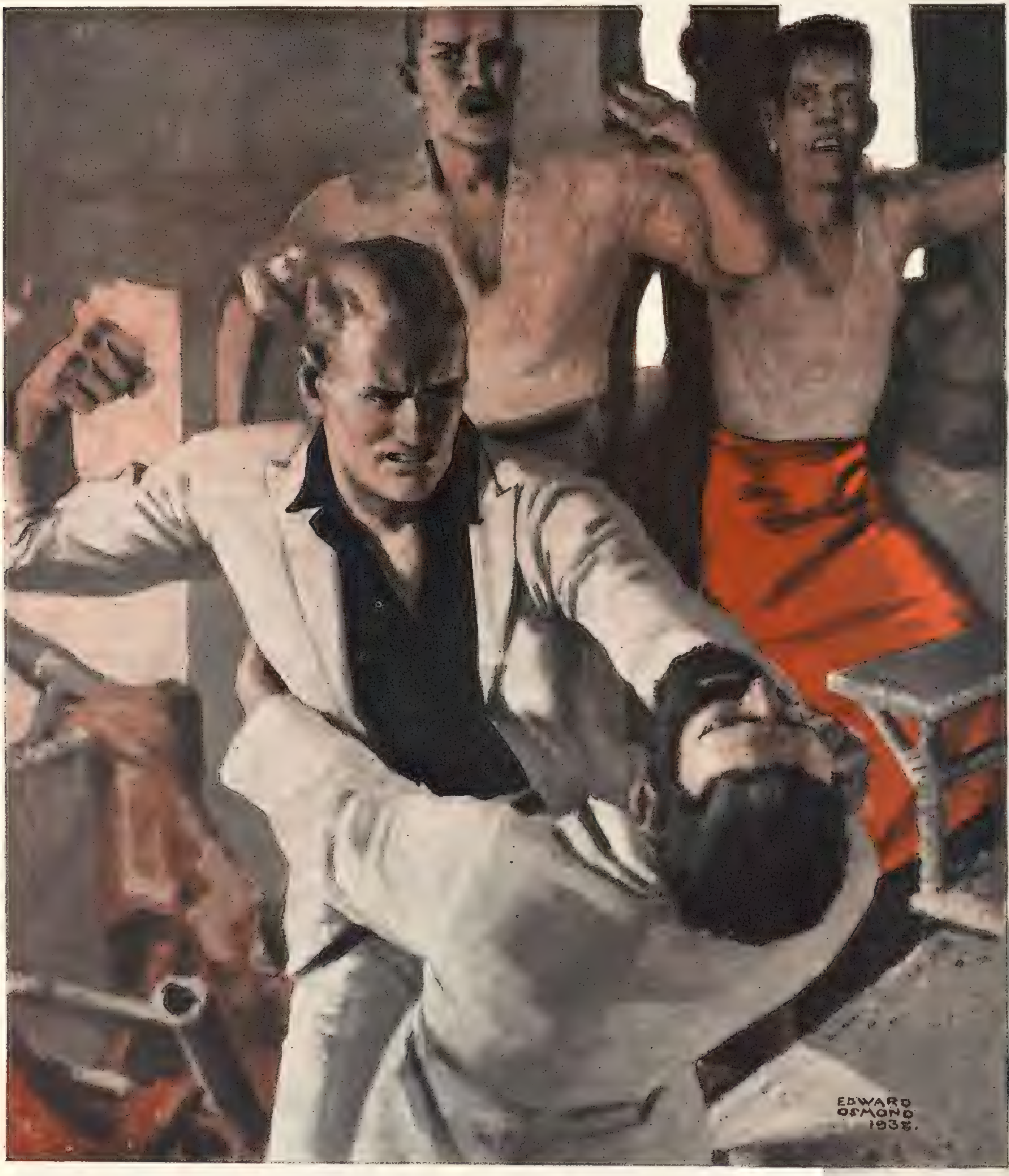
Barlow and kicked him as he hit the floor.

"I don't argue," Moss growled. "When I say get out, you get out!" His mate and the two seamen grinned and started to seat themselves. Barlow got up slowly, brushed off his drill pants, dropped his cigar to the floor and looked thoughtful.

"I wouldn't try that again if I were you," he said. You could have heard a pin drop by that time. Gunther started to rise and then subsided. He was probably the only man present who could compare with Moss in bulk and weight; but, after all, it was none of his business. The newcomer was a fool to monkey with such obvious dynamite. Moss had gone purple.

"You wouldn't . . . what?" he roared, and he slapped Barlow's cheek so hard the man staggered. "You're telling me you wouldn't . . ." He had no time for more. Something exploded.

Barlow became something of a blur. He hit Moss on the jaw, a crack that was heard clear out on the veranda, and for the first time in his life Moss went down. The onlookers drew in hard breaths. Moss had killed three men with his bare hands in his time, crippled others. He was up with a heave, choking, astonished, foaming, and he bored in with his great fists swinging. He never touched Barlow. A driving blow hit him in the stomach and made him gag; another caught him under the heart and took his breath.



WITH a swiftness of a striking snake Stingaree Jack let go with his right hand and brought it clenched against the other's taut jaw with the sound like the breaking of a large stick

His mouth was split, one eye closed. In less than a minute he was staggering and weaving like a drunken man. The power behind the blows was incredible, and more incredible was Barlow's speed. In-out, in-out, in-out! Smack, smack, smack! Just that way. As a finish, something even more incredible happened. Barlow closed, grunted, lifted Moss's three-hundred-odd pounds and tossed him in an arc through the air. The flying man crashed down a table, rolled over several chairs, and brought up groaning and half-unconscious a full twenty feet away.

"I said," said Barlow in a curiously tired sort of voice, "I said I wouldn't try things again if I were you."

He was hardly out of breath; his plastered hair was unruffled. He brushed his hands together, straightened his jacket, groped for a new cigar and had started to light it in the deathly, awed silence when Moss's mate came out of his stupor, choked an oath and charged, the two seamen behind him. Gunther kicked over his own chair and started forward. But he was not needed.

Dutch Pete's was treated to the spectacle of three hard-case men, all notorious fighters, swinging wildly at nothing at all and going down, falling over each other, getting up and falling down again. Almost monotonously could be heard the steady smack, smack, smack! One man pulled a knife. Barlow caught the arm, heaved, and the breaking of the bone was clear. The mate got up, streaming blood, and went for his gun. Barlow's fist came from the floor, it seemed, and the mate went back and fell over the groaning Moss. When they picked him up they found his neck was broken. Moss had three cracked ribs, half his teeth gone, and a bruise on his stomach you couldn't have covered with a saucer. Barlow retrieved his chair, straightened his table, sat down and called mildly for another bottle of gin. And a faint, awed sigh went round the long room.

"A stingaree," Gunther breathed. "Just like a damned stingaree. I can use that man."

He dropped unasked to a chair beside Barlow and introduced himself while Dutch Pete's Malays were cleaning up the remains.

"Do you know what you've done?" he asked quietly as they drank. Barlow gave an indifferent shrug.

"What else did you expect me to do? Let them throw me around?"

"I didn't mean that," said Gunther, smiling. "I meant that you've whipped Sam Moss, and Sam Moss was the strongest man in the islands."

As the schooner *Clifton Girl* came up to Tait Island, Captain Benson crossed the poop to where Barlow was sprawled in a deck chair, smoking his inevitable cigar and apparently sleeping at the same time.

"There she is," said Captain Benson, waving his binoculars. "Tait Island. Aren't you interested enough to look?"

Barlow opened one eye, peered at the captain and shut it again.

"Why bother? If I've got to spend six months there, I'll see enough of it. Let my assistant Ames look."

The tall, bronzed young man leaning on the rail turned and laughed.

"It's the same as ever. I served my first term as a planter here—just before Lassan came." He considered a moment. "Don't think it'll be easy, Stingaree. Lassan's bad. Gunther's sent four men at different times to relieve him, and none of them stuck. One was killed . . . natives, Lassan said, though they're supposed to be friendly and peaceful here. The other three were so badly beaten up they came back on board before the *Clifton Girl* had finished loading."

Stingaree took a long drink, and sighed.

"Lassan must consider he's got a life job," he murmured. Captain Benson nodded.

"He does," he said grimly. "At least, he'll make it so if he can. Gunther knows he's been robbing him blind for the past two years, selling half the copra to a Singapore ship that happens here a month or so before this packet does. But Gunther can't prove it. He wants Lassan kicked out, but Lassan's got a three-year contract and won't tear it up. So the only way is to get a man who will relieve him by force." Stingaree yawned, without interest.

THE *Clifton Girl* came to anchor and dropped her whaleboat, and with a resigned grunt Stingaree climbed out of his deck chair, amiably checked over his baggage, and went ashore alone. A giant kanaka carried him pick-a-back through the surf and a thin, wizened little white man with a tobacco-stained yellow moustache met him as he landed.

"What, another one!" he said maliciously. "Gunther must keep a supply of you optimists on hand. My name's Callon," he introduced himself. Stingaree straightened his white pants and jacket, adjusted his sun-helmet and stared sleepily at the palms backing the dazzling sand, at the little blue bay, at the neat white bungalow and store sheds half hidden in a grove of jackfruit and pandanus trees.

"Nice place," he observed, lighting a cigar. "My name's Barlow, or more recently Stingaree Jack." He seemed rather pleased with the name and repeated it gently, "Stingaree Jack. Yes, nice." Callon grinned.

"We'll attend to the sting," he observed dryly. "But if you'll take a friendly tip you'll go back on board while you still feel well. The island isn't healthy."

"So they say," Stingaree agreed. "But I never get fever."

Callon shot a quick look and frowned, started to say something and changed his mind. They plodded together towards the bungalow while the whaleboat boys deposited Stingaree's baggage on the sand and departed. Stingaree paused after a while and looked back.

"Don't you ever send houseboys down to pick up a man's gear?" he inquired mildly. Callon spat.

"What's the use? You're not staying long."

Stingaree blinked, but said nothing until they were on the bungalow veranda. A man then started to rise from the depths of a cane chair and at first Stingaree thought he was confronted by another giant. But as the other gained his feet Stingaree perceived it was more of a stumpy gorilla who welcomed him, short, squat, enormously broad. Black-bearded, small-eyed, grinning with a show of yellow teeth and extending a thick hand covered with hair. He did not come much above Stingaree's shoulder, but he emanated a sheer brute strength that was impressive.

"I take it you're to relieve me," said the gorilla heartily. "Well, well! My name is Lassan. And you're . . ."

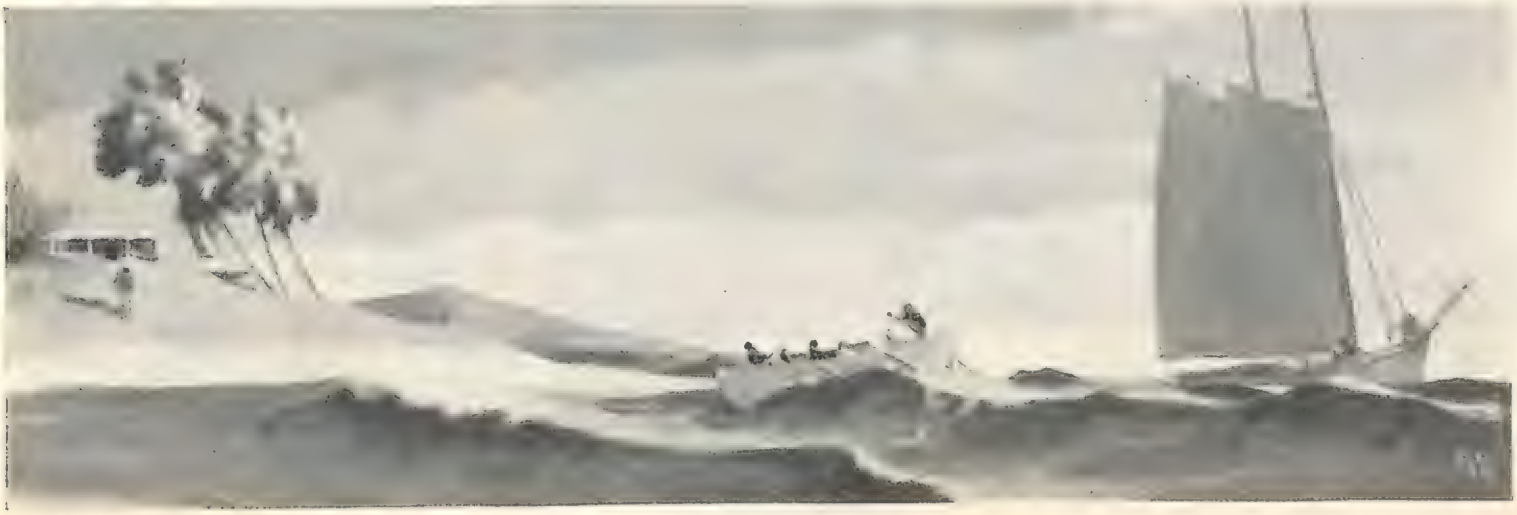
"Stingaree Jack," said Barlow, smiling. He put his hand in Lassan's, and there was a small silence. Callon watched with gleaming excited eyes, almost hopping from foot to foot. For Lassan's hand had closed, closed hard, and was crushing Stingaree's. In its time that grip had broken finger bones and sent men screaming to their knees. But Stingaree after a surprised blink did not seem concerned. The cords stood out in Lassan's throat and his smile became curiously strained.

"This is quite a welcome," Stingaree ventured amiably, and almost imperceptibly his arm muscles swelled. He looked at Lassan and smiled, and then stepped back, drawing his hand clear. The sweat was heavy on Lassan's forehead and he looked at his hand, working the crushed fingers.

"That's quite a trick you've got," he managed at last, still smiling. Callon's eyes were popping out and his mouth was open. That was the first time he had known a man to hold Lassan even, and he wondered.

Unasked,

(*Continued on page* 123)



Romance *of the* Film Market

By J. H. Hutchison

FILM production is a most expensive business as many a disillusioned investor has found to his cost. Nevertheless, fabulous fortunes have been, and are still being made by shrewd studio executives on both sides of the Atlantic. A feature film costs anything from £10,000 to £300,000 to produce to-day, and every penny of that outlay must be recovered from the cinema patrons in coppers and small silver. A bad film review in a national newspaper can cost a film producer £10,000, a disparaging remark about a film by any village grocer or postmistress may reduce the revenue of a film by a fiver.

The film business is the most susceptible trade the world has ever known—and the most difficult. To cope with its ramifications a fascinating and involved system of buying and selling has been evolved. It bears not the slightest resemblance to any other market, is international, and its complications have no doubt been aggravated by the fact that the business has grown from practically nothing into one of the world's most important industries in less than thirty years.

Since the introduction of talkies, its progress has been accelerated in an inconceivable way, most particularly since ten years ago from the beginning of that era when year after year expenses were double and treble those of the preceding year and the public nobly responded by increasing their patronage *pro rata.*

AT the pre-release of Twentieth Century-Fox's super picture "In Old Chicago" at the Tower, Morecambe, a survivor of the Chicago fire was found. He is here seen inspecting a piece of the film with the Mayor of Morecambe

Right: GEORGE SKOURAS, of the Rivoli Theatre, New York, signing contract for "Modern Times" for world première of the Chaplin picture, in presence of Arthur W. Kelly, Vice-President in charge of sales of United Artists

PRESS people and their friends in the foyer of the Carlton Theatre on the occasion of the special Fleet Street presentation of "This Man is News"

When moving pictures were first invented, the making and selling of films was a very simple matter indeed. Every day a producer would make two or three short films each to run about five minutes. From the negative he printed a number of positive prints which he sold outright to the few film exhibitors of those days.

They rented village halls, institutes and assembly rooms for single performances, and went round their own special circuits of towns and villages with a primitive cinema projector, a few cylinders of gas for lighting, a canvas screen with a bamboo frame, and made a comfortable living, using the same films for every show, replacing them only when they wore out.

These shows were advertised as "moving pictures" or "cinematograph entertainment" or some other general caption. The idea of giving a film a title had not yet been born.

Admission was usually by silver collection, but the threepennies sat on forms in the front, sixpennies further back, and the donor of any greater coin was provided with a chair in the gangway with an unrestricted view of the screen.

The gradual increase in popularity of the cinema made it possible for certain halls to be used (*Continued on page* 128)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

Robert Loraine

From a portrait painting by Charles Buchel in 1919

A Book you must not miss.

The best Biography of the month.

THERE are some biographies in which the book dominates the character and others in which the character eclipses the book.

Excellent as is the book "Robert Loraine," by Winifred Loraine (*Collins & Co.*, 10s. 6d.), it is absolutely dwarfed by the Actor-Soldier-Airman whom it re-creates.

Robert Loraine emerges from its pages as a man of great achievement in many spheres, yet in nothing else so great as in his perpetual avoidance of the hum-drum.

Some men are so grown-up that they make even adventure seem common-place; Loraine possessed the delectable capacity to turn the common-place into a real adventure and therein lay his secret for extracting the uttermost from life.

The book before me tells me all there is to know of this more-than-ordinary man and tells it without affectation.

Loraine's contacts with Bernard Shaw are dealt with fully and indeed the letters which passed between them give the book an additional value to collectors of Shavian material.

To Robert Loraine with his dynamic enthusiasm a hobby was apt to possess him and so it was when he took up aviation in 1909.

At first he had crash after crash, but he always "walked away from" his crashes and inside eighteen months he built up a reputation for cross-water flying second only to that of his friend Bleriot.

Then came the Great War from which he emerged, badly wounded, a colonel with a bar to his D.S.O.

It is, I suppose, inevitable, when a fearless man is given authority in dangerous undertakings, that his relentless daring is liable to be mistaken for callousness.

Loraine was no exception and during the War he earned for a time an unenviable reputation for risking his pilots unreasonably by forcing them to fly the rickety machines of the period in unsafe weather.

Actually, he never made others fly in a machine under conditions in which he himself would not have gone up.

Back on the Stage after the War, his life was a hectic succession of alternate triumphs and disasters histrionic and personal until in the end his health gave out.

Such was the pulsating career of Robert Loraine, packed with incident and surrounded by friends—yet all the time so individualistic that he was spiritually lonely.

A brilliant failure or a pathetic success? I leave the answer to you—*for of course you will read this great biography.*

Beyond Horizons
Lincoln Ellsworth
Feather-Nose
Jean de la Varende
Dr. Bradley Remembers
Francis Brett Young
FRANKAU
ROYAL REGIMENT
DEAD NED
John Masefield

IN these days of recuperation from crisis, it comes as a cooling draught to encounter the placid.

That, I suppose, is why Francis Brett Young's *Dr. Bradley Remembers* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) is so captivating.

The book has moments of frankly sentimental tenor, but the sentiment is never mawkish.

The author was himself in practice as a G.P. before the war and the memories of those days have enabled him to give us a charming story which although bearing the obvious stamp of authenticity never strives to create an effect but achieves great heights by the sheer merit of its prose and the obvious sincerity of its author.

Mr. Brett Young's story is primarily a character study of a man whose courage and sanity will endear him to all.

Dr. Bradley is a most lovable creation and his memories are, consequently, memories to cherish.

I am accustomed to the experience of closing one of John Masefield's books and sighing: "If only I could have written that . . ."

That is a feeling of decent humility and as such is not to be resented. Now, however, I find myself full of a resentment about this author's new novel *Dead Ned* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) for its very title fills me with the most indecent envy.

Dead Ned—The Autobiography of a Corpse. What a title! And what a book!

I do not know of any modern author who tells a macabre tale so well as Masefield, nor do I know of any author of any time who more obviously enjoys the telling.

Dead Ned deals with one whose childhood was filled with great happiness but upon whose adolescence fell the blight of the most terrible and frightening happenings, to be succeeded in turn by "a steady joy and peace" beyond description.

The story is at once intensely dramatic and supremely understanding.

A masterly tale told as only a master could have told it. Do read it. . . .

ANOTHER new novel by a masterly story-spinner is *Royal Regiment*, by Gilbert Frankau (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), which the author describes as a "drama of contemporary behaviours."

Where Mr. Frankau scores so unerringly over other writers of the modern school is that he never for one instant makes undue demands upon the credulity of his readers.

His characters are live, his incidents are real and his style of expression is plausible.

In *Royal Regiment* the story moves fast and the colourful characters find themselves embroiled in a succession of interesting events—and surely these are the principal requirements of a readable novel? Mr. Frankau's eye for detail is as keen as ever (*Continued on page* 104)

JOHN GAY
The Life Story of H.R.H. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE
ETHEL M. DUFF
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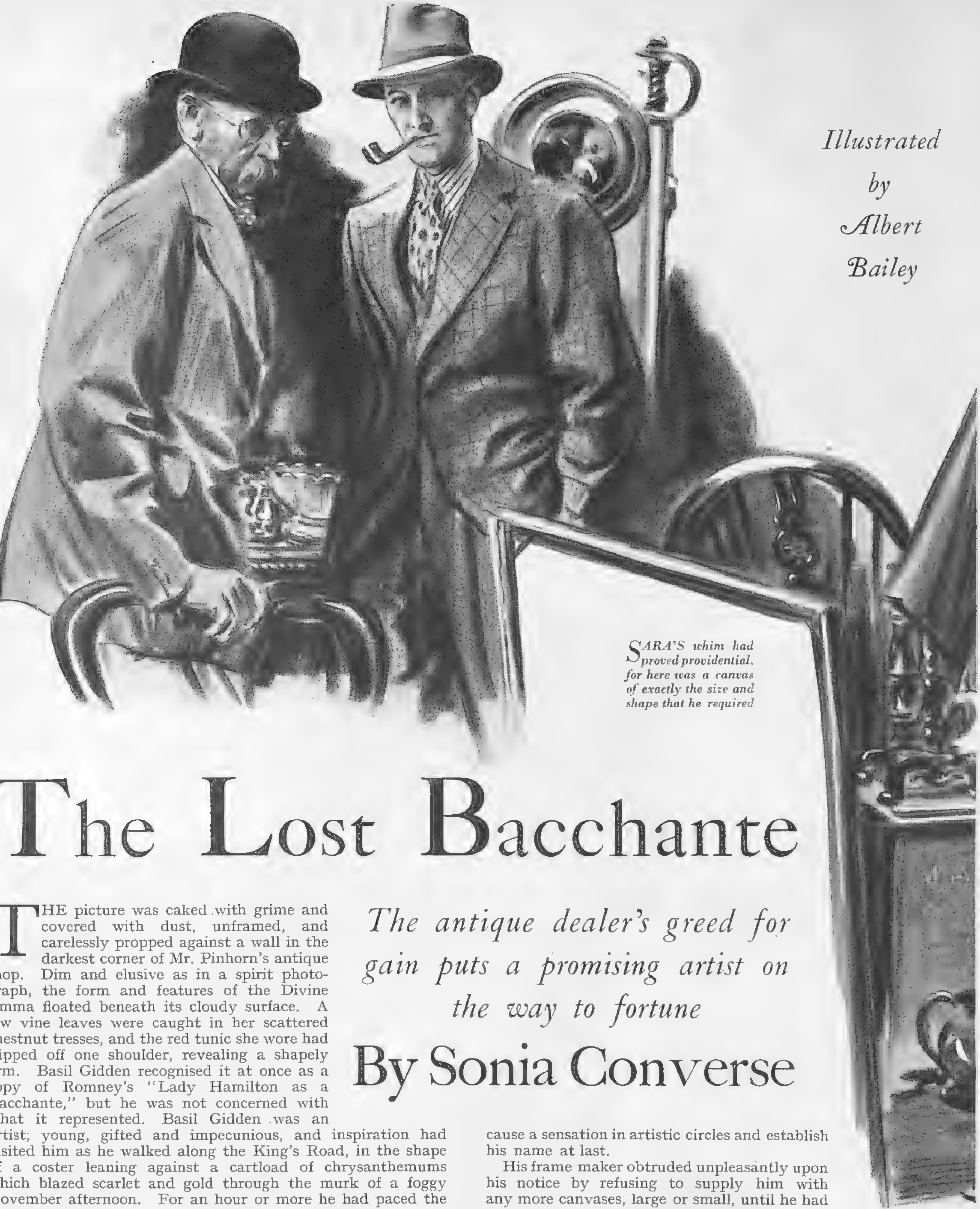


SARA'S whim had proved providential, for here was a canvas of exactly the size and shape that he required

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

The Lost Bacchante

The antique dealer's greed for gain puts a promising artist on the way to fortune

By Sonia Converse

THE picture was caked with grime and covered with dust, unframed, and carelessly propped against a wall in the darkest corner of Mr. Pinhorn's antique shop. Dim and elusive as in a spirit photograph, the form and features of the Divine Emma floated beneath its cloudy surface. A few vine leaves were caught in her scattered chestnut tresses, and the red tunic she wore had slipped off one shoulder, revealing a shapely arm. Basil Gidden recognised it at once as a copy of Romney's "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," but he was not concerned with what it represented. Basil Gidden was an artist; young, gifted and impecunious, and inspiration had visited him as he walked along the King's Road, in the shape of a coster leaning against a cartload of chrysanthemums which blazed scarlet and gold through the murk of a foggy November afternoon. For an hour or more he had paced the pavements bemused. Sara Verner understood, and refrained from interrupting his moody silence. She scraped together a pound here and a pound there by holding uncomfortable poses in draughty Chelsea studios and had some experience of the artistic temperament.

"I shall introduce you as the coster's daughter," he announced presently. "You stand under a street lamp, looking as if the fog had got into your bones. All the light in the picture comes from the street lamp."

"Are you planning a large canvas?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. A large, ambitious canvas that would cause a sensation in artistic circles and establish his name at last.

His frame maker obtruded unpleasantly upon his notice by refusing to supply him with any more canvases, large or small, until he had seen his way to settling his long outstanding account. He was still raging with frustration when Sara caught sight of a pair of Staffordshire cats that she fancied in Mr. Pinhorn's window.

"Lovely cats, Basil," she said. "Let's go in and find out how much they cost."

"Whatever they cost, you can't afford it," grumbled Basil. "Cats indeed! You know, Sara, I sometimes feel that you are somewhat lacking in sensitiveness towards the feelings of others. . . ."

"Yourself, for instance?"

"Myself, for instance. You see me desperate for want of a canvas, and all you can think of is china cats." Reluctantly, he followed her into the shop. And so he happened to chance upon the derelict stowed away among Mr. Pinhorn's antiques. Sara's whim had proved providential, for here was a canvas of exactly the size and shape that he required.

WHILE Basil haggled for the picture Sara considered Lady Hamilton's graceful outline with friendly curiosity, as one artist's model to another. Sara's was not the blown-rose beauty that would have delighted Romney, but to Basil her matt pallor, the shadows faintly lying in the hollows of her face, and her air of always being a little outside life, were subjects of never-ending variety and fascination. And as she gazed at the Divine Emma, whose immortality had been insured twice over by Romney's portraits and Nelson's passion, Sara's head filled with dreams. She saw herself playing Emma to Basil's Romney, and going hand-in-hand with him down to posterity in a nimbus of glory.

"One realises that everything is possible when one looks at her," she said softly to Basil. "The daughter of a village blacksmith—a girl who started life as a servant, and was loved by the two greatest men of her time!"

"Sheer extravagance on the part of Fate. The love of one great man . . ."

"Yourself, for instance?"

"Myself, for instance. As I was saying, the love of one great man should be quite sufficient for any girl," said Basil. He had struck a bargain for fifteen shillings and was preparing to carry off his find. His projected masterpiece obsessed him to the exclusion of any interest in Lady Hamilton, or Sara's dreams. Nevertheless, an odd detail about the picture arrested his attention.

"Dogs don't have horns," he remarked to Mr. Pinhorn.

"I never supposed they did," said Mr. Pinhorn, who looked older and more worm-eaten than the very oldest of his wares.

"In other words," said Basil, "the animal in this picture is unmistakably a goat. Now the animal in Romney's 'Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante' is unmistakably a dog."

"What do you expect for fifteen bob? A pack of pedigree greyhounds?" enquired Mr. Pinhorn testily.

"I wasn't complaining, I was merely stating a fact," said Basil. "Five shillings change, please, Mr. Pinhorn. Good afternoon to you, Mr. Pinhorn." He slung the picture over his back and went off.

"I'll need you to-morrow morning at ten for the coster's daughter. Wear your red jersey," he called out to Sara, who raised her hand in assent and thoughtfully watched his retreating back until he had rounded the corner.

MR. LAURISTON, of the Lauriston Gallery, impatiently poked at a frame with his umbrella. Yielding to the persuasions of an art critic whose opinion he respected, he had condescended to look at Basil Gidden's work, and he was not accustomed to being kept waiting. Mr. Lauriston dealt chiefly in Old Masters, which he sold to collectors at fabulous prices, but he sometimes found it worth his while to encourage a living painter, and an exhibition at the Lauriston Gallery was a certain short-cut to fame.

A series of dull thumps on the stairs warned him of Basil's approach. The artist coming home drunk, he supposed, heaving a resigned sigh. It was probable that Rubens and Raphael had also been objectionable fellows, but at least they were safely under the sod, no longer capable of causing him trouble or annoyance.

The door burst open and Basil thrust the unwieldy picture he had been dragging up step by step through the aperture. At the sight of an ancient and begrimed canvas Mr. Lauriston's professional instincts awoke and he produced a microscope from somewhere about his person.

"Quite a workmanlike copy," he muttered, gluing one eye to the microscope and closing the other. "The flesh tints correspond with the curiously simple arrangement of Romney's palette. But of course it's completely valueless," he pronounced. His tone of voice indicated that the expert had passed final judgment.

"Worth the fifteen shillings I paid for it, anyway," retorted Basil, none too civilly. He resented the presence of this dapper art-dealer with the waxed moustache and the black felt Foreign Office hat in his studio, for he was anxious to begin painting at once, before the composition he was grasping at eluded him. On his side, Mr. Lauriston was not especially prepossessed by Basil's dark untidy shock of hair and shabby paint-besmeared tweeds. Soon their mutual antagonism flared up in angry dispute.

"You claim that you are interested in my work, yet you want fifty pounds a week for a fortnight's exhibition, and on top of that you ask me to guarantee you another hundred pounds' commission!" exclaimed Basil. "Unfortunately I am not a wealthy amateur willing to pay through the nose to foist his daubs on the public. I'm a painter trying to earn a living."

Mr. Lauriston waved a deprecating umbrella. "I'm sorry you feel that way about it," he demurred. "Running a gallery is an expensive undertaking, and we are not in a position to risk money on an unknown artist. I'm afraid that that is my last word, Mr. Gidden."

Basil heard Mr. Lauriston's last word without regret. As soon as the art dealer had taken himself and his umbrella down the stairs, he placed the picture on an easel near the window; and the form and features of the Divine Emma slowly disappeared beneath a layer of Chinese white.

MR. PINHORN'S business was a small one, but for years he had cherished the hope, common to all who buy or sell antiques, of one day finding a (*Continued on page* 132)

MONARCHS *in the* Making

EUROPE'S youngest king has just reached his fifteenth year. Since the tragedy of four years back, when the assassination of Alexander the Unifier of Yugoslavia put his schoolboy son on the throne, the boy has been intensively trained for what must be a life sentence of extremely difficult work.

Peter II is not the only young royalty on whom tutors, nurses and governesses, riding masters, gymnasium and sports experts and regents and statesmen are working overtime. The flood of rather sentimental stories about the sweet ways of royal children has fortunately given place now to information regarding their real progress which has considerable interest.

There are three boys and a girl who are important to the future. There is Mihail, Grand Veovod of Alba Julia—Crown Prince Michael of Rumania; there is young Baudouin of Belgium, the heir to King Leopold, and—hardly more than a boy, though very much a reigning monarch as well as a prospective father, Farouk of Egypt—so short a time back Prince Freddy of Kingston Hill! And there is, of course, our own Elizabeth of England.

King Farouk of Egypt. At sixteen years of age came to England to attend school and Woolwich

How the young heirs to thrones are trained for their task

By Joan Woollcombe

King Peter II Europe's youngest king who has just reached his fifteenth year. Was for a time at an English public school

What is the latest news of these heirs to gruelling work to-day and worry and work to-morrow? How are they shaping after all we have heard of their sweetness as infants? It is more important to know, to-day, what Michael's manners are like than to remember that he has a dimple when he smiles.

THERE is one fact that should interest us, in Britain; we export the experts who help to lick Europe's younger royalties into shape. Armed with nothing more formidable than their convictions about washing behind the ears, about open windows and "playing fair" and telling the truth (whenever possible), the nannies, the governesses and the tutors of Britain invaded the courts of Europe during the last half century. British prep. school ethics became the schoolroom regime of courts: no prince or princess is complete without a beloved nannie or governess in the background.

But now Peter and Michael and Farouk have emerged from the schoolroom stage: what sort of young men have their tutors turned out?

It is easy to find romance in attractive young men in uniform with good manners: Prince Michael answers this description and, in addition, has a dimple when he smiles: but this is not a bit important beside the fact that the rather stout child (whom we used to think infinitely pathetic) has fined down to the tall, well-built youth on whose training, relentless training, his father has concentrated since the king took over his kingdom and his son.

"Mihail has lost his puppy fat!" is the way one woman describes this process: and she went on to tell me of the young man as she knows him to-day. It is well known that he has been educated with a mixed lot of children, drawn from all walks of life. Some time back I was fortunate enough to be shown intimate details of Prince Mihail's "schedule" of schooling at the school within the palace grounds with his twelve colleagues, who include labourers' sons, a lawyer's son, the son of an officer and of an engine driver amongst others. "His Majesty intends to bring up the Veovod in the modern manner . . ." was the remark I then heard. His Majesty has succeeded and, instead of "sweet" stories of an artless child, we get (true) stories of Michael evolving as a disciplined and well-trained, modern youth. His father's foresight (and Carol is part Coburg and shows it in respect of his son!) has been justified; his intention that Mihail should be really democratic was carried out with courage and intelligence.

Here are two stories told me a few days back by one who knows the Prince, knew his grandmother well, and is well acquainted with the Rumanian Court. The first dates back to the early days of King Carol's work for his infant son, deposed (as the then nine-year-old Michael was) by the father's return to Rumania.

King Carol determined that a mixed lot of youngsters should surround the boy, to make him a "good mixer." And so a bevy of boys and girls of the lad's own age worked with the Prince and often King Carol himself joined them for their midday meal, sitting down among them, watching his experiment take effect. One day the Foreign Minister of the time (who tells the story) was actually in audience with the King when the door burst open and a small girl came into the room : "Please Majesty, Mihail pulled my hair. . . ." The King smiled. "Go back *and pull his* !" was his suggestion, as he resumed his conversation with his minister. She did.

And then, many years later, a taller, leaner and much more grown-up Crown Prince attended the Coronation of our King and Queen, and was accommodated with his suite aboard a man-of-war for the Naval Review. After his return to London the captain received a special letter from a disturbed secretary of the Prince's—and it explained that His Royal Highness much regretted that his valet had in error packed one of the ship's towels from his master's cabin. Prince Michael noticed this and was much concerned lest the steward responsible should be required to pay for it : and he hoped that the return of the missing towel and this apology would explain matters.

His dimple may be attractive; but Michael's thought for those who serve him will get him a lot further in the end.

Meanwhile his education goes on. The royal nose is kept to the grindstone as the young man has continued along the lines laid down for all educated in state schools. Among other things this involves membership in Rumania's "Youth Organisation," the Strajeri. Run on Boy Scout lines this includes all boys and girls from seven to twenty-one. Once a week, Michael as "centurion" of his company, and his companions, do their training : and this may include anything from working a day's ordinary work at the Ford-Romana factory to manual work in the fields in summer or necessary bridge and road repairing in poorer country districts, as well as personal service to the old, sick and poor. At Ford-Romana, Michael clocks in and—at the end of the day—draws his pay. There is no "hooey" about any of this, and, if anything, the Prince works harder than the rest because, somehow, it's up to him to show them. Once, rather ruefully, he showed his father his rapidly callousing hands : but one can only suppose it was the Prince Albert of Coburg of the past who spoke to his descendant and said : "It is thus that one earns one's bread . . ." in reply to the protest.

However that may be, one thing is certain—in Rumania personal relations between ruler and ruled is tremendously important, and Carol knows this and Michael has learned it, and is making himself a modern-minded prince.

HE is modern minded. Mr. H. G. Wells may have smiled if he knew about it, when Prince Michael, with the first money he ever earned, bought a copy of Wells' *Outline of History* ! But, inevitably, it is machinery that entrances these young princes ; Michael loves his car making and, better still, his car driving. There is a story (not told me by a Rumanian) of Michael at a recent military review. It was noticed the Grand Veovod was missing, and a little later a tank, harmlessly parked with the rest, began to move. It increased its speed and the notabilities scattered as it roared past them. Finally, there emerged from its turret an oily face : Michael, as he roared past again, assured them that he could drive it, but he certainly did not know how to stop it.

Actually, it is alleged to have stopped itself. But my informant does not tell what happened to the Prince when he met his father.

The late Queen Mother carried her grandson's photograph everywhere with her: she loved him

(*Continued on page* 100)

Crown Prince Michael, heir to the Rumanian throne. Is having a severe training for kingship under the supervision of his father, the King

Crown Prince Baudouin (heir to the Belgian throne) with his sister Princess Josephine-Charlotte, photographed in the rock garden at Fridhem, the home of their grandmother, Princess Carl of Sweden

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, photographed with her terrier on the lawns of Glamis Castle

November

Bad circulation is at the root of many winter ills. Keep yours healthy with exercises. You can't beat skipping. Try it every morning for five minutes, and *skip backwards*—this expands your lungs. Breathe evenly and deeply as you skip. Have a window open. Rub down with a rough towel after your morning bath. Move vigorously. The foundation of winter health is vitality

Keep warm but don't swaddle yourself in clothes. One brief garment of the finest wool is more effective in keeping out cold than several layers of indifferent quality. Bear in mind that even warm clothing can be attractive. The nightdress pictured is of Viyella crêpe. Warm, charming, attractively flowered. You can buy it for 21s.

Hands need systematic attention to keep away chilblains, rough and coarsened skin. If chilblains threaten take calcium. Take it regularly for three months. Use a good hand cream after every wash. Try finger exercises to keep circulation moving and muscles free. Don't put your hands into very hot water—ever. Treat your feet in the same way as your hands and treat them often

Handicaps

And How to Overcome Them

Now we are in the month of fog and rain, winds and scorching fires, all the things that menace the well-being of that beauty you have built up so carefully throughout the summer.

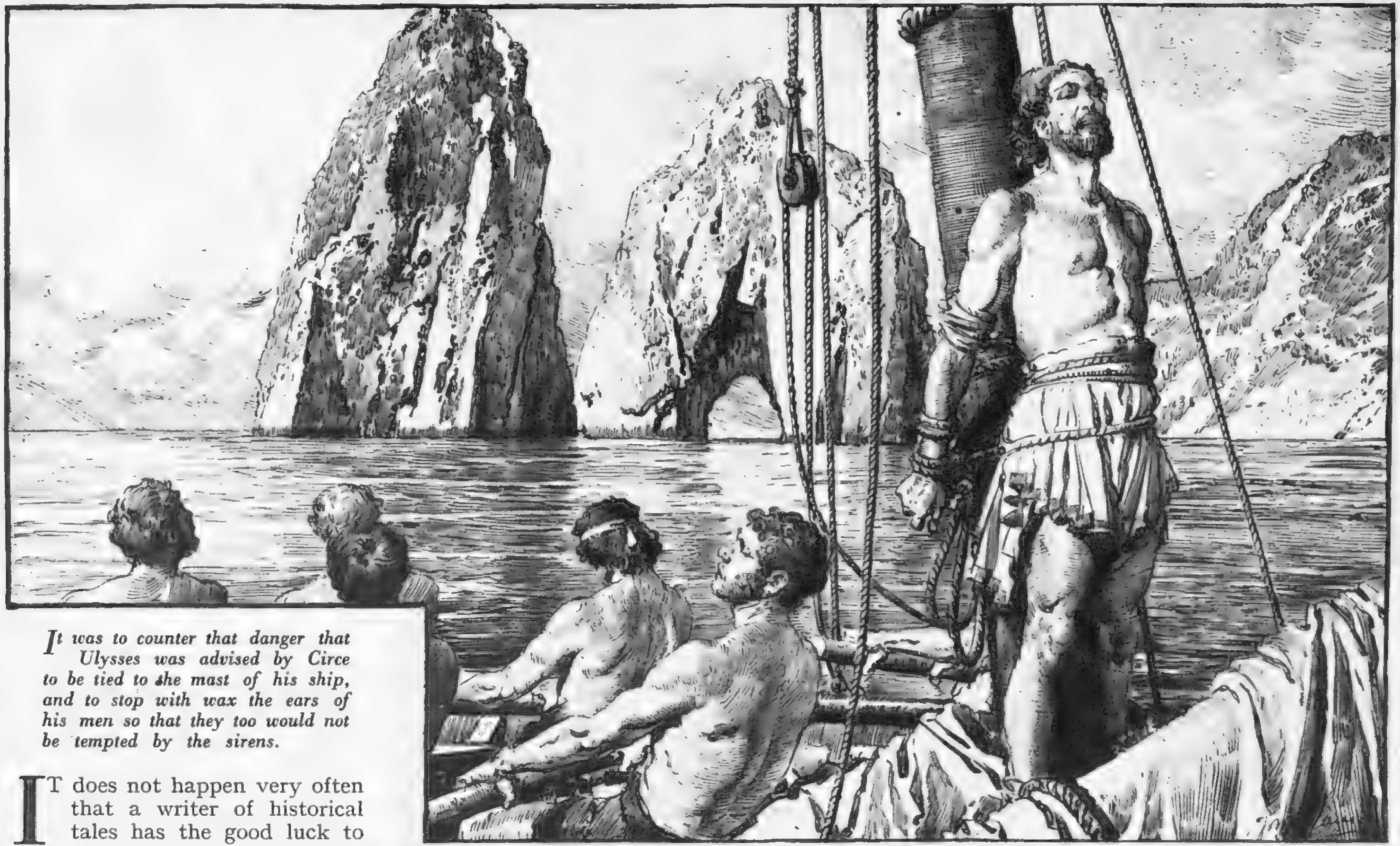
Every bit of you requires protection. Your skin, your eyes, your health. . . .

Begin the winter with a system. Be unrelenting in your protective measures against cold and wet weather handicaps.

Preserve vitality, create resistance to infection, and cheer yourself up by taking artificial sun baths throughout the winter. A course of these, if you are thin and inclined to take cold, will work miracles. Cod-liver oil, or one of the more palatable preparations of fish-liver oil, is worth considering as a second string to your bow. This, if you are specially susceptible.

The greatest enemies to skin are fog and the rest of the dirt that lies so heavily in the turgid atmosphere of winter days. Cleanliness is all important, so clean off your make-up several times a day. Carry cleansing pads in your bag. Never give your make-up a chance to become too heavily impregnated with dirt. Include your neck in cleansing operations. Furs hold dirt. Massage with feeding creams. Bathe eyes with Optrex, keep the skin stimulated, braced. Fight the winter.

Old Tales Re-told



It was to counter that danger that Ulysses was advised by Circe to be tied to the mast of his ship, and to stop with wax the ears of his men so that they too would not be tempted by the sirens.

Tiberius: The Ogre of Capri

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IT does not happen very often that a writer of historical tales has the good luck to carry out his work at the very spot where the episode he relates took place. What could be more inspiring for him than having before his eyes the selfsame background against which the characters of his story played out their parts?

A holiday at Capri is responsible for this article. Capri, that wonderful little island of deserved renown which has so many meanings and memories for so many different people. That mass of rocks, geographically so insignificant, yet hiding in itself charms and fascinations strong enough to have inspired the poetical genius of Homer; attractions which he symbolised through the irresistible voice of the sirens who lured everyone who heard them into their power. Forgetful of every duty, every tie, however sacred, the victims were content to stay there for ever.

It was to counter that danger that Ulysses was advised by Circe to be tied to the mast of his ship, and to stop with wax the ears of his men so that they too would not be tempted.

" The aërial region now grew warm
with day,
The wax dissolved beneath the burning ray;
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of frenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the masts my mates the fetters
roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb with fold
on fold.
Then bending to the stroke the active train
Plunged all at once their oars, and cleave
the main.
"While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren choir
descries ;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song :
" Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms
the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures
rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from
the wise."

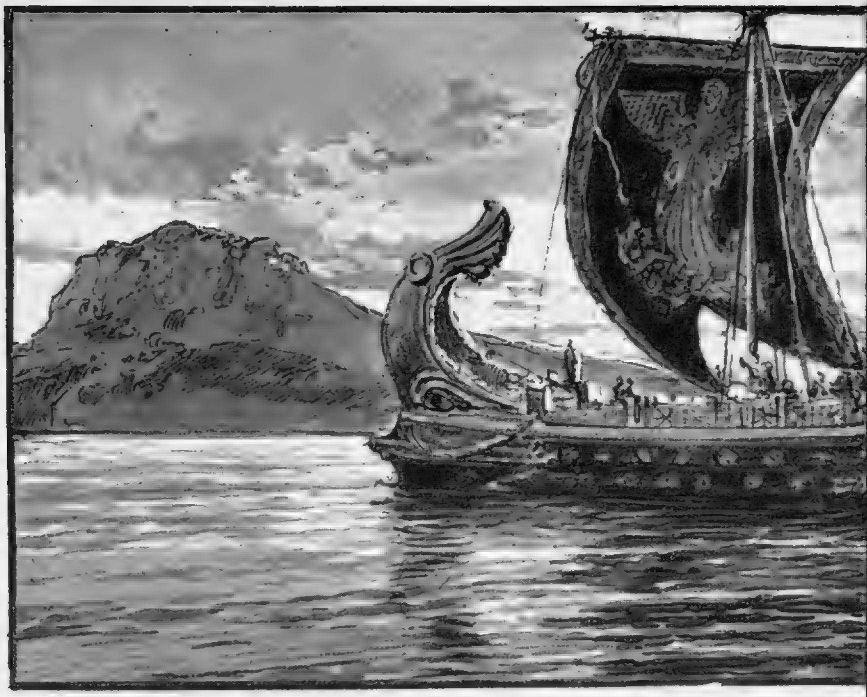
Strange and inexplicable this fascination that nowadays is as compelling as it was in the legend. The sirens of Capri have not ceased to claim their victims—victims who end their lives with a smile, happy to have lived on this enchanted isle and happy to die there. People of every nationality and in all ages have renounced brilliant positions in order to live on Capri. Of those who set foot on the island some inevitably remain, unable to tear themselves away, or, if they do so, are unable to remain away.

Yet if one enumerated all the discomforts of Capri, a most disheartening picture might be conjured up—cobbles that try the feet to the utmost, practically no beach, with the exception of a few hundred square feet called the Marina Grande, no water, save rainwater filtered through charcoal and stones. There are not even ten yards of street laying claim to the horizontal. Up till a score of years ago the only means of conveyance was the donkey.

But at Capri these seeming disadvantages may almost be construed as attractions. The cobbles serve as a reminder that the island has changed but little since the Phœnicians laid them down. The donkey, sometimes conveying a human being, sometimes a load of fruit, seems to know every stone of the road, and his little hoof never makes a false step. He goes along, brushing with his side the luxuriant Oleanders covered with their pink and white flowers; he passes the festoons of the vines, bent almost to the ground by the weight of the growing grapes. Even if he crushes a weed, a perfume pervades the air; for at Capri even weeds grow sweetly.

In Capri the water is carried on the heads of native women, just as it was two thousand years ago. Erect and dignified, they balance enormous pitchers of water of Roman shape, or large copper bowls, and, whatever may be the difficulty of the terrain, not a drop is spilt. With one elbow raised they have the imposing attitude of Greek Cariatides.

Modern Capri may well be called the "drawing-room of Europe," for many a celebrity goes there in search of sunshine and content in a place where the clock has never really gone forward. Strangely enough, the islanders live much more in the past than in the present. For instance, they speak of



Tiberius, standing in the prow of a gorgeous Trireme, approached the island of Capri, and landed with the resolve of never returning to Rome if he could prevent it.

Tiberius as if he had died only last week. This Roman Emperor, who for so many years made Capri his refuge, is more than alive now for the Caprisi. To them, the imposing villa of Jupiter that Tiberius built right on the top of the Capo, is still there, with its imposing colonnades, the elaborate doors, the multi-coloured walls and gorgeous mosaic floors. The fact that only the floors and a few walls remain does not mean a thing; these people have been brought up to see a sumptuous villa, and they really do see it. They feel a deep pride in the colossal constructions of which enormous pieces have been precipitated into the sea from their lofty position; work of their forefathers still retaining the Roman dignity, although in ruins.

Tiberius could not have chosen any place more suited to his temperament. Already used to solitude by several years' residence at Rhodes, where Augustus had confined him, and, fully conscious of his unworthiness, he could only fully sustain the Imperial dignity by living in Capri.

Rome was too much for Tiberius; he could not stand the eyes of so many focused upon him and his actions. Light was not his element, for it showed up his cruelty all too vividly. He was the first of that accursed list of Roman emperors who took delight in other people's sufferings. Power was in his hands and he used it, but not with the boldness of a Nero or the irresponsibility of a Caligula. He feared public opinion, the assembly of the senate, and the crowd. In Capri, alone, he felt secure.

A STORY is related of Tiberius that he had omitted to pay the three hundred sesterces per head which Augustus had willed to the Roman people. One day when a funeral was passing through the streets, a man was seen to approach the body and whisper something into the ear of the dead man. When he was questioned as to what he had said, he replied that he had sent a message to Augustus informing him that his bequest had not been paid. However poor may have been the wit of the Emperor, it is impossible to imagine that he would have taken it in any other way than as a joke. Tiberius, when he was informed of the incident, ordered that the man should be brought before him. He then presented him with the three hundred sesterces, but added "Now I condemn you to death, so that you may tell Augustus that you have had your share."

As a reply in words only it would not have been bad, but Tiberius carried his part of the joke to its fullest extent, and, accordingly, the man was executed.

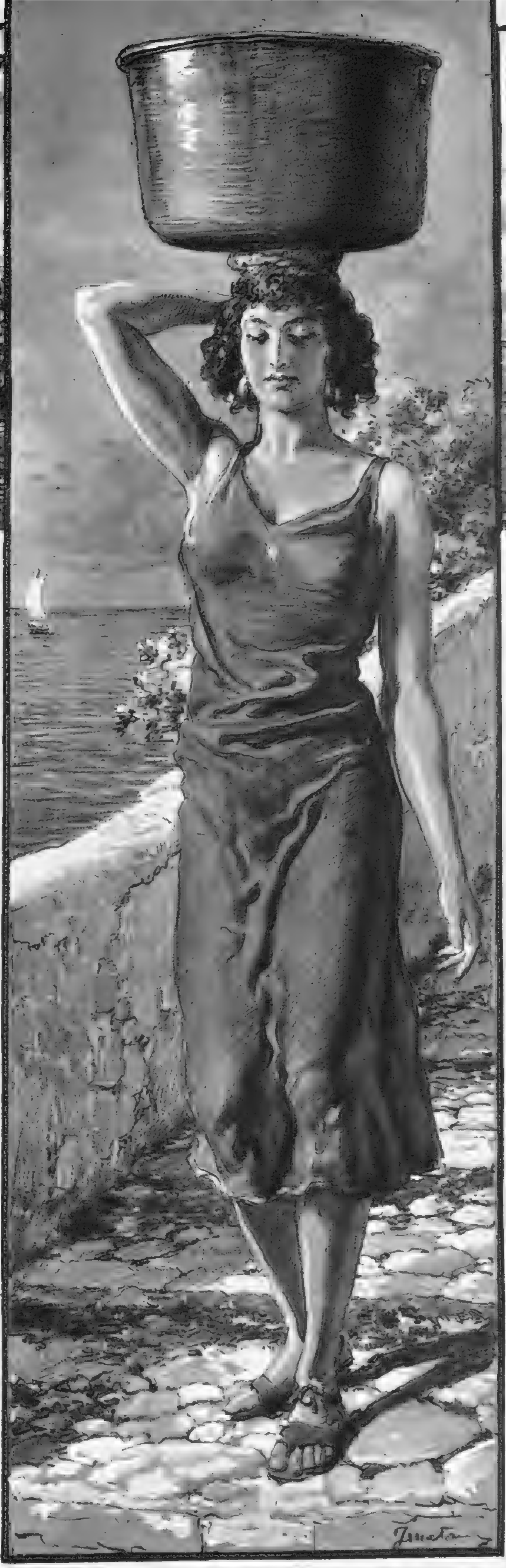
While he was revelling in acts of this kind, Tiberius affected modesty and love of justice.

This was the type of man who one day, standing in the prow of a gorgeous Trireme, approached the island of Capri, and landed with the resolve of never returning to Rome if he could prevent it.

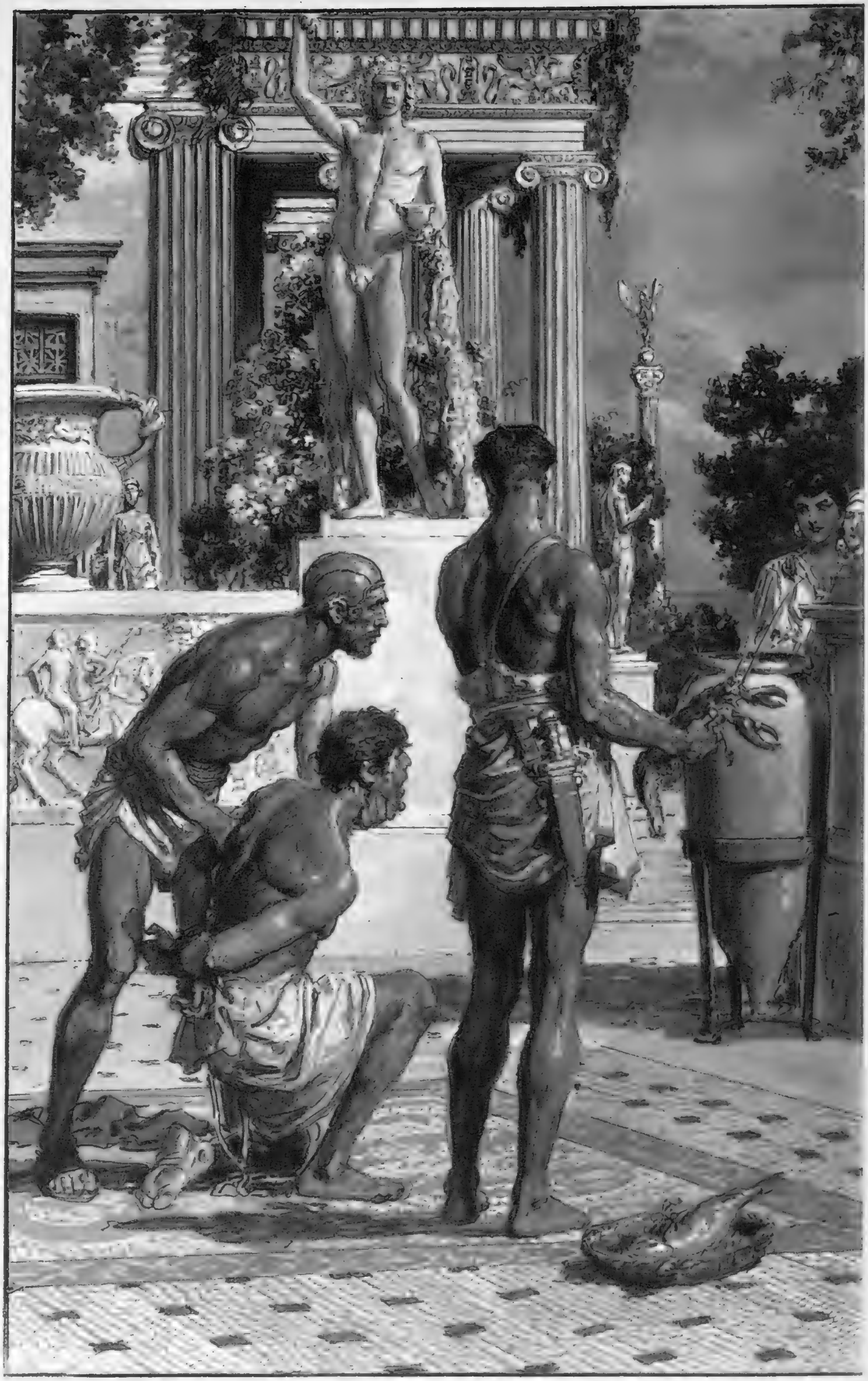
Some are of the opinion that he wished to escape the domineering nature of his mother, but the mode of life that he pursued once he was there proved more than amply that his main object was to escape the full glare of publicity.

Capri was the ideal retreat, for there was a clear view for thirty miles in every direction, so that anyone approaching the island could be seen hours before arriving there.

So it became a world of his own, the master and his thousands of slaves, ready to obey without



In Capri the water is carried on the heads of native women, just as it was two thousand years ago.



Tiberius reveals the sadistic strain
henchmen to scar the wretched

question. Their motto was "No time to talk—no eyes to see."

Happy to carry out their work in a place where the clarity of the air seemed in itself a nourishment, they worked with the alacrity of true Romans. Soon the wonderful buildings were rising skyward, their walls and columns gradually took on the shape of grandeur.

Much that the island could not supply was brought from Rome or Carrara. Corinth sent the metal-work, nowadays still unequalled. Bent on the ground, the skilful mosaic-workers composed their exquisite patterns in the little square stones.

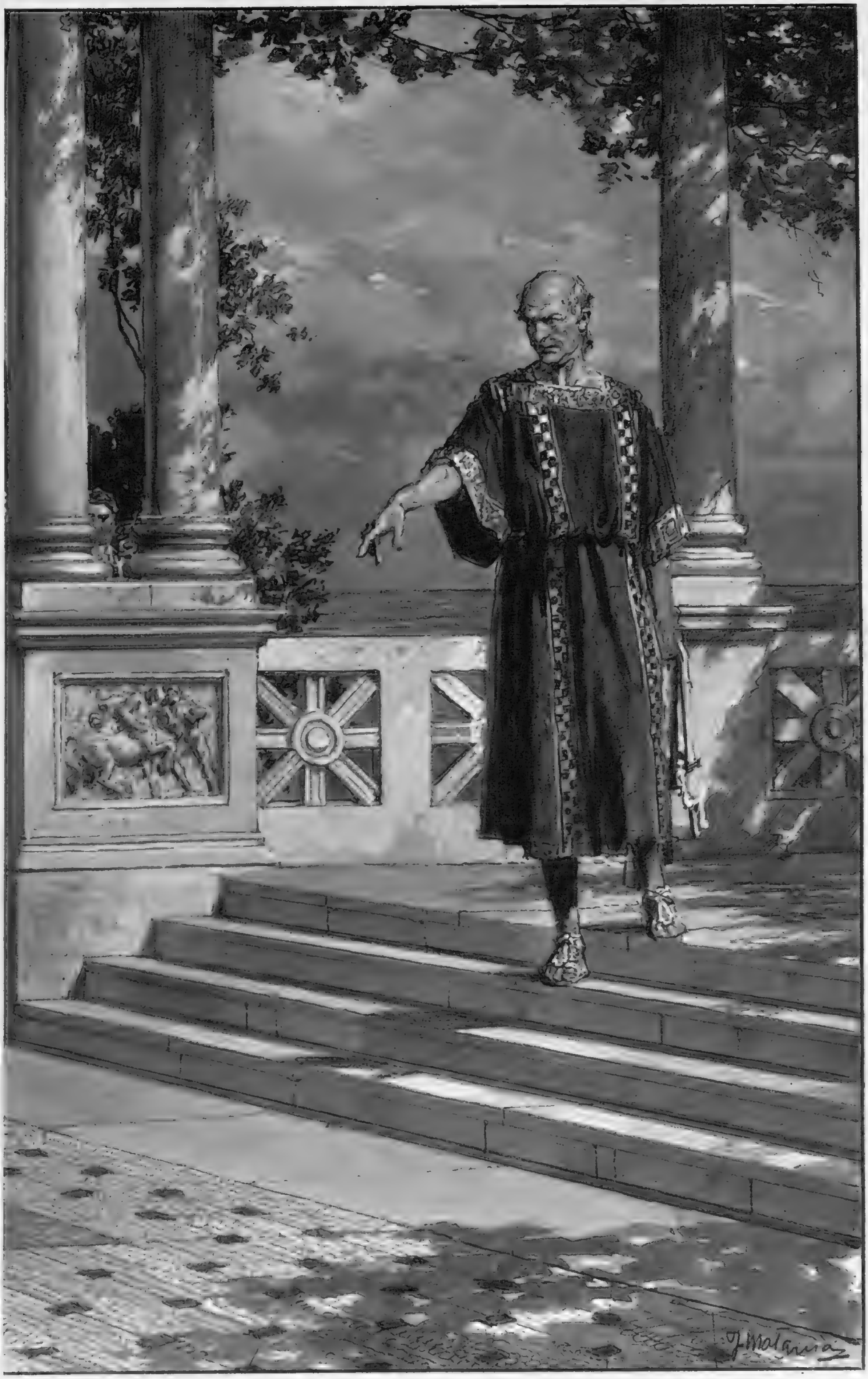
The magnificent villa of Jupiter, towering on the summit of the Capo, was an astonishing sight as the sun played upon it. But Tiberius wished it to shine in the dark hours of the night, so near it a colossal beacon was erected, and the light was so arranged as to appear from a distance exactly like the moon. This similitude has been mentioned by more than one contemporary writer. Soon the Emperor went into residence, having with him a host of people chosen in order to gratify his amazing appetites.

No censor, however broad-minded, would allow me to repeat what was brought to the Villa of Jupiter, or the nature of the organisation for the Emperor's amusement. It is impossible to disentangle the objectionable from the beautiful, the pageantry, originality and richness with which everything, however horrible, was embellished.

Often the magnificent Cubicula were paved a foot deep in rose-petals, the air was saturated with their perfume, the subtle intoxication of the Capri wine gradually clouded the brain, until reason and the sense of human responsibility faded away together.

Whether he wished to or not, Tiberius had to keep in touch with affairs of State at Rome—in short, he was forced to remember that he was Emperor. For this reason there was a special signal service, visible from the nearest land, the peninsula of Sorrento. The system was very much like our modern one, by means of flags, and it was possible to send messages between Rome and Capri in a short time. In this way he kept the reins of government, for he himself, from the semicircular parapet that surrounded the magnificent terrace at the end of the villa, watched the sending and receiving of those messages. Year after year he did his best not to move from the island.

All the world knew that his wife, to whom he denied every means of subsistence, was actually starving on the island of Pandataria, where she eventually died. The atrocities that he was committing at Capri were well known to everyone. Not far from the villa there was a rock, over eight hundred feet high, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, from which many human beings were hurled, for fear that they would talk. For it was fear that was at the root of his cruelty. The following episode throws light on his character in this direction.



in his nature by ordering his fisherman's face with a lobster

TIBERIUS had supervised the construction of his villas, using all the ingenuity of the architects, so as to make any approach extremely difficult, especially that of the Villa of Jupiter, the surrounding gardens of which he wished to render completely inaccessible.

One day while he was strolling along one of those alleys between a double row of columns which sustained the thick foliage of a vine pergola, he was startled by the appearance of two hands gripping the parapet. As he watched, a man looked over. Not knowing what were the intentions of the unexpected trespasser, Tiberius felt his spine run cold and he was as if fixed to the ground. He had reason to fear a reckoning with so many that, in spite of being a tall and strongly built man, he did not like to come face to face with anyone when alone or unguarded.

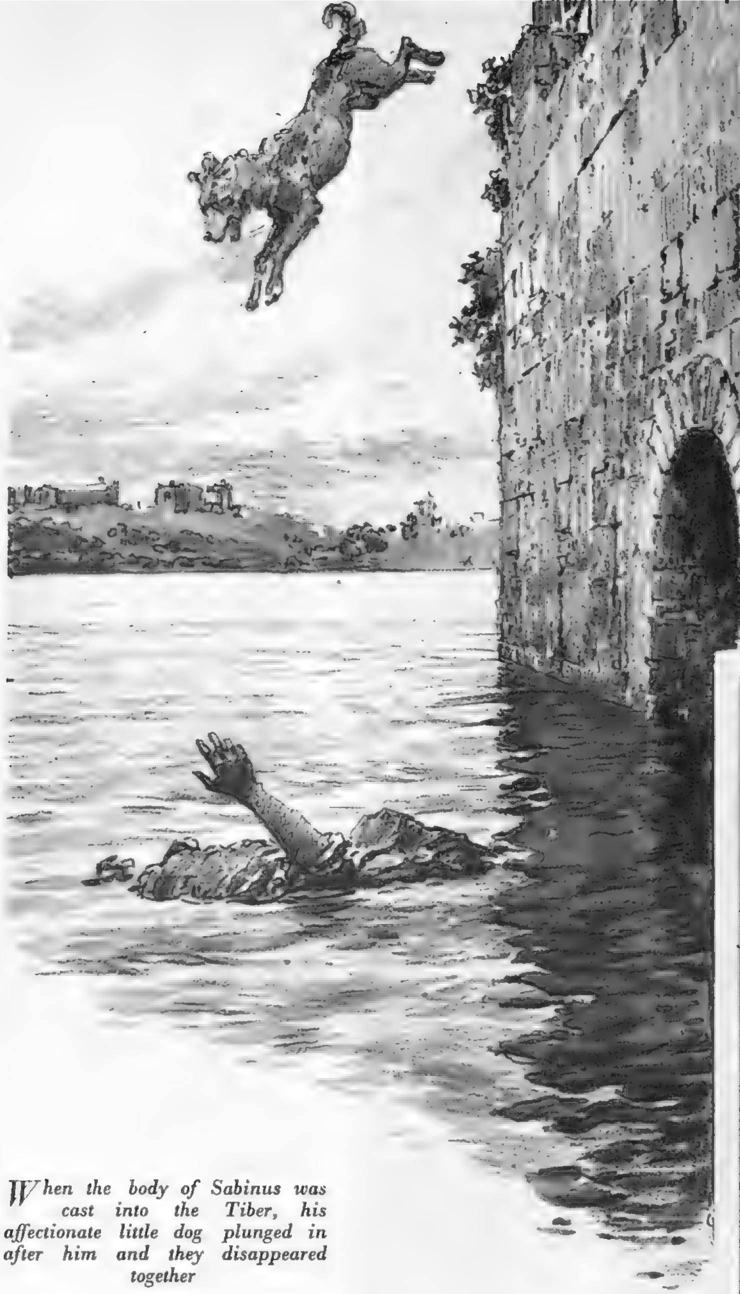
The man leapt over and fell on his feet, panting with emotion to be in front of the Emperor. Like a goat, he had climbed from rock to rock until he had reached the walls of the villa. His only reason was that he wished to offer, with his own hands, one of the most beautiful red mullets ever caught in the blue sea of Capri. He showed it to the Emperor, who was known to be extremely partial to that kind of fish.

Tiberius paid no attention to the coral-scaled mullet. He called his servants and had the man arrested. The latter still smiled, never believing that any harm could come to him.

Tiberius was furious. How could any man dare to come before him without his permission ? How could anyone enter the forbidden precincts after so much care had been taken to prevent any such thing ?

When the poor fisherman saw what an unexpected turn events had taken, he considered himself almost lost, but when he heard that his punishment was to be that the mullet should be rubbed on his face, he was greatly relieved, so much so indeed that while this was being done the victim was seen to be laughing. Tiberius, who was present, asked the reason for his merriment. The man explained that he considered himself very lucky, for before climbing the rocks he had been undecided whether to offer a mullet or a lobster, and the same punishment with a lobster would have disfigured his face. The unlucky man did not realise what an inspiration he was unconsciously giving to Tiberius. The Emperor's sadistic nature jumped at the opportunity, and he gave orders to fetch a lobster, sure that after such a punishment no one would dare to repeat the escapade. The inhuman brutality was accomplished, and the poor man was sent back with his face beyond recognition.

This kind of behaviour was in keeping with the detestable principle that guided his life, " Let them hate me, so long as they fear me." Yet, in reality, it was Tiberius who feared.



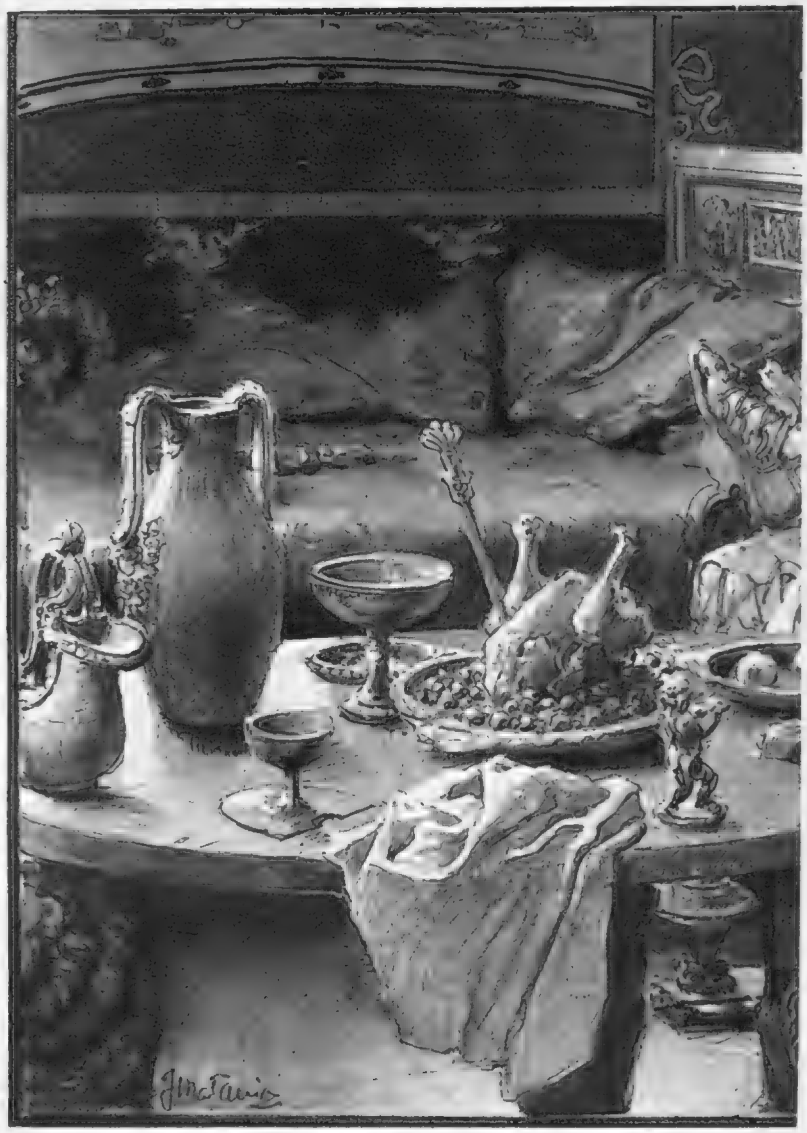
When the body of Sabinus was cast into the Tiber, his affectionate little dog plunged in after him and they disappeared together

In spite of the fact that he had decided never to return to Rome, the Emperor was continuously ordering wholesale executions, which aroused general indignation. It was with a sardonic smile that he read the description of Sabinus' end, and the touching story of his little dog. From the very moment that Sabinus, a respectable citizen, accused of high treason, was imprisoned without trial, his affectionate little dog had refused to leave him, and had gone to prison with his master, where he had witnessed the killing of Sabinus. He refused to leave the body, and with pathetic obstinacy had followed it when it was thrown down the steps of the gemonie. Later, when Sabinus' body was cast into the Tiber, the dog plunged in after him and they disappeared together.

EVERY hour was bringing news of the hectic, intense life of Rome. Tiberius was the first to decipher the message concerning the peculiar case in which his own mother was involved. An unfortunate circumstance had brought her into the presence of seven or eight naked men, and, as a result, these wretched fellows were sentenced to death for having committed an offence against the mother of the Emperor. Tiberius, who disliked his mother, was bubbling with joy, for he knew that the sentence would alienate from the old woman a great deal of the sympathy that she was enjoying. Livia, however, denied that there was any offence whatsoever, and informed the senate that to a modest woman the sight of a naked man does not differ from seeing a statue. Thus while Tiberius was carrying his cruelty to the utmost extremes, his mother was doing all in her power to impress the world with her sense of justice and clemency.

From Capri, by means of letters and messages, he fought the great battle against his former favourite, Sejanus. He had elevated this man to the position of being his colleague at the head of the empire, but fearing to be dethroned by him, he determined to bring about his ruin. It was not easy, for the army was supporting Sejanus, but what army, however mighty, or man however powerful, could fight successfully against the crafty fox who knew all the subtle ways and unseen paths leading to the most diabolical traps.

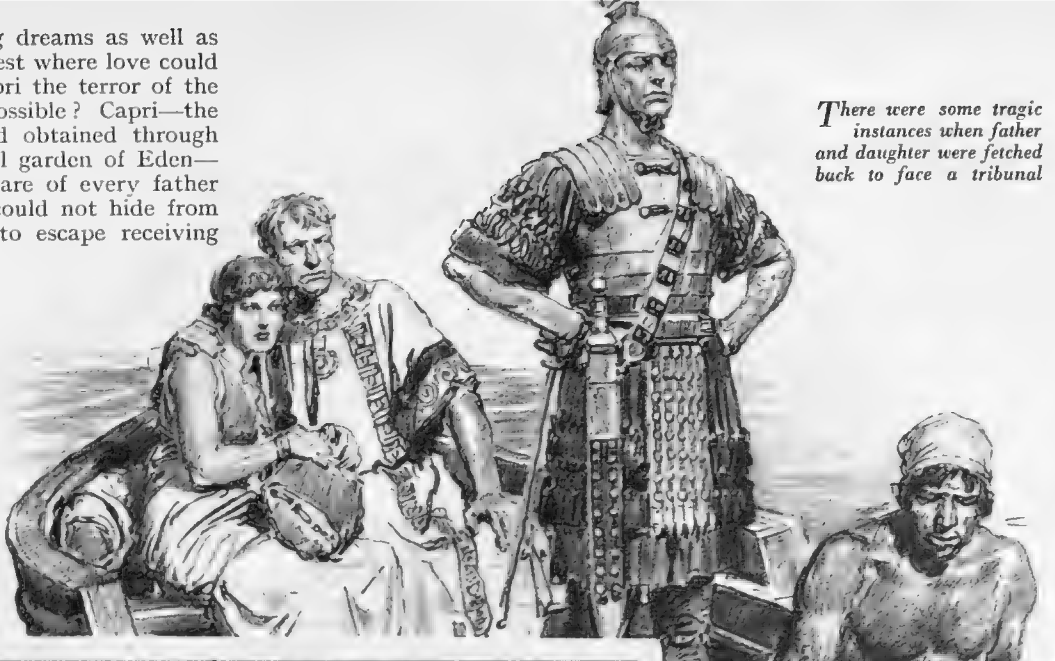
And so the signals dictated to the Amanuensis, word by word, the miserable end of the great Sejanus. He, before whom the Roman senate had bowed for sixteen years, no less than if he had indeed been another emperor, was killed together with his young children.



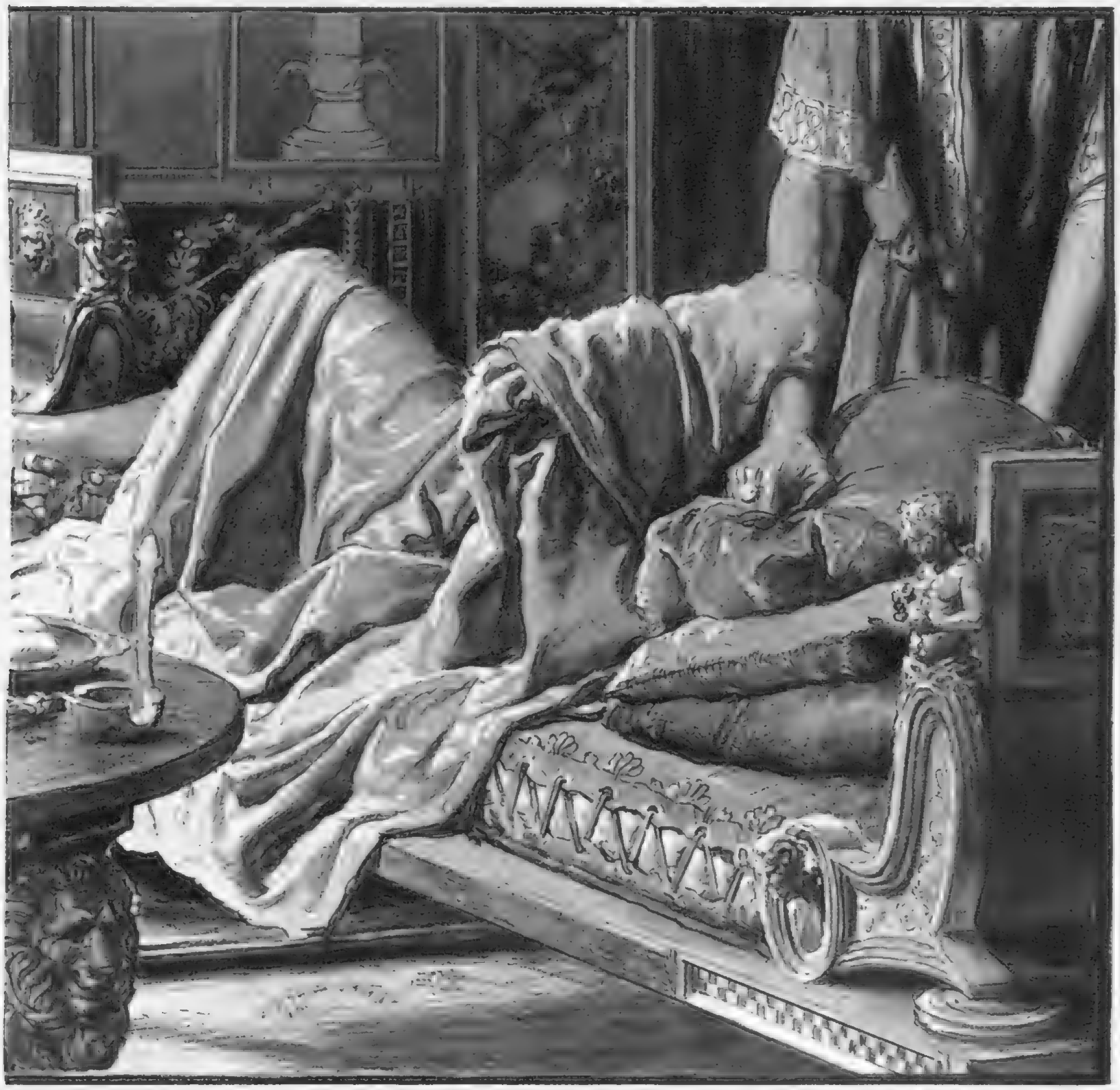
Tiberius was covered as if to keep him but his protestations were muffled

IN the year 30 A.D. Tiberius, at the age of seventy-two, had confined himself on the beautiful island for four and a half years, proving himself to be totally impervious to the effect that the atmosphere of Capri operates in every other human being. Books have been written on this subject and the mysterious metamorphosis that everyone undergoes. The bracing air, the brilliancy of the sun, the perfume of the most beautiful and varied flowers, and, above all, the splendour of nature in the fullest meaning of the word, cannot but inspire joy, fraternity, love for everything and everybody, the complete oblivion of all ugliness and suffering. Sadness is out of tune at Capri.

Tiberius was the exception to the rule, for he perpetrated wrong where no one else could have conceived it. Not only that, but during his eleven years at Capri he gave the island the most evil halo ; for it was no longer a little piece of heaven fallen into the Bay of Naples, no longer the refuge of all those who were seeking a life of strong dreams as well as strong reality. It was not the flare of rest where love could bloom. The will of one man made Capri the terror of the world. Who would have believed it possible? Capri—the island that the Emperor Augustus had obtained through a happy exchange, and had been a real garden of Eden—had become a nightmare. The nightmare of every father who had a pretty daughter whom he could not hide from the Emperor. Several men, in order to escape receiving the message asking the girl to be the Emperor's guest, left Italy. Even this precaution did not always meet with success, for there were some tragic instances when they were fetched back to face a tribunal and the most lurid accusations.



There were some tragic instances when father and daughter were fetched back to face a tribunal



warm, perhaps too much, perhaps too heavily, by a pillow gently but steadily pressed on his face

THESE were the things that Tiberius' mind conceived, unconscious, it seems, of the beauty that surrounded him. One wonders if he ever saw the phenomenal effect of the Blue Grotto, or the various other astonishing characteristics of the Grottoes that are around the island.

Inclined as he was to fear everything, what must have been his feelings if he entered the Sea Bull Grotto, where in the obscurity of its depth the movement of the sea causes a suction of air that produces a most terrifying sound, something between the roar of a lion and the deep bellowing of a bull—a monster escaped from the kingdom of Neptune and living there in the dark rock in the emerald sea.

Fear, the *leit motif* of the whole life of this super criminal, had made him prepare an antidote against it. Storms and thunder terrorised him to a frantic degree. On Capri, clouds gather in a few seconds and reaching the summit of Monte Solaro they burst in a fierce tornado, while the sinister forked lightning flashes over the rocks.

Storms on Capri are as short as they are violent. The last heavy drops are still falling when the sky again reveals its incredible blue.

At such times, and they were not infrequent, the master of the world was trembling with fear, wearing a wreath of bay-leaves in the belief that these would keep the thunderbolts away.

During his eleven years there, only twice did Tiberius start out for Rome, but as he reached the walls of the city he stopped, as if the magnitude of the view overpowered him. His absence had made him forget how huge Rome was. His ears, used to the silence, could not endure the tumult of the large city, clearly audible from miles away. It seemed that Rome was eager to swallow everything, he himself and his imposing convoy. He must have pondered the question: "If I enter the jaws of this monster, will I be able to return?" . . . No. . . . Capri was safer, and with a pretext, he turned back.

Always suspicious, watchful, and on his defence, he never kept to any planned itinerary during his erratic journeys along the Bay of Naples and the little islands around the Cape Miseno. Here he landed on one occasion, as always followed by a group of people extremely attentive and reverential to the old Emperor, but still more watchful of his decaying health. There was Macrone, his right-hand man, who had substituted Sejanus, and who had gradually become the master of the master; Caius, young Caligula, who was to inherit the Empire, and Caricles, Tiberius' doctor, who never left his imperial charge for a single minute.

(*Continued on p. 90*)

HEDY
LAMARR

Programme of Attractions

POISE: The ability to make yourself felt in any company. To be self-confident but not self-centred. Sum it up in the words self-disciplined.

INDIVIDUALITY: A quality that is yours alone. The aspect of your personality which nobody can reproduce.

GROOMING: Perfection of detail. The thing that makes prettiness into glamour, simple dressing into chic.

VITALITY: The mental and physical expression of good health. Interest and enthusiasm for things, people and places.

PHYSICAL GRACE: Effortless control of limbs. The right co-ordination of movement. The absence of nervous tricks. Tranquillity.

DISPOSITION: A predilection to kindness. A tolerance as generous to others as you expect from them.

HOW TO BE ATTRACTIVE

What is attractiveness? Where do you get it? What have these women discovered who go cavorting through life trailing an aura of allure, wielding power, loving and loved . . .? You envy them, these well-groomed beauties with a dash in their clothes and the way they wear them. They are exciting creatures endowed with charm, lovely and knowing people. You would like to be one of them? All right. This is how it's done:

First forget your notions about beauty. Forget them if you are beautiful and forget them if you are not, because beauty is not the whole story.

Beauty is just one aspect of attractiveness. It is a contributing factor, no more. Anyway, if you haven't got it you can get it. Ask any Hollywood beauty factor.

Physical loveliness is a matter of grooming and good health and intelligent dressing, but the personal magnetism which is real power goes beyond externals.

Among other things it is the ability to make others feel at their best. It is the patience to build up your personality, your physical charm, the whole set-up which is you, than to appear to have forgotten it.

It sounds like sorcery but it is often done.

Self-consciousness and attractiveness are not mixers. You can be as beautiful as Psyche, but too much preoccupation with your appearance will make you a bore. Your fascination won't hold.

The same applies in personal contacts. You can be a woman of charming disposition, of stimulating intellect, but if self-consciousness troubles you, your charm is spoiled.

Bear this in mind. You catch people's eye with your appearance, but you hold their attention with your personality. Therefore, be easy to look at, be interesting.

If your hair is well groomed and styled, your hands well cared for, your eyes lustrous and intelligent, your clothes colourful and individual. If you have the poise that the knowledge of these assets imparts, you are well on your way.

Don't waste time pining for the figure of Venus. Learn to walk well. Take exercises in deportment, study dancing. Know how to sit reposefully, to stand gracefully. Believe me, the way you carry your body is more important than its shape.

If you are too fat get a diet; take scientific exercise, dress to your type. Carry it off well.

If you are tall and thin, dress elegantly, control your long limbs. In any case and for goodness sake, be Yourself.

Half the world's women fall short of attractiveness because they insist on being something they are not and never will be. Little women picture themselves as Greta Garbo. Tall girls emulate Janet Gaynor. It is a natural impulse to copy the thing you admire, but don't do it.

Remember you are something that nobody else can be. You have an individuality—the only one like it in the world. It is up to you to make something of those qualities that are yours alone. You must be natural, no posing.

Spontaneity is irresistible. Complete naturalness is the most enviable thing in the world.

To command respect from people you must understand them. Cultivate the ability to sum up people, anticipate their reactions, their interests. Open up those aspects of your own character most likely to interest them.

There is no need to be a thought reader. An alert, sympathetic interest in the study of human nature will see you through.

Be adaptable. Have plenty of interests. Know something of what is going on around you. Be interested in the things that interest others. Have a brain behind your eyes. The only really dull people are the dilatory brains, the empty heads.

No, don't get the idea that only clever women can be attractive. An alert mind, knowledge of things and people and of human reactions requires no special brilliance, but it makes the structure of an interesting personality.

Get busy and examine yourself for the qualities which make up attractiveness. Check off your chances of acquiring them if you haven't got them.

What are your natural assets to begin with? Perhaps you have a lovely voice. If so, play on it, cultivate it. Take lessons in elocution. One outstanding quality will make you noticed, even among women.

You may have beautiful hair, beautiful eyes, shapely feet. Even if you have only one good feature, play up to it, dress up to it. Psychologically, the knowledge that you possess even one good beauty point is invaluable. It builds up assurance.

This sounds pretty simple, but don't be deceived. You can't build up a personality without infinite patience. These women who seem to charm effortlessly have worked, ruthlessly, untiringly, to become the success they are.

In an analysis you would find that comparatively few women are born with all the elements of attractiveness. They have to be cultivated.

Take the film stars, think of the gruelling processes of development they endure. Physical culture, deportment, voice culture, poise.

Don't expect to turn yourself into a *femme fatale* without a struggle.

Start with health. Breathe well, exercise sufficiently. Have a good circulation. Get yourself properly corseted (very important this).

Whatever else you neglect, get plenty of sleep. Fatigue undermines beauty and vitality.

If and when you are satisfied with those external qualities which go to make up attractiveness, start afresh. Examine your disposition for faults. Cultivate a cheerful and unruffled philosophy, a generous tolerance towards others, an unselfish, unself-centred attitude to life.

These qualities will show in your expression, in your eyes, in your new personality. They will inspire confidence, respect, admiration, love. . . .

WHAT DO YOU TELL THEM ABOUT . . .

By Louisa

SEX? The subject of sex education has, mercifully, straightened out in recent years. Parents have adjusted their views in this connexion as thoroughly and as sanely as in other matters relating to child welfare.

Few people with a sense of responsibility are opposed to the theory of a frank and simple elucidation for children of the natural functions of sex.

Many, with the best intentions, are in doubt as to how soon and in what way the operation should be carried out.

An understandable anxiety to get the matter over may lead parents into creating an interest in sex where none yet exists. The result of this zeal may mean that the foundations are laid of a dominating interest in the subject.

The child mind is utterly receptive, but it can only digest small doses of knowledge. As unfolding intelligence stimulates inquiry, so the problems should be met, stage by stage.

A young child accepts your explanation of the wonders of nature without question. At this stage, he is satisfied with simple statements of fact.

Elaborate explanations are neither asked nor needed.

Let the subject of sex unfold, unhurriedly, unemotionally. His attitude to it will reflect your own. Accord to it no greater and no lesser importance than to walking and talking, and your child will have much to thank you for.

RELIGION? About a subject upon which you may perhaps have decided views it would be understandable if you wish your child to share them. But first ask yourself if this is fair.

While he is too young to form opinions of his own, or to come under the spell of other, perhaps conflicting influences, might it not be wiser to allow him an open mind, to give him facts rather than opinions? Facts never change.

Whatever form your religious practices may take, or even if they take none at all, your impulse will be to encourage your child in the same. But, presumably, you wish him also to be a man of character, of personal conviction, of intellectual independence, not a mere mouthpiece for you.

Time, you may say, for him to form his own views in later life, but yours, remember, is the responsibility of seeing that he comes to these problems in maturity with a balanced judgment, free of the prejudices which biased instruction so often implants.

Many adult extremists of to-day are children of yesterday in whom violent prejudices were instilled by zealous parents.

Direct your child's attention towards the things of the spirit, but let opinion come later. Set him upon the path of self determination and you will have done your part. It is his privilege and responsibility to find his way alone from there.

MONEY? Being one of the ruling factors of existence, it is well to encourage some kind of philosophy in connexion with it.

Temperament, to some extent, dictates the attitude in later life, but it is the parent's part to lay in childhood the foundations of a sanely balanced philosophy. This regard for money and for the things it represents should accord neither an inflated importance nor a too careless dismissal of the matter.

The confusion and failure which is traceable in so many adult lives to a total and even childish inability to exercise judgment in connexion with finance should be sufficient warning to parents that this aspect of a child's upbringing is as vital as any.

Generosity must be sharply distinguished from extravagance, meanness from thrift. The notion, fed by so many indulgent parents that money comes from nowhere, without effort, is the foundation of much trouble in later life.

Children should be taught the value of money, and, by slow degrees, its significance. To say that they are "too young to understand" is shirking the issue. They are never too young to assimilate careful guidance on a moral issue such as this is.

Kay

THE BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH . . .

THE SENSITIVE CHILD This is a temperament known as "nervous," though no physical malady is necessarily implied. A shy, reserved, awkward-to-handle child.

If you have such a disposition in your brood, nurse it tenderly. It may appear backward, even a little uncouth at this stage, but it has all the promise of fine perception and rich achievement, if repressions can be avoided. It has also a great capacity for suffering and needs your protection.

Self-consciousness is the bane of the sensitive, and this weakness should be tackled by encouraging interests which keep him mentally and physically occupied.

Forcing the sensitive child to mix is likely only to increase his weakness, but he must, with infinite patience, be encouraged to join in work and in play with other children. This is to develop his self-confidence and to discourage his preoccupation in himself.

Physical exercise is vital to this child. He is, more often than not, inclined to shrink from it, to retire more and more deeply within himself. It is the parent's task to entice him to develop a robust and vigorous physique which will help stimulate confidence in himself. To hope entirely to eradicate that twist of the mentality which makes some individuals so vulnerable to pain is too much to hope, but parents can do much to help cultivate a protective philosophy.

THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD Precocity can be one of two things. Premature development or a super-abundance of self-confidence.

In the first case the child shows wisdom sometimes accompanied by physical development beyond his years.

In the second case he is equipped with a self-assurance not in any way identified with cleverness.

Of the two types, the first is the easier to handle. The outstanding need is for the parents to assure themselves that enhanced powers of mental assimilation and rapid physical growth do not overtax brain or body beyond endurance.

Rapid growth is not by any means an assurance of commensurate strength.

Resist the temptation to regard the precocious child as a prodigy. The percentage of those who fulfil their promise is astoundingly small.

With the second type, handling will need to be as subtle and certainly as patient as for the first. To deflate self-confidence without destroying it or invoking the demon of defiance which inhabits the type, is a delicate task.

The forward child, bombastic beyond his years, must not be humiliated in attempts to take him down. Better to convince him that bluster is unprofitable.

Cultivate unselfishness. Make a fetish of good manners. With these qualities developed his assurance may prove an asset.

THE DIFFICULT CHILD The really difficult child is rare, but it exists. Most of the young handfuls who plague the lives of parents are guilty of nothing worse than high spirits and an insatiable curiosity to see how far their influence extends.

Even in such cases, the particular trouble which is giving anxiety to the parents sometimes proves to be a passing phase.

The unfolding of the young mind is a mysterious and complex operation, more so for some than for others. Curiosity plays a leading part in inciting the child to experimentation. The temptation to see what will happen is, to some, irresistible, leading them to do and say things, the implications of which are meaningless to them.

To a certain type of child the mere instruction "you must not do that" is insufficient. It is a stimulant to his curiosity.

Vanity is a frequent cause of delinquency. By wrongdoing the child finds a means of focusing the limelight upon himself.

These cases of inflated ego, should they prove more than temporary, require the most patient and sympathetic handling. A trained psychologist can render valuable service in indicating a line of action, and parents are advised to take this measure in the case of persistent delinquency.

THE MILK CURE

If you have lost weight milk will build you up. If you are over weight, milk brings you back to normal.

If you are convalescent, feeling run down, milk fills you with energy.

Milk is an all-in food which will restore you to perfect health because it contains the maximum amount of nourishment for the least expenditure of digestive energy.

A rough gauge of the amount of milk required to form a complete food for the average man or woman, is a quart for every foot in height for a man, and slightly over three pints for a woman.

Milk is rich in Vitamin A—the vitamin on which growth depends, and the nerve-feeding Vitamin B. It contains sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, sodium, potassium, magnesium, iron and iodine, which are essential for the construction of brain and nerve cells, strong bones and perfect teeth, and the formation and maintenance of good eyesight.

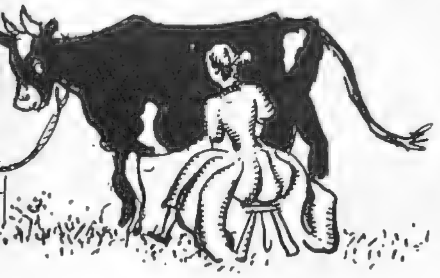
It sets up good, firm, healthy tissue, as it is in itself a *perfectly balanced* food, and straightway disintegrates the thin, watery fat of obesity.

It contains a high percentage of leucocyte cells not unlike the white corpuscles of our own blood, which fight disease germs; so that as it combines these cells with the finest tissue-building elements, inflammation, as in the case of internal ulcers, quickly subsides on a full-milk diet, while wasting and nervous diseases are rapidly repaired.

The whole character of the skin entirely changes on a milk diet. A colourless leathery complexion, or one that is covered in pimples, immediately becomes soft, rosy and clear, free from blemishes.

As milk is 87 per cent water, the system is continually being flushed on a milk diet, poisons diluted and washed away. So it is that the functioning of the great organs of the body, liver, kidneys and intestines, are eventually corrected and regulated.

While everyone's health is improved by drinking one to one and a half pints of milk daily—as a separate food, as one and a half pints is equal to six eggs, seven ounces beef-steak and two and a half pounds of codfish—the exclusive milk diet is not for a person in good health.



It is essentially for invalids as a building-up diet to be taken as a cure.

At the same time, many people who suffer from chronic diseases, and who would otherwise be invalids, can function at full power and live indefinitely on a diet of milk and oranges alone.

Milk is good for: Sleeplessness. Chronic neuralgia. Nervous prostration. All wasting diseases. Acid or ulcerated stomach. Pimples, boils and skin trouble. Anemia. Rheumatism. Constipation. Diarrhœa. Narcotic habits of every kind. Abnormal blood-pressure conditions, whether too high or too low.

A milk cure can be taken by an office worker or any other worker: but to derive full and lasting benefit, it should be accorded whole-time interest. Rest and relaxation are almost as important as the milk. *A preliminary fast* is advisable, during which two quarts of water and the juice of three oranges—separately—is sipped during the day, with total abstinence from any other food. This clears the alimentary track of superficial toxins and prepares it for the milk.

Usually a two to three days fast is sufficient, unless the patient is over weight and plethoric, when a five to seven days fast benefits.

On breaking from this fast, on the first day sip a glass of milk slowly through a straw—ten liquid

(Continued on page 79)

Holiday for Nerves

If you want the swiftest build-up for health, take Sanatogen.

It is ninety-five per cent casein. Casein is the most nutritive ingredient in milk: in which, however, it is only present in quantities of three per cent. Sanatogen also contains glycero-phosphate of sodium. Take it, and you will be filled with the finest "nerve-food" known, instantly assimilated.

Fatigue acids will be dispersed; moreover, they will not be allowed to form. That source of poison will be stopped. Shrivelled, undernourished, ailing nerves will revive like grass after rain. They will be so strengthened they will subsequently be able to stand up to any amount of battering and strain, because Sanatogen will have enabled them, and every organ in your body, to function at full power.

Digestion will be set in order, so that you will not only be stimulated right away, but healed, tuned up, and turned out as fit as a fiddle. You will hop on to buses, into offices, and bear down on your problems with a swing.

Sanatogen frees you from quakes and qualms, instils self-assurance, decisiveness, joy. Catapults you out of an ill, nervy, or tired self, and sets you on top of the world. Take it in milk, two teaspoonfuls at a time, three times a day. Or, mix that quantity with honey in a sandwich.

A New Beauty Routine That Is CONQUERING AGE

BY CHRYSIS

It is impossible to describe how this moulder works except by more detailed photographs and drawings. But if you write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32 and 34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, I will be glad to send you charts fully illustrating the correct movements for the exercises mentioned, or help you with your individual beauty problems

At last, here comes a device which will win back our youth—whatever our age—if we use it when we are over forty; and preserve it indefinitely if we are lucky enough to obtain it before we are thirty.

There is no need for any of us to despair. It is a recognised fact that youthful looks have far less to do with years than with care. Any woman seems gorgeous and young when she steps out of a long *salon* treatment at Elizabeth Arden's. But many of us live too far out of London to have time or money for frequent treatments.

Well, now we can all enjoy an expert masseuse in our homes.

Elizabeth Arden presents us with one in the shape of a face moulder that can be picked up from the dressing-table any moment for a ten-minute treatment.

This moulder is as simple as true magic. It is small, to be gripped between fingers and thumb, and is in the form of twin-padded circles. But these circles have captured the expert flexibility behind a trained assistant's fingers. They do not stretch the skin. They seem to instil a refreshing smoothness to the eye socket, and establish a firm contour about the jaw and chin. They apply the finest principles of corrective moulding to the face.

Place this moulder behind the cotton-wool, soaked in astringent when you *tone* your face—every time after cleansing—and your face cannot go wrong, it must either remain or become right. And right means according to its most perfect shaping.

Tie your head in a bandeau and sit before your mirror prepared to enjoy yourself. Let your shoulders be relaxed, your chest well lifted, your chin neither drooping nor pushed upwards. In a word, face yourself with anticipation.

Cleanse with Ardena Cleansing Cream and tone with Ardena Skin Tonic.

Mould with the new face moulder moistened with Special Astringent, unless your skin is particularly dry, when it should be moistened with Skin Tonic. Special Astringent is really something.

Slip one of six muscle-movement charts—Arden provides them—into your mirror frame. Follow it carefully, using the correct strap—also supplied by Arden—for either tightening a sagging chin and relaxed throat, removing a double chin, rebuilding a hollow neck, eradicating forehead lines, wiping away puffs from under eyes, taking away lines from around nose and mouth, and filling out thin cheeks.

One of these muscle exercises with the right feeding cream or muscle oil can be undertaken daily by women over twenty-five.

It is never too early to start, and that it is never too late to mend will be clearly shown by the improvement visible after a week's exercising.

These muscle build-ups for the column of throat and contour of the cheek and chin, constitute a permanent rejuvenation.

The same is true of eliminating bags under the eyes and sunken cheeks, and railway lines across the brows. Why suffer these disfigurements when they are unnecessary at any age?

One home treatment a day, the use of the magic moulder, will keep them away.

Tie your face up directly after the exercises for ten minutes. Dip two pads of cotton-wool, five by seven inches, into Skin Tonic, and cover your face with them, even over the cream you happen to be using in your treatment. Mould them closely to your face and tie them as it were into a mask, by passing a strip of medicated gauze over your head and under your chin, and knotting it firmly. This keeps the jaw and chin-line in place.

Now apply Eye Cream around the eyes. Over this, again, place pads soaked in Skin Tonic. Pass *ice*, wrapped in a towel, around your face contour and forehead, avoiding the cheeks. Leave tie-up on for five or ten minutes. Remove any remaining cream with Skin Tonic, and bathe the eyes with Ardena Special Eye Lotion.

You are now ready to make-up.

Always use a powder foundation to give your face a smooth finish. Arden's Spotpruf Lotion applied under the powder foundation will greatly assist this smoothness.

Blend *Cream Rouge* lightly up over the cheeks, high on the cheek-bones if your face is broad; delicately away from the nose and deepening out towards temples if your face is long or thin, and only use dry rouge for touching up during the day.

Apply Stimulash over your lash cosmetic to make the lashes shiny, this adds to their appearance of length and effectiveness.

Outline the shape of your mouth in fuller curves with a red pencil, if you can improve it, before filling it in with lipstick.

Elizabeth Arden has two new colour-harmony make-ups this autumn.

One is highly dramatic, with a rouge of the richest petunia shade, to wear with black or white—exciting, arresting.

The other is fragile with a lipstick called Sky-pink, to go with all the pastelle mauves, blues and purples; it confers a porcelain transparency to the skin, exquisitely blending the face and neck into all Watteau mist-shades, and bestowing a subtle touch as of soft music to the personality.

Old silver candelabra carrying tall Nell Gwynn candles give an air of romance to this table setting. Silver and cut glass mingle against the lustrous surface of the table, deep red roses are scattered on the table, repeating the colouring of the candles

Candlepower

By Winifred Lewis

Either you are addicted to beautiful table settings or you are not. There are people who say, "so long as the food is good the setting can be what it likes," but no woman with an appreciation for beauty and the refinements of living will say any such thing.

Your pride in the food served at your table, your own enjoyment of meals, in fact the charm and originality of your home, find their most emphatic expression in the setting of the table.

Always to achieve a charming and distinguished atmosphere at table one must have beautiful things, but colour and shapeliness and individuality in their display are more important than the costliness of the objects.

Candles, as a means of decorating the table, have been highly thought of since the earliest times. There was always an air of romance about them even in their humblest form, but now since they have become a practical and elegant unit in the modern decorative scheme their power for beauty is immense.

The combination of silver, glass and candlelight is always irresistible. The polished table top, richly set with silver and cut glass surmounted with fine silver candelabra such as those in the photograph above requires no further adornment. Colour is present in the candles which can be had in a variety of designs, shapes and colourings.

Modern candles for decorative purposes are as smooth as porcelain, finished with a delicate gloss. The colours are clear and vivid and harmonise perfectly with table glass, china and flower decorations.

One of the most delightful innovations of recent years is the slender candles specially designed for arrangement among flowers.

A low bowl or a shapely dish is filled with flowers and between these eight or nine slender, coloured candles are arranged by means of a wire holder which is supplied with the set.

Imagine a bowl of lilies of the valley twinkling among slender green candles; masses of gardenias in a green melon-shaped glass bowl with cyclamen-pink candles; vari-coloured chrysanthemums with red candles.

These flower candles are delicately coloured right through and burn with a steady flame without dripping even when inclined at an angle.

For other purposes of decoration on the table there are many charming effects that can be obtained with decorative candles. Matched sets which include holders designed and coloured so that candles and stands make one decorative unit are most popular.

No fear of fire or grease on polished tables need be feared if modern candles are used. Colours are solid dyed and the wax will not easily chip or scratch. Candles burn slowly, clearly and steadily on the table without odour or smoke.

The new feeling for romantic effects, for period silver and china reproduced from old-world patterns makes the use of candlelight as a means of decoration more than ever appropriate.

The cosy room reproduced in the picture at the foot of this page expresses clearly the exquisite comfort and appeal of candlelight in a suitable setting. In this case the walls and ceiling are of glossy paint in honey yellow. Electric candle sconces throw pools of light on the lustrous surface of the walls and at the dinner table candlelight is again reflected in the surface of the highly polished table and in the glistening silver.

You can be extravagant with colour for table decoration. Effects that would once have been thought too flamboyant are now quite correct. Colour harmonies are clever rather than careful.

Slender tapers twinkling among flowers make the delightful centre-piece for this table. These flower light candles made by Prices do not drip and can be had in a range of delicate shades. The grace and delicacy of the Community Plate cutlery is in perfect harmony with the setting

The combination of fine silver and candlelight is irresistible. Here is a distinguished fruit dish, silver plated by the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co. Ltd. Price £2 7s. 6d.

Dark linen is much favoured. Navy linen cloths give a striking background to pale pink china and cyclamen linen gives more interest to green china and Bristol blue glass.

The table looks to china and flower arrangements for its colouring and reproductions from period patterns are ideal for the candle-lit dinner table. This Spode design is in sea-green on white and costs £3 19s. 6d. for six persons

Highly varnished honey yellow walls, dull gilt sconces and tall green candles on the polished table are the features of this warm and homely dining-room

Fashions by Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Dept.

An Edwardian and Victorian influence dominates one side of fashion.

It starts with the top of the head, goes through the body, down to the toes.

There is the high hair dress which, from a reluctant start, is now so normal that nobody looks twice at it. Though it is associated with the days of women at their most feminine and softly gracious, men grumble at the untidy ends which often won't keep up, think it makes many women look hard and older.

The irony of it is by the time most women's hair will be long enough to have no untidy ends, the fashion will have changed.

The next step backward is pretty sure to be Victorian, with ringlets. Jeff, the milliner, who says he forecast high hair before anyone thought anything about it, is my informant. I think he's right.

Headdresses are crazily complementary to high hair. There are tiny tilted velvet hats trimmed with ostrich feathers, jewelled flowers on combs, little grandmother bonnets, roses, birds, bows, Dolly Sister plumes, tulle and feathers.

As for the day—well, you know the hats, the little toques, the absurd moulds of felt trimmed with bows, wings, veils, feathers just covering the crown and resting on the forehead, so as not to upset the curls.

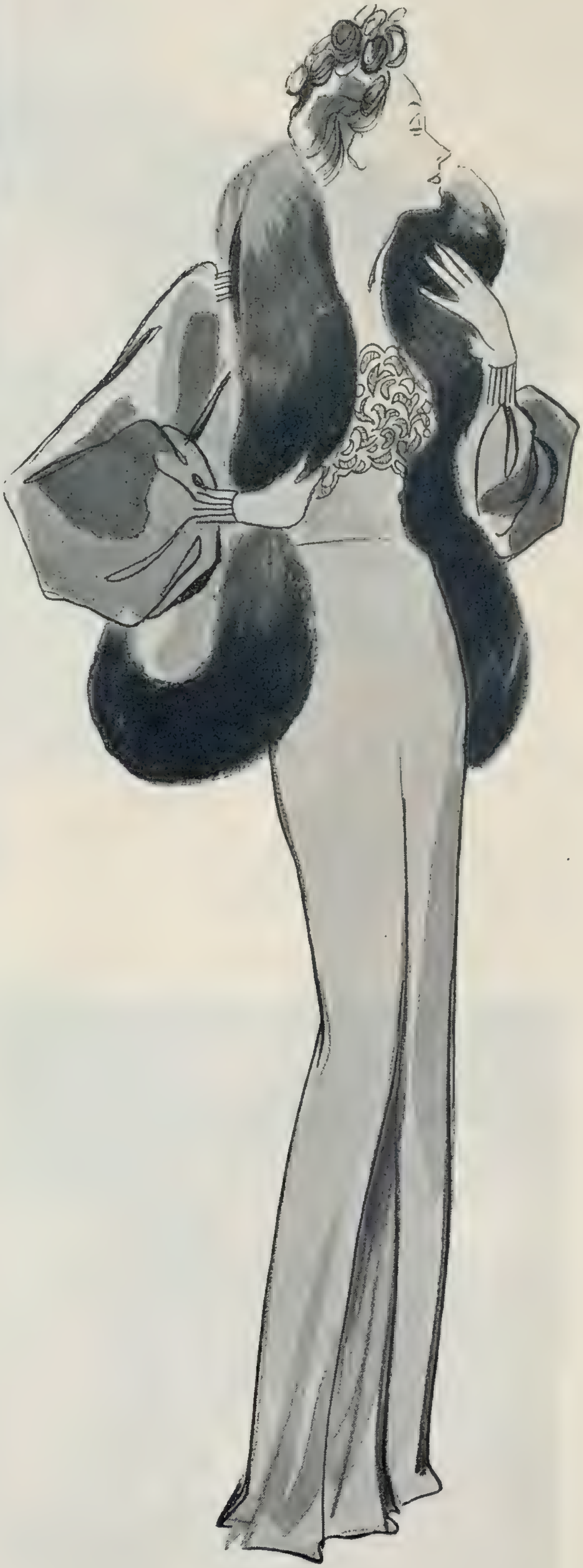
Little did I think, as the saying goes, when Schiaparelli launched carnival hats last June, and we couldn't make up our minds about them and finally decided they would be fine for those who liked them, that six months afterwards I should see an Oxford Street shop announcing "Doll's Hats, twelve and eleven."

We are back to light-coloured glacé kids for evening and, for the real sensation seekers, light-coloured kid, pearl-buttoned boots. A new shoe is called the Camisole and has its top edges scalloped in the way of that garment.

In between top and toe there are all the frills and furbelow fun of family album clothes. High-boned necks, leg-of-mutton sleeves, yoked bodices, crinolines, dresses of slipper satin, trimmed with ruching with flat fronts and bustle backs, strapless or droop shoulder bodices boned from beneath breast to hem, fans, mittens, muffs, velvet used for trimming, for dresses, for suits, for coats.

Violet, fuchsia, cerise, royal blue, cinnamon brown and black are *the* colours. Plaids, stripes have never been so much with us.

Two typical day suits are the cerise and black Stiebel, the violet and black Hartnell on pages 58 and 59. But there are still plenty of straight boxy jackets, long skin-tight jackets, curving in to mid-thigh over pleated skirts.

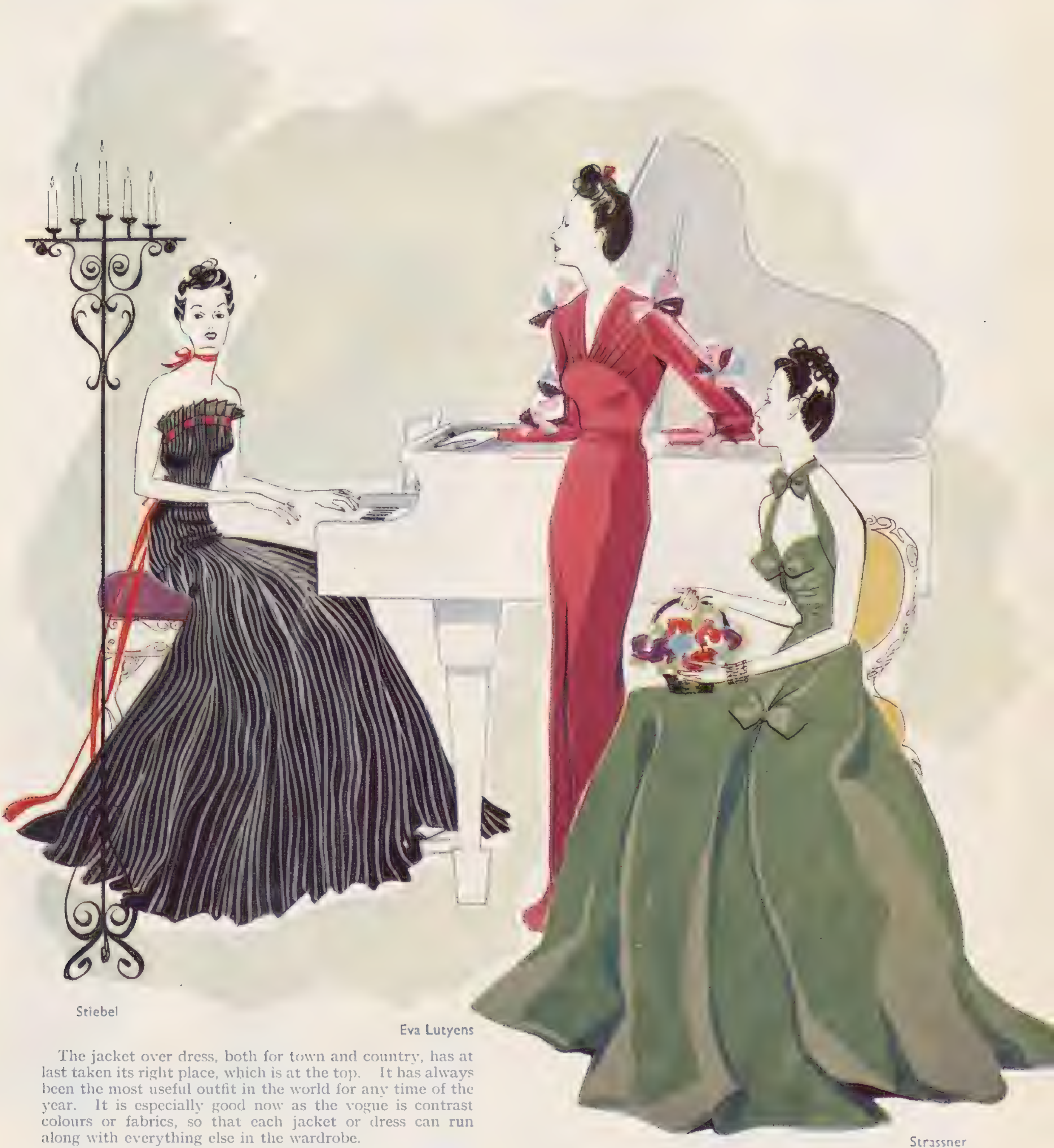


Isobel. Sleek blue suède velvet, its high bodice embroidered with silver metal thread and chenille, beneath a short fuchsia coat trimmed with blue fox.

Stiebel. Black and white striped slipper satin, with a boned bodice, a spreading skirt, red velvet ribbon slotting the frill.

Eva Lutyens. Cerise dinner gown, the back slit to the waist, the long slit sleeves tying with turquoise and cerise bows.

Strassner. Stiff green silk with a shirred tight bodice, a billowing skirt, caught with a bow, a new kind of halter neck.



Stiebel

Eva Lutyens

Strassner

The jacket over dress, both for town and country, has at last taken its right place, which is at the top. It has always been the most useful outfit in the world for any time of the year. It is especially good now as the vogue is contrast colours or fabrics, so that each jacket or dress can run along with everything else in the wardrobe.

There are bishop sleeves in coats, dresses, pleated skirts, wide circular skirts, gathered Dirndl skirts.

Many coats hang loose but straight, with high puffed, padded shoulders (see Motley's grey fur fabric, page 60).

Fitch has returned, racoon, lynx, skunk, stranded opossum make the smartest short bulky fur coats. Astrakhan, nutria, fox, ocelot are still in high favour.

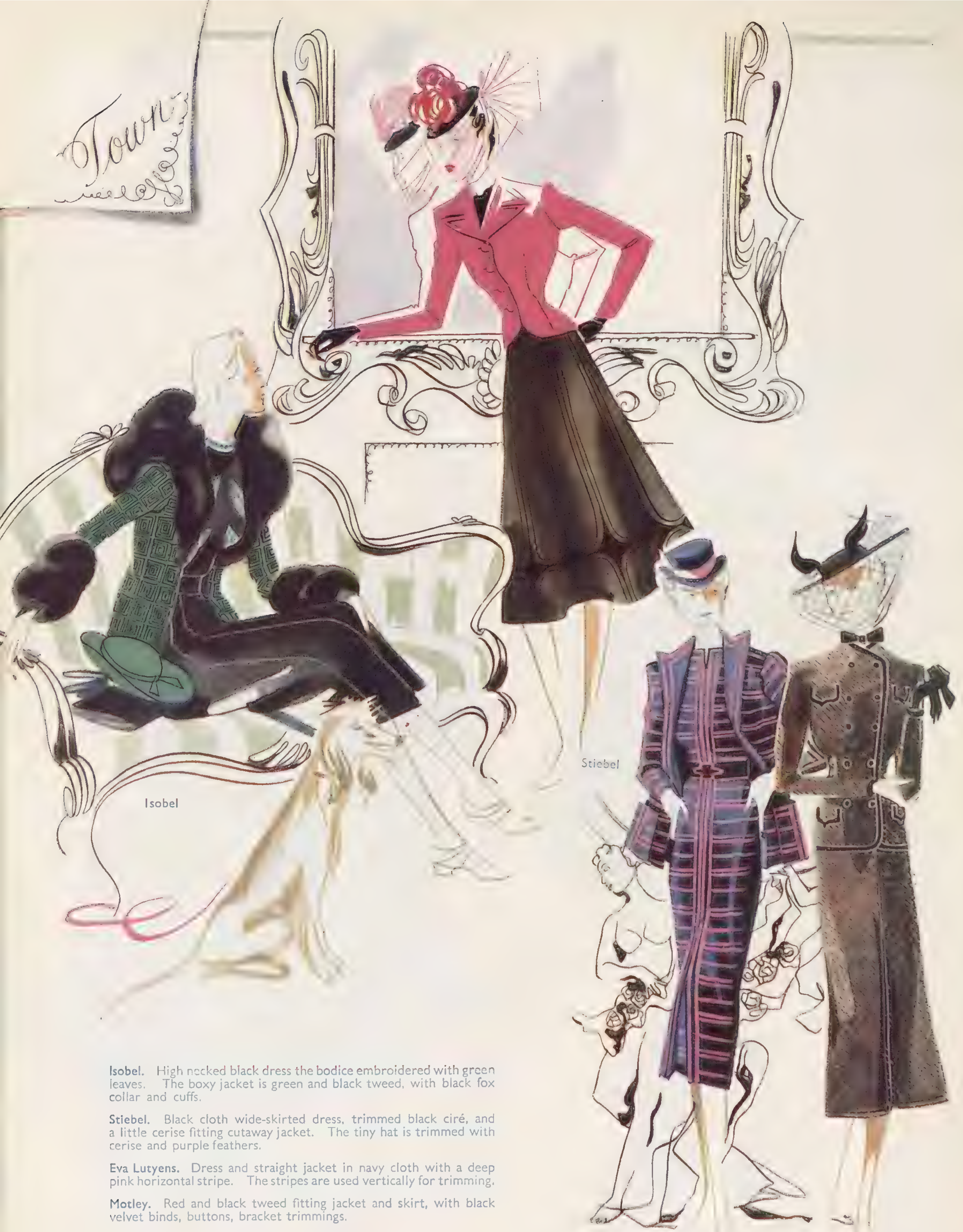
Some cloth winter coats, even fur coats, hang in gathers from tightly-belted waists.

Three large jewelled or pansy-faced metal buttons ornament dresses and coats. A litter of red fox trims an olive green day suit, a litter of silver fox swathes a black velvet day coat.

Lavish jewelled embroideries on sleek crêpe evening gowns turn the wearers into millionaires' girls. Sinuous black velvet, puff-shouldered, low-cut dinner gowns are authentic *femme fatale*, worn with the right eye make-up, with marvellous jewels.

All is fussy, frivolous, fantastic, fascinating, so long as it is held within limits.

Women must keep their heads, or other words starting with the same letter come to mind, such as fearful, frightful, foolish, farcical. . . .

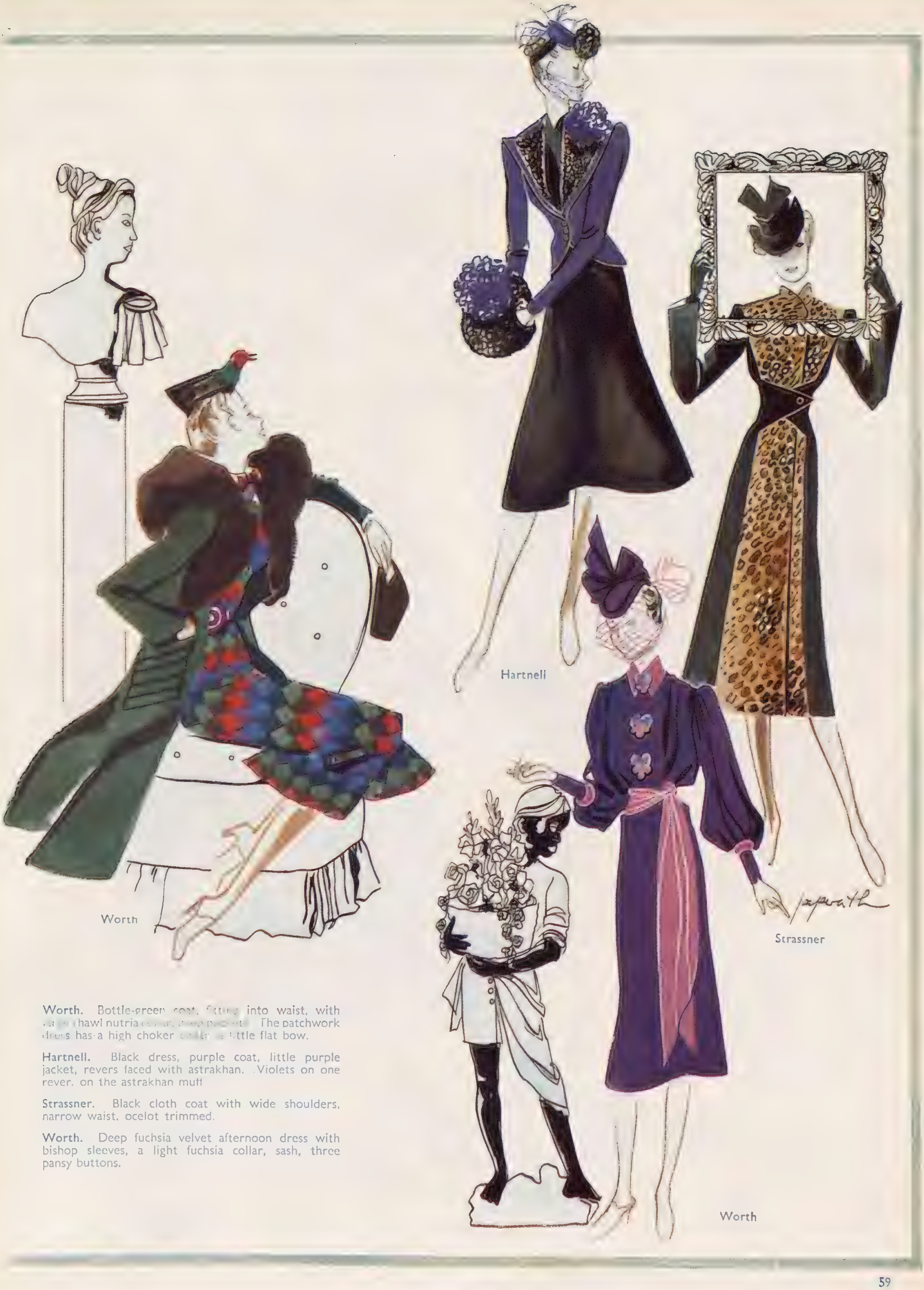


Isobel. High necked black dress the bodice embroidered with green leaves. The boxy jacket is green and black tweed, with black fox collar and cuffs.

Stiebel. Black cloth wide-skirted dress, trimmed black ciré, and a little cerise fitting cutaway jacket. The tiny hat is trimmed with cerise and purple feathers.

Eva Lutyens. Dress and straight jacket in navy cloth with a deep pink horizontal stripe. The stripes are used vertically for trimming.

Motley. Red and black tweed fitting jacket and skirt, with black velvet binds, buttons, bracket trimmings.



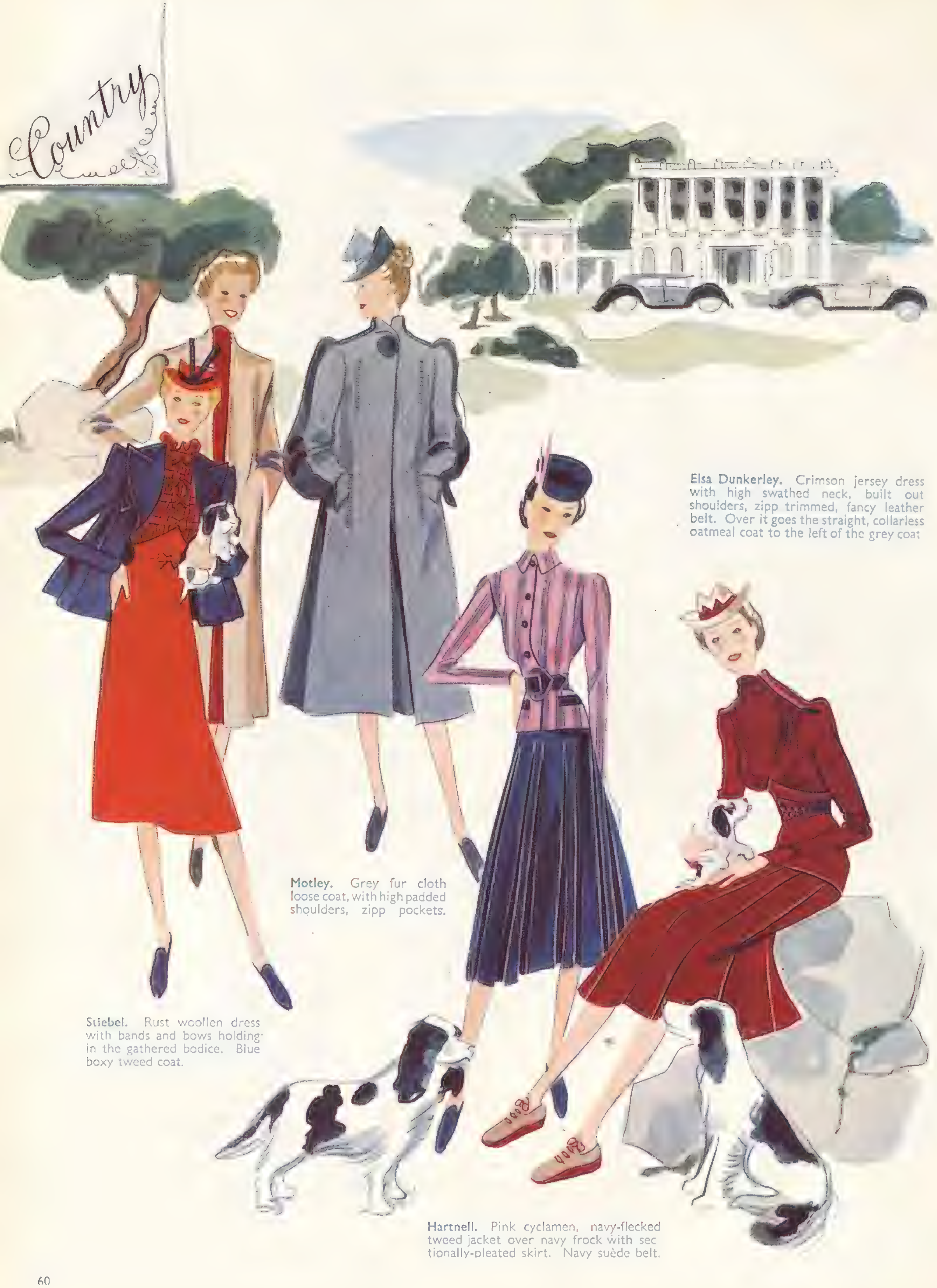
Worth. Bottle-green coat, fitting into waist, with large shawl nutria collar, deep pockets. The patchwork dress has a high choker collar, a little flat bow.

Hartnell. Black dress, purple coat, little purple jacket, revers faced with astrakhan. Violets on one rever, on the astrakhan muff

Strassner. Black cloth coat with wide shoulders, narrow waist, ocelot trimmed.

Worth. Deep fuchsia velvet afternoon dress with bishop sleeves, a light fuchsia collar, sash, three pansy buttons.

Country

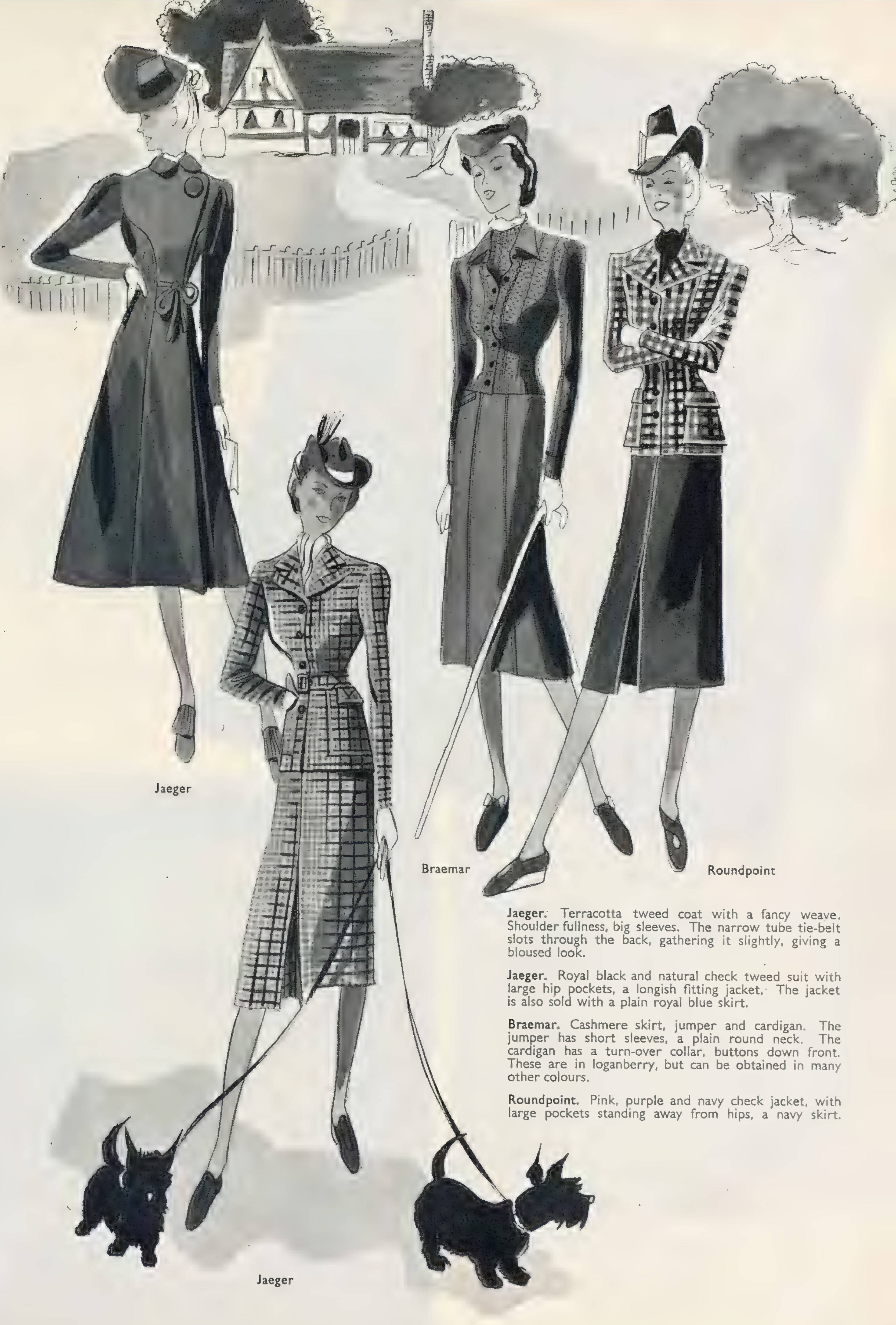


Elsa Dunkerley. Crimson jersey dress with high swathed neck, built out shoulders, zipp trimmed, fancy leather belt. Over it goes the straight, collarless oatmeal coat to the left of the grey coat

Motley. Grey fur cloth loose coat, with high padded shoulders, zipp pockets.

Stiebel. Rust woollen dress with bands and bows holding in the gathered bodice. Blue boxy tweed coat.

Hartnell. Pink cyclamen, navy-flecked tweed jacket over navy frock with sectionally-pleated skirt. Navy suède belt.



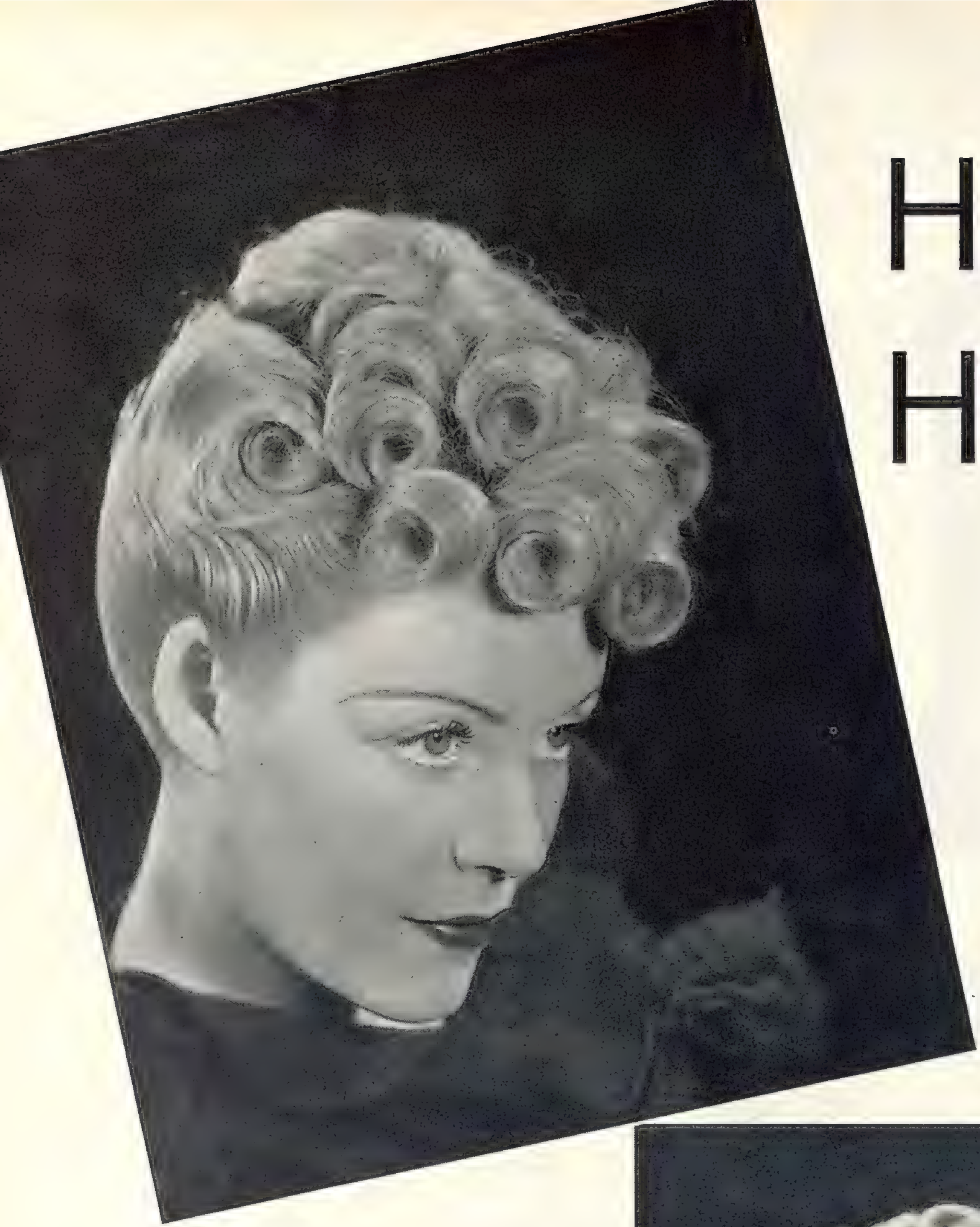
Jaeger. Terracotta tweed coat with a fancy weave. Shoulder fullness, big sleeves. The narrow tube tie-belt slots through the back, gathering it slightly, giving a bloused look.

Jaeger. Royal black and natural check tweed suit with large hip pockets, a longish fitting jacket. The jacket is also sold with a plain royal blue skirt.

Braemar. Cashmere skirt, jumper and cardigan. The jumper has short sleeves, a plain round neck. The cardigan has a turn-over collar, buttons down front. These are in loganberry, but can be obtained in many other colours.

Roundpoint. Pink, purple and navy check jacket, with large pockets standing away from hips, a navy skirt.

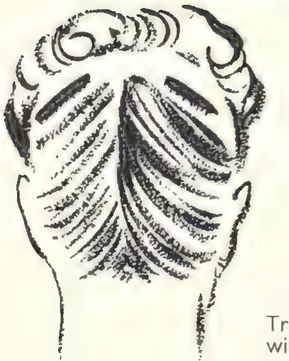
HIGH HAIR



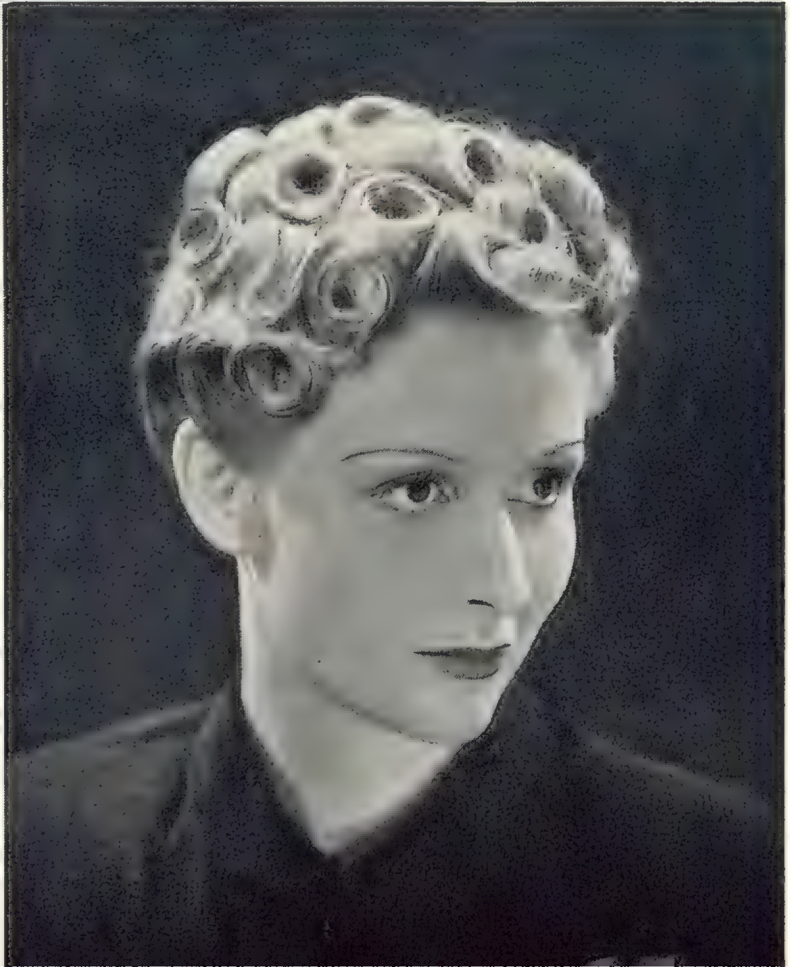
High hair is still very much here, and likely to go on, despite those who say it ages a woman, is unpractical, too chi-chi for the wear and tear of every day. If it is too much trouble to keep up all the time, put it up for occasions. It will add piquancy and drama to your personality

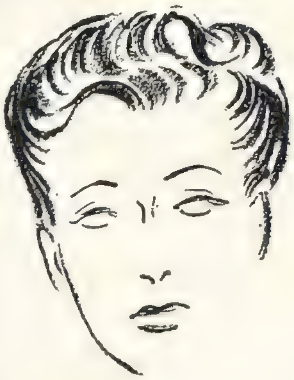
Above. A specially high set, giving a long straight back and side sweep. The curls start well forward on the crown, and tilt a little on the forehead, very Alexandrian. *Steiner*

Right. A young, simple, soft arrangement. The hair is curled flatly on top and around the temples, swept up high at the back. *Francis*

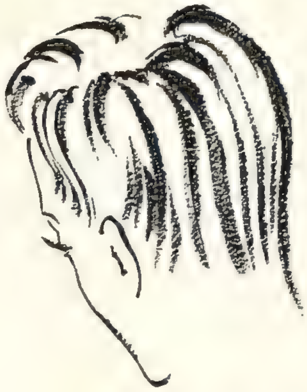


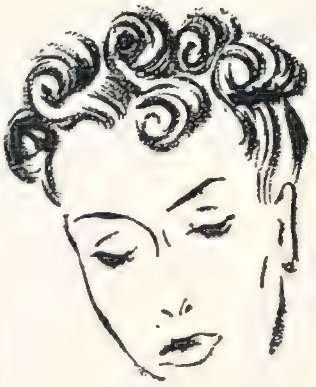
Treatment for shortish hair with lots of ends. Instead of a straight sweep-up, part it down the back, brush one side across the other, fold under and pin



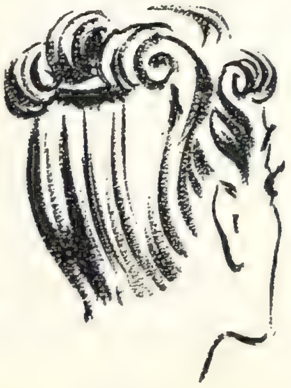


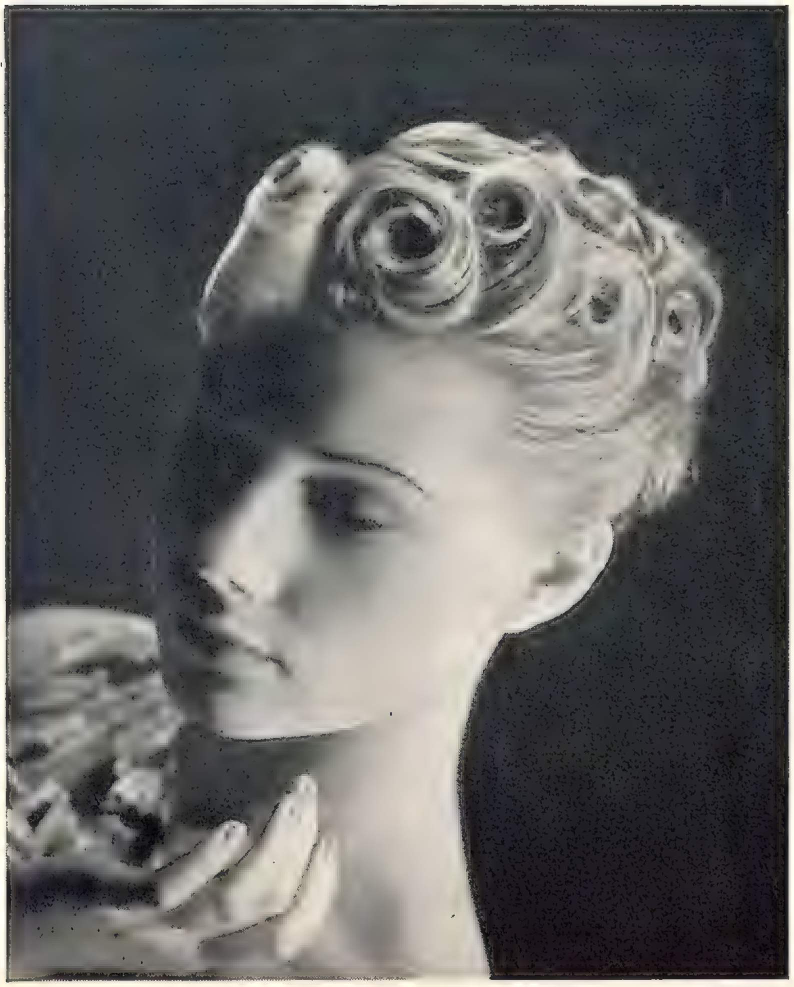
An easy-to-keep high set, which needs fairly long hair. The front is combed back with a large wavy movement. The sides and back are brushed up, tucked in, pinned. No combs are needed

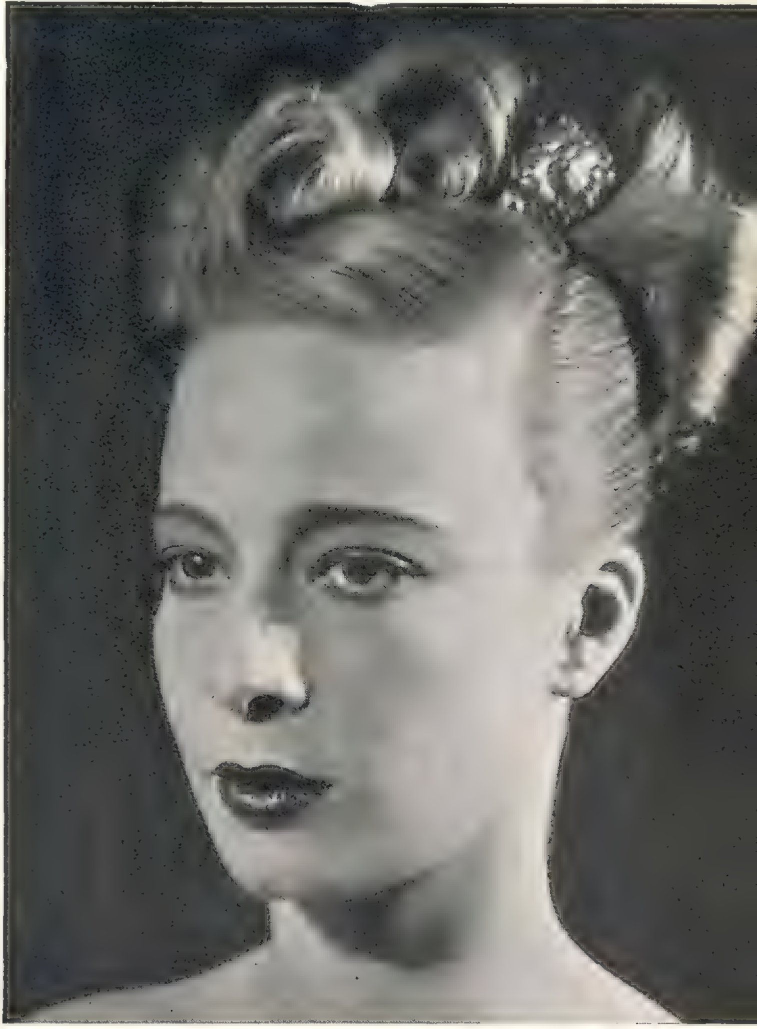




Large sausagy curls, one dropping a little over the forehead, are kept up at sides and back by combs







Above: Large, exotic curls twist high on the crown and sides from a smoothly brushed front. *Antoine*

Left. For the woman who likes to keep a parting. Big, rather casual curls pile up to the crown from flat sides and a high, brushed-up back. *Truefitt and Hill*

Personally Speaking

It was one of those days, depressing, horrible, when you wish you needn't go to work, but could be massaged in smooth comfort, or live for ever in the sun. But not only do you have to go to work; once there, you have to walk out into the day for lunch.

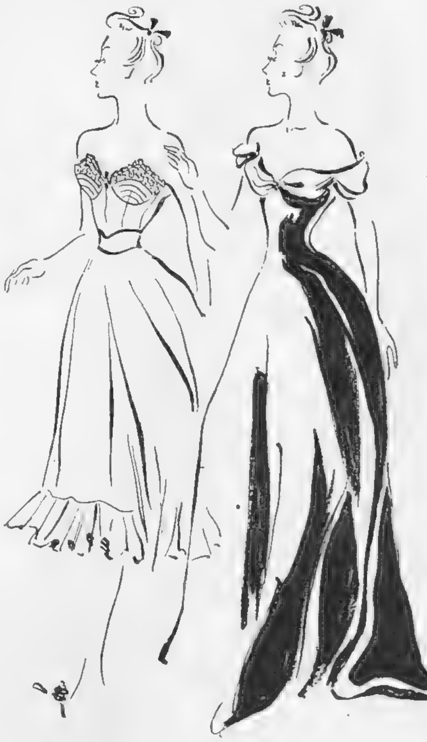
Ahead of me, a well-dressed young man hurried along with a large number fourteen stuck in his hat band, obvious victim of an office joke.

You could see the conspirators tearing the number off the calendar, furtively inserting it, on tenterhooks for fear he would discover it, hysterical with success when he had gone through the door.

I suppose if I had had a nice disposition I would have told him about it. But how could I stand his embarrassment? So I formed one of his broadly smiling followers, and felt my spirits rise every minute.

It is not so much the sight of a thing like this which makes it a big laugh. It is the thought of the victim's unawareness.

I ate an enormous lunch of steak and kidney pie, baked, brussels, pineapple and cream *and* a Guinness, and felt that, after all, things might be a whole lot worse. (Thanks, practical jokers.)



An American magazine took the numbered photographs of twenty acknowledged, but unnamed, beauties to a representative group of men, including a professor, an insurance agent, a journalist, a banker, an actor, a policeman, a boxer, a messenger boy, and asked them to vote for the number they thought the most attractive.

Margaret Wing

Merle Oberon

The idea behind it was that the ideal of good looks which women strive for to-day is woman-manufactured, rather than representative of the sort of girl men admire.

When I saw that Margaret Wing, an American dèbutante, with the simplest, most natural, little girl-est face of the lot, scored high, I knew I had always been right about the sort of girl most men admired. Then I saw that her score tied with Merle Oberon, whose face was the most exotic of all. So I am right back where I was, and the American magazine right back where it was.

Anyway, it is a good game to play in the long winter evenings.

Writing of steak and kidney pie—which I was, a paragraph back—gets me on to my new hobby horse, which is that the simpler foods are nearly always much nicer than all the other foods. I have come to this conclusion during the last few months, when I seem to have been eating out a lot at smart, elegant restaurants. I don't mean to say that the food in these places isn't good. It's marvellous. But, somehow, when you have it most of the time, it all seems to taste the same.

Roast duck tastes faintly of duck, but quite a lot like spinach. Kippers seem to lose something of their tang. Crêpé Suzette is perfect, of course. That's it. Too perfect. Probably what one misses is the anxiety that goes into the making of a home-cooked meal, the uncertainty whether the dish is going to be right or a flop.

Or, perhaps, it is just our old friend contrast. People who dine out expensively, long for simple, home cooking. Stay-at-home people yearn for richer, more thrilling food. Country people want town, town people desire the country. Gay livers want quiet. Quiet livers want gaiety.

The ideal, of course, is to have the best you can of both worlds.

All the girls who have good chests and shoulders to show are showing them this year in strapless, boned evening frocks.

Some people like to see them on sloping shoulders. Others think they look terrible if the neck and chest aren't what is called well covered. My preference is to see them on rather square shoulders, with a bone or two and a hollow or two giving a sort of light and shade.

Too many bones can always be covered with a wide velvet ribbon and a dangling locket, or a thick old-fashioned necklace. What is essential is a well set up diaphragm, a high pushed up bosom.

Most corsetières rushed in immediately, with adroitly boned strapless foundations which give that line if the bones in the dress itself aren't enough to do so. But there are lots of women who will not, cannot wear foundations. So for them, Berlei have made the little strapless brassière drawn above, which can be worn with an ordinary girdle. It is made of peach satin, satin Lastex yarn and lace, is lightly boned, with a ribbon tying across the lace front.

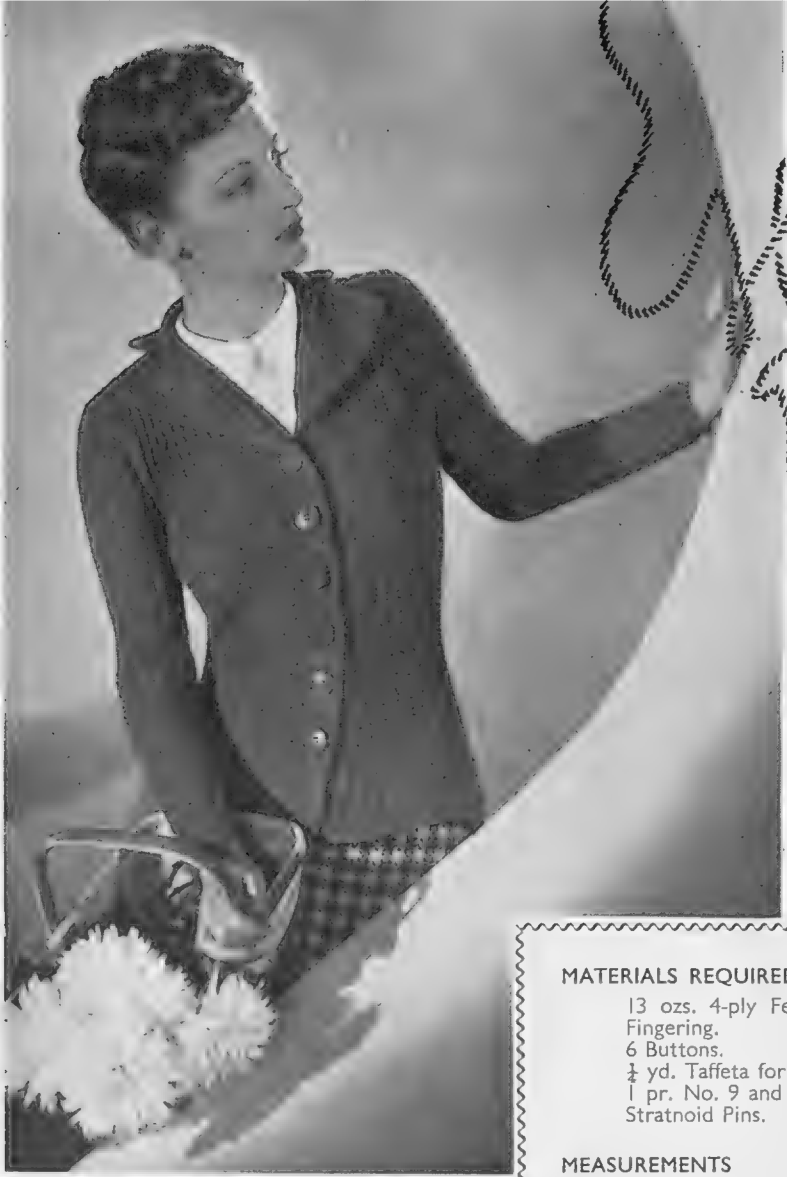
The bodice is long, the line fine, the price eighteen shillings, the idea superlatively good.

I felt the youngest at a children's party where a clever conjurer impressed me, but not the children. Two yards off, he did disappearing and reappearing tricks that I have never seen bettered. But the children accepted it with calm, even a dash of boredom, just as they have unquestioningly accepted all the marvels and all the horrors of the astonishing world they are growing up in—remember all those stories about children playing with gas masks in the streets?

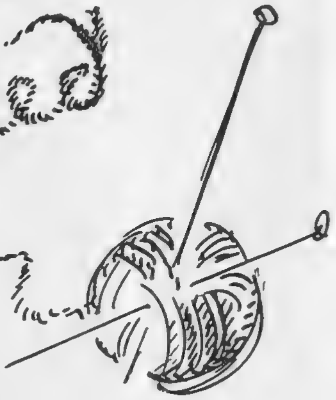
I was really feeling a little depressed by this polite acceptance, when the conjurer played his finest trick. Some little boy's tie was put underneath a box and presently became a tin of toffees which were thrown around the room and for which the children scrambled wildly.

It was a relief to see that children had not changed so much after all.

Jean Burnup



Hand Knitted But With a Tailored Air



MATERIALS REQUIRED

13 ozs. 4-ply Femina Botany Fingering.
6 Buttons.
¼ yd. Taffeta for lining.
1 pr. No. 9 and 1 pr. No. 10 Stratnoid Pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 23 ins.
Across back, underarm, 17 ins.
Across fronts, underarm, 11 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 24 ins.
Tension for No. 9 pins: Approx. 7 sts. to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning; Pat. Pattern.

BACK

With No. 9 pins cast on 109 sts. Work in following pat. :

1st row : Knit.
2nd row : * K. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * to last st. K. 1.
3rd row : P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * to end.
4th row : Purl.
5th row : As 2nd.
6th row : As 3rd.

Work until 1 in. from start. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every k. row until 93 sts. and work measures 5½ ins. from start. Change to No. 10 pins. Work until 7½ ins. from start. Change to No. 9 pins and work until 9 ins. from start. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every k. row until 109 sts. When work measures 15½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 pins cast on 73 sts. Work as for back until 4 ins. from start, dec. at *side edge only*.

Make buttonhole : Work 4, cast off 6, work to end. Next row : Work back to cast off sts.; cast on 6, work 4. (Make 5 more buttonholes 2¼ ins. apart.) Contine as for back until 15½ ins. from start, inc. and dec. at *side edge only*.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 armhole end rows. Work 7 ins., dec. 1 st. every alternate row at front edge until 29 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 5.

Work left front as for right, omitting buttonholes and with shapings at opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 pins cast on 61 sts. Work 1 in. pat., then inc. 1 st. each end of every 12th row until 73 sts., then every 6th row until 93 sts. When sleeve measures 17½ ins. from start, cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 39 sts. remain. Cast off.

LAPELS (2)

With No. 10 pins cast on 3 sts. Work in pat., inc. 1 st. every alternate row at one edge until 29 sts. Work 3 ins. without shaping. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 10 pins cast on 61 sts. Work 1½ ins. pat., inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row. Work 1 in. Cast off loosely.

EDGINGS

With No. 10 pins cast on 9 sts.

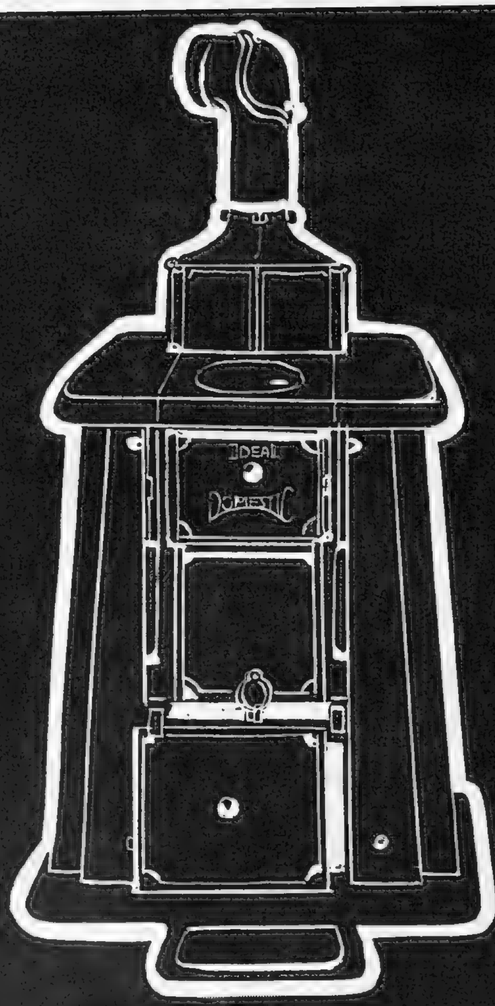
1st row : Knit.
2nd row : K. 2, p. 5, k. 2.

Repeat these 2 rows, working 1 strip 84 ins. long for outer edge; 1 strip 17 ins. long for collar, and 2 strips 7½ ins. long for sleeve edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves, arranging fullness to top of shoulders. Place lapels and collar on to lining, cut to shape and slip stitch to edges. Sew on lapels and collar. Fold edgings in half, lengthwise, and sew to outer edges of coat, collar and sleeves. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

Six Stoves in



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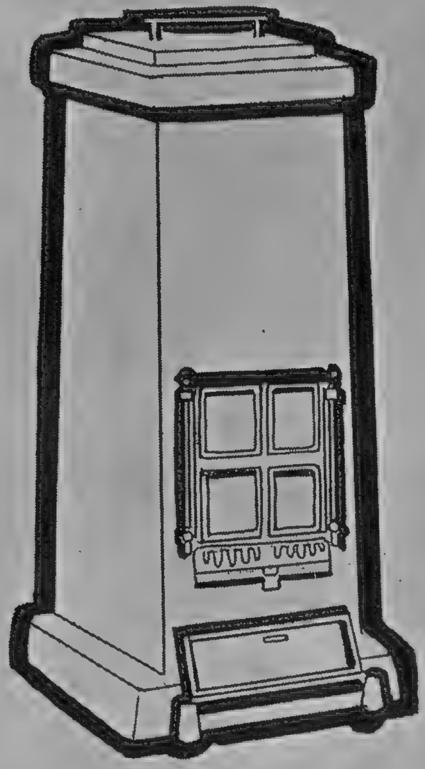

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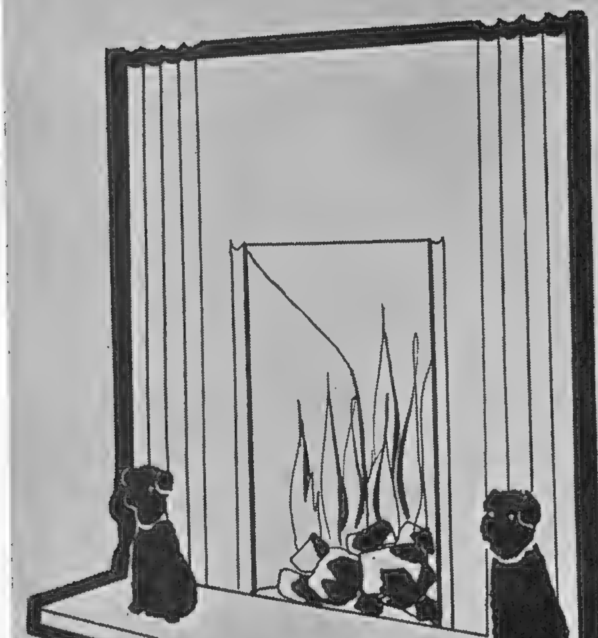


4

1 Ideal Boiler—Economical, efficient, kitchen unit for family use. Can be fuel or gas controlled, the latter with a thermostat which automatically maintains hot-water supply without attention. PhurnoD is a smokeless fuel from which foreign matter and excessive ash have been eliminated. Efficient and economical for slow combustion stoves

2 The Tortoisette gives controlled heat at a selected temperature. Burns washed anthracite for fourteen to twenty hours without attention

3 The Cozy open fire stove. Easy to install, easy to light, easy to maintain and clean. Will burn any fuel and heat the water too

4 Smokeless coal has its advantages for every type of stove. Smokeless fuel in an open grate saves dust and chimney sweeping and is also clean to handle

5 Courtier Stove. Heats by convection as well as by radiation. Cost of fuel is estimated at 5d. for twenty-four hours. Coloured enamel finish

6 The absence of fluctuating temperatures is a feature of the Esse stove. Burns many hours without attention at a low cost

Search of Owners

You mean to be comfortable this winter. You are resolved to do away with out-of-date heating methods, and to luxuriate in warm even temperatures, in masses of hot water.

You have thought the matter out, realised that the expense of a new installation will save you money in subsequent cost of maintenance. You are all set to put the job in hand but uncertain which type of stove will best suit your needs.

Here are six highly tested heating units. We can tell you what they offer. You must decide the rest.

If it is a kitchen unit you need, something that will provide endless quantities of hot baths for a family, a stove that will heat the kitchen cosily and burn refuse too, the Ideal Boiler needs your consideration. Can be operated by gas if you prefer.

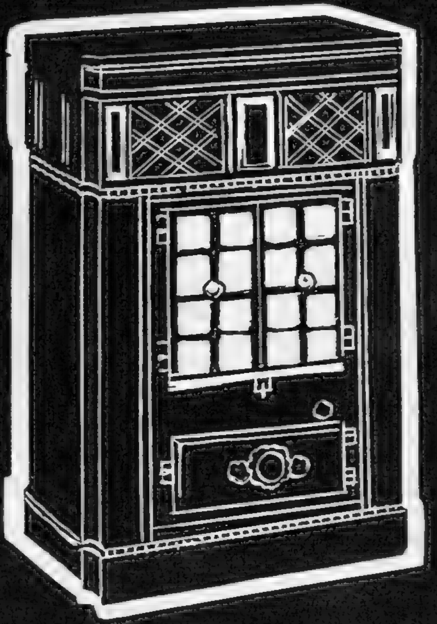
Suppose you have a nursery, a hall, a flat that you leave all day, any place where a fire that can be left many hours without attention is an advantage. The Esse stove may suit you. Steady warmth, the complete absence of fluctuating temperatures makes this a good choice.

The Courtier is a similar type of unit, worthy to hold a place of honour in the sitting-room, easy to clean, simple to maintain. Economical.

The Tortoisette, an automatically controlled anthracite stove, this burns fourteen to twenty hours without attention.

Each stove is supreme in its class. Each adaptable to some particular need. Yours perhaps.

If the subject of heating the house interests you, write and explain your needs to, The Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C., who will gladly send you particulars of any apparatus considered suitable



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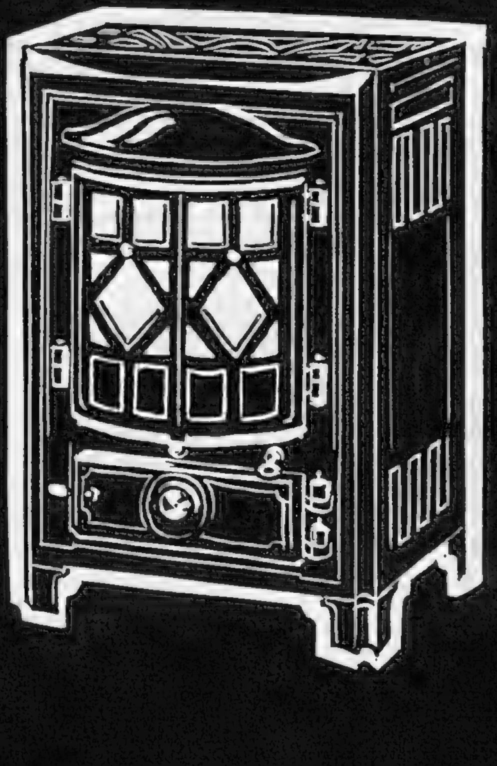

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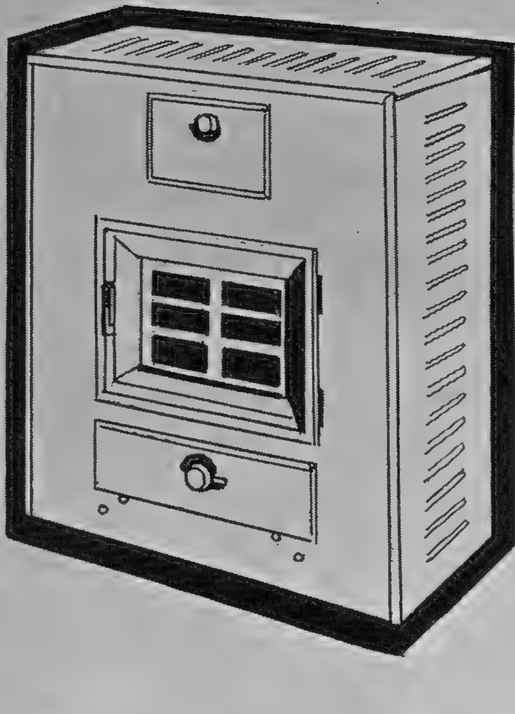

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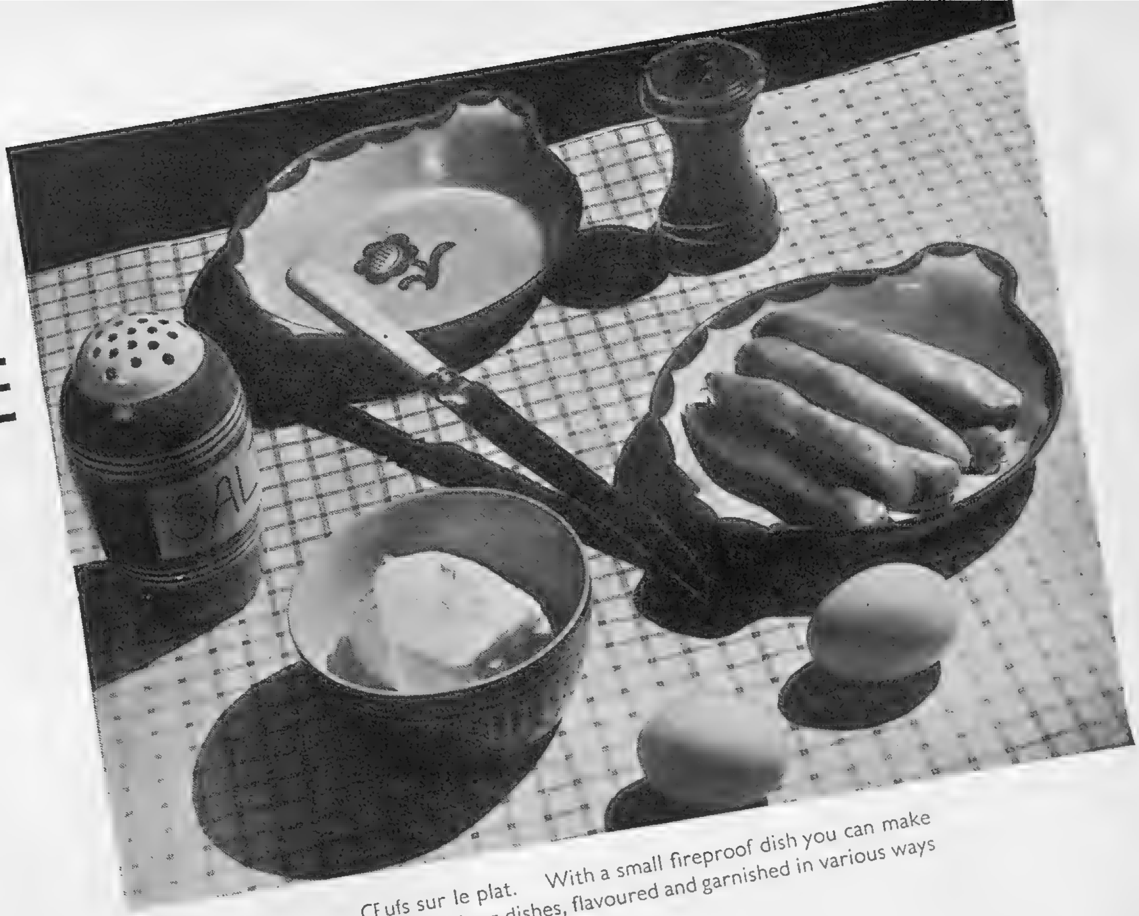
EAT ALONE AND LIKE IT



Œufs sur le plat. With a small fireproof dish you can make all sorts of egg dishes, flavoured and garnished in various ways

Too many people who live alone get slack about cooking. They think any food will do. They think it is not worth making an effort to cook for themselves, less worth making an effort to cook for other people.

It is easy enough to get into this state of mind which leads to the sausage-on-a-tray-each-night meal which, admirable as it is occasionally, is really rather monotonous.

There is no reason why people who live alone should not cook civilised meals.

A small kitchen or even kitchenette is no drawback. On the contrary, it is an advantage to have everything in reach: the stove near sink, table, store cupboard and refrigerator.

You need very few pots and pans, just a frying pan, two saucepans (one large, one small) and a good *sauté* pan. These with a metal casserole, which could take the place of the large saucepan, will be all you need for quite a dinner-party. A wooden spoon, a kitchen fork and spoon, two really sharp cook's knives, one or two fireproof serving dishes in which you can both cook and serve.

Many people say that you can't have soup unless you are a family because you must have stock and soup takes so long to make. Well, try these and see.

Tomato Soup for One or Two People, Without Stock

One onion.
Two tomatoes.
Salt, pepper, bacon fat.

Peel the onion and cut it up and brown it in a little bacon fat. Add the tomatoes cut up roughly and fry together for five minutes or so. Do this in a saucepan and then add boiling water; one and a third portions of water if you are one, three portions if you are two. Simmer for twenty minutes and pass through a strainer or colander. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Potage Normande

Two potatoes, one or two leeks.
Parsley, salt, pepper, butter.
Milk, one egg yolk (these for a variation).

Here you can make soup for two days. Peel vegetables, chop them and brown them in butter, in the saucepan. Add salt and pepper, also three portions of boiling water. Simmer for about twenty minutes and then mash the potatoes against the sides of the saucepan with a fork.

Now you have a simple vegetable soup which you eat the first night.

The next day reheat what is left of the soup, adding a tablespoonful of milk. Put the yolk of an egg into a cup, dilute it with a tablespoonful of milk and pour into the soup *off the fire*.

Do not let it boil again or the soup will curdle. Result, a creamy soup fit for any party; so, having tried it on yourself, you can afterwards serve it to your friends, increasing the quantities according to the number of people.

Œufs sur le Plat

Two eggs.
Bacon or chipolata sausages.
Butter, salt, pepper.

With a small fireproof dish, you can make all sorts of egg dishes, flavoured and garnished in various ways. Warm the dishes first over a very slow fire. Add a tiny piece of butter, then put in two rashers of bacon cut into four pieces or three or four chipolata sausages. Brown these on both sides, move them to the sides and drop in two eggs. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook very slowly until the whites of the eggs are set.

Filleted Fish en Goujon

Two fish fillets or a small piece of white fish.
One potato, flour.
Lemon juice, parsley, salt, pepper, butter.

Get a small piece of white fish or two fillets, cut in small pieces and roll in flour. Peel the potato, cut into small cubes and brown in butter until the potato is cooked. Add the pieces of fish and cook for a minute or two—when the fish is golden brown it is almost done—stirring well or shaking the pan.

Add salt, pepper and just before serving a squeeze of lemon juice. Turn into a hot serving dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Tournedos Chez Soi

One small round of fillet of beef.
One tomato, two small potatoes, parsley.
Butter, salt, pepper.

The tournedos is a small round

(*Continued on page* 79)

WINTER DINNER PARTY

Crême de Legumes

Mixed vegetables.
Milk, two egg yolks.
Butter, salt, pepper, herbs.
Pearl tapioca.

Peel and cut up one pound of mixed vegetables (onions, carrots, leeks, potatoes) and brown for a few minutes in a saucepan with a little butter. Add salt, pepper, a bunch of herbs (thyme, parsley, a bay leaf) and hot water—one-third more of water than you will require of soup.

Bring to the boil and simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Pass through a sieve into a clean saucepan, squashing the vegetables through. Bring to the boil again; see that there is enough salt and pepper and stir thoroughly to make a smooth *purée*. Now add two spoonfuls (table) of pearl tapioca and boil for another eight minutes.

Put the yolks of two eggs in a teacup and stir them, filling up the cup, little by little, with milk. Pour this into the soup off the fire and serve in individual bowls with a little plucked chervil or parsley on top of each.

Salade Lorette

Cooked beetroot.
Celery, corn salad or lambs' lettuce.
Oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, parsley, mustard.

You want equal proportions of beetroot, celery and corn salad. If the latter is not available, use some other green stuff.

Wash the corn salad lightly and dry it thoroughly. Put into a large bowl and add strips of beetroot and celery. Mix thoroughly and dress as follows: Put a tablespoonful of vinegar to soak with salt and a small mustardspoonful of prepared mustard.

Add two tablespoonsful of olive-oil, stir thoroughly and pour over the salad, mixing again thoroughly.

Partridge Rôti

To serve a roast partridge for a grand dinner party, the French method should be used; that is, each bird should be placed on a "rôti," which is a neat piece of fried bread spread with foie gras and moistened with the gravy from the birds.

In this case, do not serve bread sauce or a second vegetable especially as you have an elaborate salad as well. Plain fried or rissolées potatoes are all that are necessary.

Pêches Flambées

One peach for each person.
Kirschwasser.
Soft sugar.

Put the peaches whole into boiling water for a minute or so, and then peel them. You can then either poach them lightly in sweetened water or not; I prefer not, as the nicest way is to have a cool peach with the flaming hot spirit juice.

Anyway, put your whole peaches (either poached or raw) well dried into a silver dish. Sprinkle generously with castor sugar and stand the dish on a spirit lamp. Pour over some kirsch—a puddingspoonful for each peach—warm it a little and set it alight.

Baste the peaches with the flaming liquid until the flames die down naturally.

BETTER COOKING BY A. H. ADAIR

Informal Menu

Crême de legumes.
Fried fillets of fish, tomato sauce.
Roast pheasant a l'anglaise
Chipped potatoes.
Salad.
Compôte of figs.

Grand Party Menu

Oysters or
Caviare pancakes.
Consommé.
Preadreaux rôtis.
Pommes rissolées.
Salade lorette.
Pêches flambées.
Petits fours.

Compôte of Figs

Two small figs for each person.
Lemon peel, a small stick of cinnamon sugar.

Put a small stick of cinnamon in a saucepan with the rind of a lemon and lump sugar (a handful). Cover with water and bring to the boil. Peel the figs whole, and put them to poach in the liquid.

When they are quite soft, but keeping them whole, remove them and put them in a glass serving dish.

Boil the liquid, letting it get thick and syrupy, and pour it over the figs, leaving in the piece of cinnamon and lemon peel. Serve cold.

Caviare Pancakes

Pancake butter.
Pressed caviare.
Lemon, pepper.

Make an ordinary pancake batter, without sugar. Cook the pancakes in the usual way, keeping them as thin as possible. Lay them out flat on the board, spread with the pressed caviare, dust with pepper and sprinkle over lemon juice. Roll the pancakes and serve as an alternative to oysters.

Preadreaux rôtis with salade lorette and pommes rissolées

I'll Tell You All I Know

by Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

It is true to say that there need be no plain women in our time; an achievement for which we have modern surgery and modern chemistry to thank. The homely woman can achieve glamour by putting herself in the hands of a beauty and dress stylist. If she has some big disability like a cast in the eye, ugly teeth, a hooked nose, or a birthmark, these can be got rid of.

In the matter of a birthmark, an operation is now hardly necessary, for, from America comes a preparation which, it is claimed, entirely hides the worst port wine birthmark, mole, or other blemish.

It is a special cream to rub in over the mark, and by providing a complete, opaque covering, makes it indistinguishable from the rest of the skin. It can be used on any part of the body and is impervious to perspiration, changes of temperature, rain, sun or sea bathing.

With the new scraped up hair set, many a grey hair which, hitherto has lurked in the shadows, has popped up demanding its place in the sun.

Perhaps the new hair style and its consequences is not your worry, but the more serious one of facing the problem of premature greyness, is. You are nervous of having your hair dyed, but you feel that something must be done about reviving that faded glory?

I suggest that you investigate the claims and really astonishing proofs, of the efficiency of a hair tonic sponsored by a famous firm of chemists, for restoring the natural colour to the hair, without dyeing.

It contains among other substances vital to the health of the hair, a percentage of sulphur. Sulphur is one of the best remedies for dandruff, and dandruff is one of the most frequent causes of greying hair.

It is guaranteed to contain no copper, silver or other injurious substances, but by its perfectly natural biological action peps up the hair-roots and makes them do their work, which is supplying pigment to the hair.

Invisible gloves sounds like something out of a fairy story. The discovery of a formula which gives complete protection to the hands when doing manual work, is not a fairy story, but a fact with history behind it.

The girls in a Manchester factory sent a deputation to the management to complain that their work was ruining their hands; for you can't control machinery in gloves.

Now the bosses of this factory are human people and so they requested their smartest chemists to put their thinking caps on and devise something to protect the workers' hands. After a while, said chemists emerged triumphant with a cream for rubbing on the hands before starting work. The girls promptly christened it "Invisible Glove." And so it is. The cream has lately been put on the market and housewives, gardeners and all who do work about the place, are finding it invaluable. When the job is finished, all you have to do is to wash the hands in the usual way and off comes the invisible film with the grease and dirt adhering to it, leaving the skin soft, clean and unlined. Price per tube, 6d. Larger size, 1s.

The Frenchwoman coquettes with her perfume. We, I am sorry to say, merely use it. A dab in the morning; two, or maybe three, dabs at night, when we are dressed for going out, and that's about all of it. I suspect that the fascinating handbag perfume pump I have just been presented with was designed for her, rather than for me. But I shall use it. The most precious perfume can be carried in it without fear of spilling or even of evaporation. It is about the size of a thick lipstick and the spray is worked like a tiny pump. You can take it between your finger and thumb and with the lightest pressure spray your hands or ears or, if you feel that way, the back of your neck, without anyone knowing what you are at, except that a heavenly aroma suddenly envelopes you.

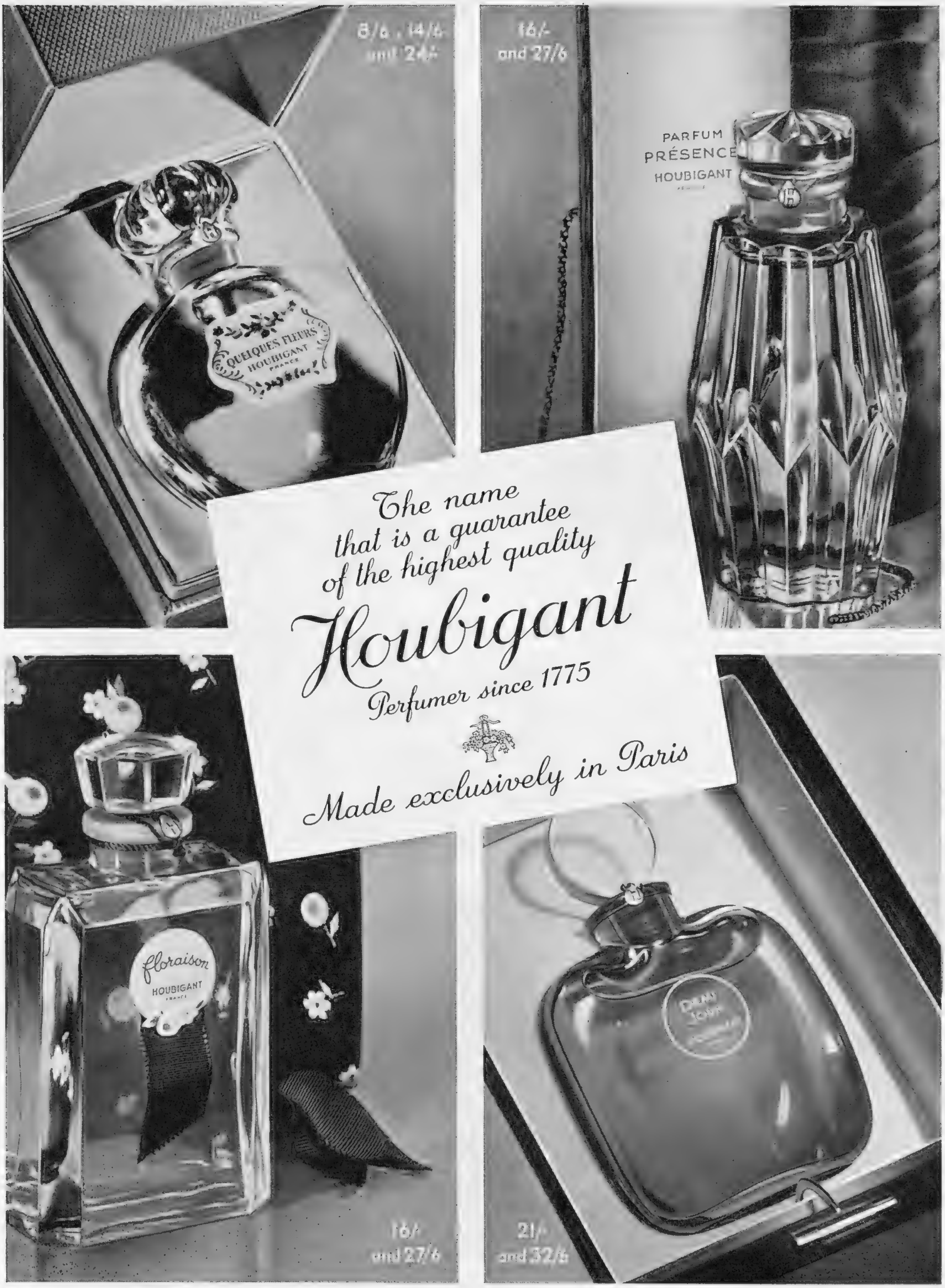
November is zero month for beauty. November . . . it just gets under your skin, and what it does there is nobody's business except a beauty specialist's. Especially is November hard on the supersensitive skin. For in this dark month of fogs and rain, it is necessary to take drastic steps towards keeping the pores clean. Three or four times a day is not too often to clean the face.

Just in time, then, I have news of a new cleansing preparation in solid form which has just been released to the general public. When I tell you that it is used extensively in maternity hospitals in America for newly-born babies, I think even the most thin-skinned reader should sit up and take notice. The cream is not perfumed, neither is it put up in fancy boxes, it is just a hundred per cent medically pure cleansing cream that is as well known in the U.S.A. by doctors and nurses as it is by the discerning woman of fashion.

To make it known over here, the manufacturers are offering a giant jar for 2s. post free.

You may skip this paragraph, but if, as husbands will, he takes the magazine from you and reads it from cover to cover, he will certainly bring the matter up against you. For I have yet to meet a married couple who, at sometime or another haven't blown the domestic works sky-high over socks. Lost socks; holey socks; socks as stiff as boards; shrunken socks. Well, on my rounds, I discovered that you can now buy specially designed boards for drying socks. The boards must first be warmed and the socks are then pulled over. By this method there is no danger of shrinkage and the socks will dry in ten minutes instead of dangling about the place for hours.

Tennis, fishing and shooting socks which become stiff through wet and sweat, should be pulled over the boards overnight. They will be soft and fresh in the morning. Price, 1s. 6d. a pair.


8/6, 14/6 and 24/-
16/- and 27/6
PARFUM PRÉSENCE HOUBIGANT
QUELQUES FLEURS HOUBIGANT FRANCE
Floraison HOUBIGANT FRANCE
16/- and 27/6
21/- and 32/6

The name that is a guarantee of the highest quality

Houbigant

Perfumer since 1775

Made exclusively in Paris

Confidently Recommended

You are not pessimistic, only prepared, if you have started to think of winter illnesses and what is best for the invalid when very little food can be taken.

Brand's Essence is the answer. It is delicious, easily assimilated, and puts no strain whatever on the system or digestive organs. Freshly killed meat is the only constituent, and the gelatine content is natural. If necessary, you can spoonfeed it from the jar.

Keep it in mind this winter, or perhaps in the cupboard would be better. It's just what the doctor will order. Prices 2s. 6d., 2s. 9d. and 3s. from most chemists.

Women seem to be acquiring lovelier lines every day. They take more care with their figures, granted, but for glorifying that care, for giving a perfectly groomed line, modern corsetières have to be thanked.

M. Roussel, for instance, an artist in the corsetry world, approaches every figure with the desire to stress its good points and minimise its bad. He has evolved his own material—the special Roussel tricot—which, while revealing beauty of line, actually assists in its creation by massaging away unnecessary tissue.

Whether you want a tulle brassière at 21s., a long belt from £4 14s., a hip belt from £2 2s., or any other foundation garment, Roussel experts will deal individually with your personal figure problem. If, after a few months of the slimming action, adjustments are necessary to a belt, these are made free of charge.

If you cannot manage a visit to any of the *salons* (and they are in nearly all the larger towns) you can write to them at 179/181, Regent Street, London, W.1, for detailed instructions for self-measurement.

Juvena underclothes are perfect garments, contributing comfort, line and attraction

Women snuggle into their under woollies with a certain feeling of apprehension. They are warm, but what about that silhouette?

Juvena underclothes have solved the problem. They are cosy, made of the softest wool, or wool mixture and spun silk, and they cling sleekly to the figure.

The vests have a fully-fashioned brassière top, with lastex braid threaded through a lace insertion to ensure perfect fit.

Here are perfect garments, combining comfort, line, and attraction, in a range of pastel shades with contrast trims and posies. Prices range from 2s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.

Ironing away wrinkles from the housewife's brow is not really the job of the "Dreadnought Swan Brand" iron, but it is so perfectly designed, so easy to handle, that it almost does that.

Built to give life-long service (guaranteed for five years), it has a bevelled nose end to the sole plate that sneaks helpfully under buttons and over pleats.

There is a special thumb rest to give the final touch to hand comfort, and the flex is coiled around the handle in such a way as to keep the flex from contact with any hot metal parts.

Every detail has been carefully thought out to give the utmost service. It costs 15s.

Just now, the time when you most need it, Allenburys Diet gives an extra dash of nutriment in a most easily digested form.

It is made from fresh full cream milk, whole wheat, and synthetic Vitamin D, is an easily prepared, delectable food beverage.

Take it at night, it will build up your nerves with sound sleep. Take it as a mid-morning pull-up, and your day will spin along. It is soothing, nourishing, bone-building, and generally toning.

You just mix it with milk, and stir. It is sold in tins at 2s. 1d., 4s. and 7s. 6d. from most good chemists and stores. If you are wary, and would like to try a little first, send 2d. in stamps to Allen and Hanbury, Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, and you will receive a sample.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

British-made soap is famous for purity and French perfume for subtle sophistication, so that the combination of the two in Bourjois's range of soaps is particularly happy.

Such exquisite perfumes as "Evening in Paris" and "Rose Geranium" are now blended with pure superfatted soaps, the process of manufacture being laboratory-controlled from start to finish.

If you want a soap that is almost a beauty treatment, there is the specially prepared Facial Soap that combines soap and cream and yet is so inexpensive that you can use it all over the body.

Bourjois Facial Soap is almost a beauty-treatment in itself

Perfume

Blue Grass
Eau de Toilette
ELIZABETH ARDEN
NIGHT AND DAY
BLUE GRASS

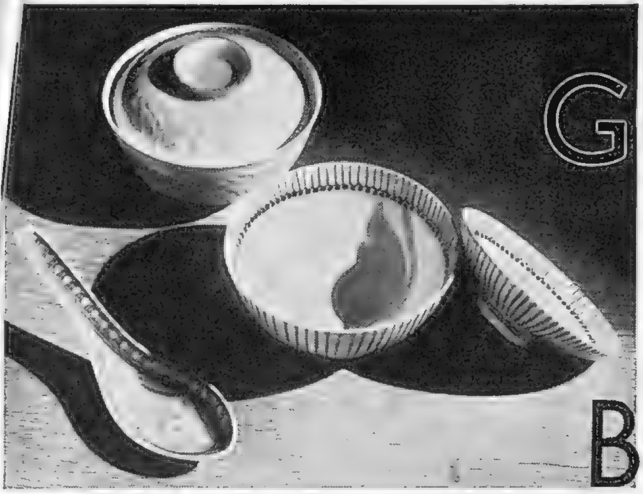
Invisible—yet your companion throughout the day . . . inaudible—yet as stimulating as a breath of music . . . every Elizabeth Arden perfume is an exquisite harmony—lingering yet delicate — subtle but fresh. Among Elizabeth Arden's perfume stars are—

NIGHT AND DAY ★ Perfume 12/6, 35/-, 3 gns.
★ Eau de Toilette 17/6, 30/-. BLUE GRASS ★
Perfume 12/6 to 7 gns. ★ Eau de Toilette 30/-

Elizabeth Arden
Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

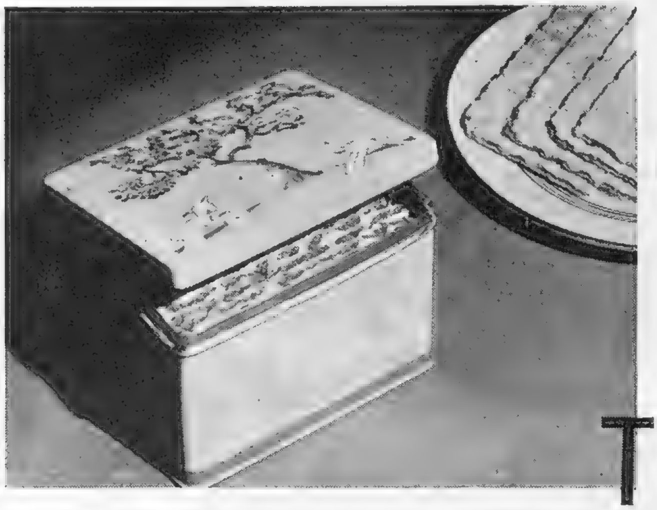
GOOD BUYS OF THIS MONTH



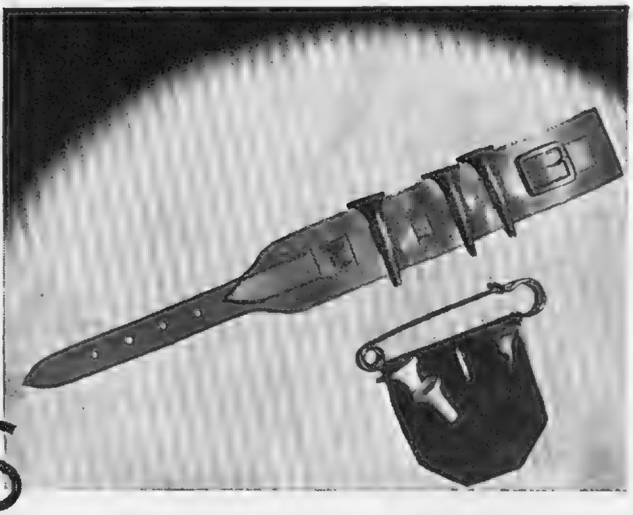
These china bowls would be ideal for soup, and the lids can be used for finger bowls, or small fruit dishes. White bowl and lid, price 5s. 6d. Striped blue and white bowl and lid, price 3s. (Postage 9d. each, 1s. 9d. for six)

AUTOBRIDGE
PLAYING BOARD

The Auto-Bridge is a most ingenious device for bridge players, helping the novice to learn the game and experienced players to improve their technique. One person may play bridge by himself by the aid of this invention. Price 15s. (Postage 6d.)



An oblong biscuit tin, just the right size for Ryvita, very attractively hand painted in blue, green, and pink. Price 4s. 6d. (Postage 6d.)



A golf brooch for skirt or belt with tees and score pencil, made of leather in red, blue, green or black. Leather wrist strap for golf tees. Price 1s. 6d. each. (Postage 3d.)

Individual pepper and salt pots made of Catalin, the new plastic material which is non-inflammable, odourless, with a permanent high polish, impervious to domestic acids. The colours of this apple and pear cruet set are: blue, orange, red and yellow with stalks of white metal. Price 3s. 6d. each. (Postage 6d.)

Strongly-made leather log or coal bucket which has been adapted from an old hat box. Measures 8 in. high, 14 in. across. Price 14s. 6d. (Carriage 6d. outside London delivery area)

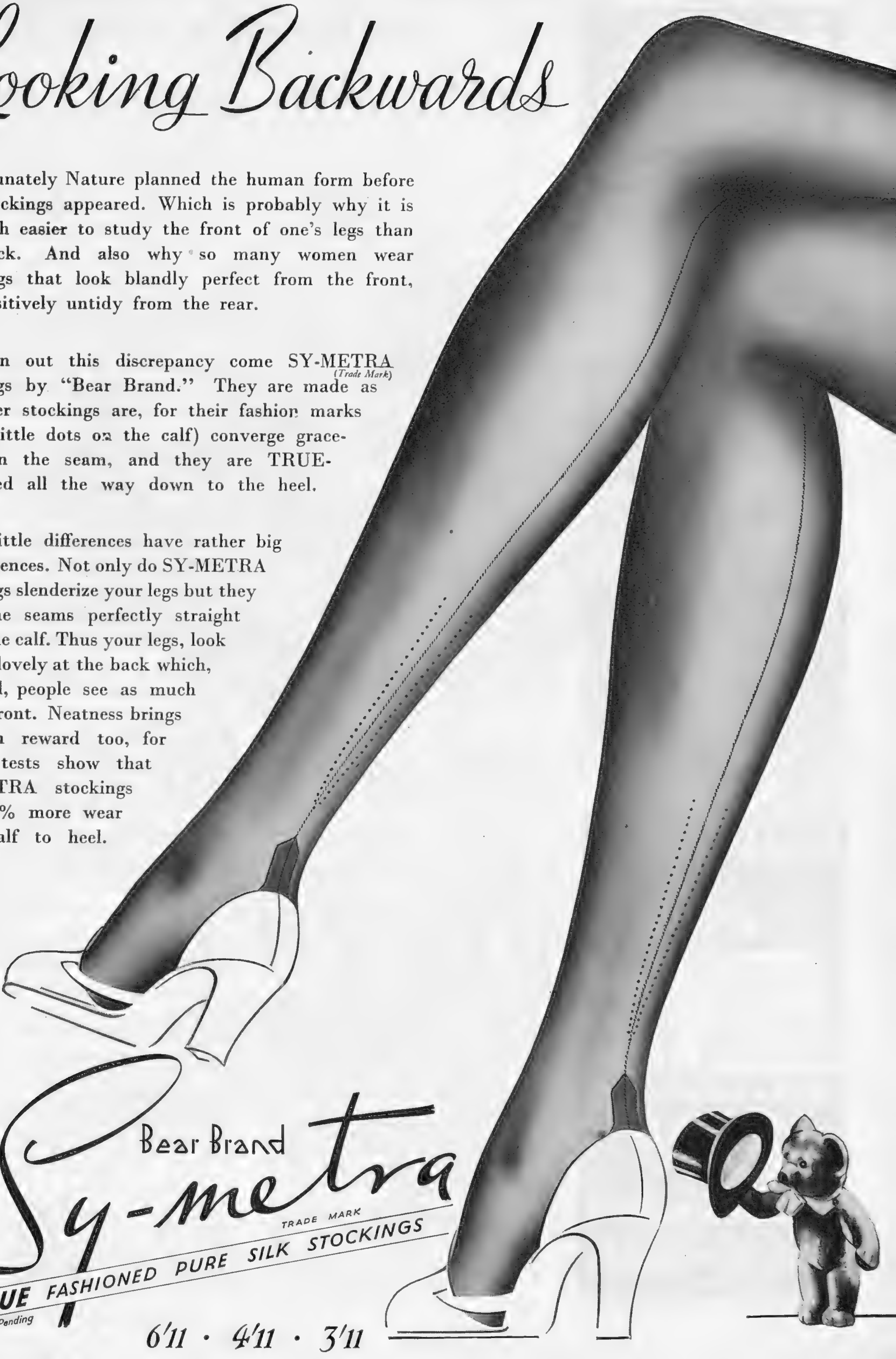
Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4 for addresses from which these articles can be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (NO cheques please) and we will see that the goods are dispatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

Looking Backwards

Unfortunately Nature planned the human form before silk stockings appeared. Which is probably why it is so much easier to study the front of one's legs than the back. And also why so many women wear stockings that look blandly perfect from the front, but positively untidy from the rear.

To even out this discrepancy come SY-METRA *(Trade Mark)* stockings by "Bear Brand." They are made as no other stockings are, for their fashion marks (those little dots on the calf) converge gracefully on the seam, and they are TRUE-fashioned all the way down to the heel.

These little differences have rather big consequences. Not only do SY-METRA stockings slenderize your legs but they keep the seams perfectly straight down the calf. Thus your legs, look just as lovely at the back which, after all, people see as much as the front. Neatness brings its own reward too, for actual tests show that SY-METRA stockings give 30% more wear from calf to heel.



Bear Brand

Sy-metra

TRADE MARK

TRUE FASHIONED PURE SILK STOCKINGS

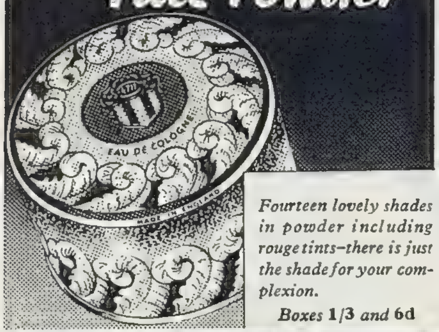
Patents Pending

6/11 · 4/11 · 3/11

Avoid perfume clashes - use '4711' Aids-to-Beauty

Smart women say clashing in perfumes is as bad as clashing in colours! So smart women choose "4711" Eau de Cologne Aids-to-Beauty . . . because the fresh fragrance of Eau de Cologne cannot, will not 'fight' with any other perfume. You just get the freshness — no perfume battle!

Face Powder



Fourteen lovely shades in powder including rouge tints—there is just the shade for your complexion.

Boxes **1/3** *and* **6d**

'Matt-Creme'
TRADE MARK
The '4711' Vanishing Cream

4711
Matt-Creme
The '4711' Vanishing Cream
ENGLAND

An ideal day-cream and the best foundation for your powder.

Tubes with 'captive cap': **1/-** *and* **6d**
Pots **1/3** *and* **2/-**

Toilet Soap

"4711" Eau de Cologne Cream Toilet Soap.
8d *the tablet:*
2/- *box of three.*
Also **"4711"** **Bath Soap,** *large tablet* **10½d**

There is a complete series of "4711" Eau de Cologne Aids-to-Beauty

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

'4711' Slough, Bucks. Prices for U.K. only (BA 10

It Happened in China

(*Continued from page 11*)

an hotel. It would depend upon the reason."

Godfrey laughed. "Well that goes for English girls too."

"I have too far to go to reach my home to-night, so I have told the reception clerk I shall stay here." Son Cha spoke in a completely self-possessed way.

The Lotus Pool, Shanghai's latest dancing place, was packed. The clientèle represented every race in the world except Africans and Japanese.

Godfrey remarked on the absence of Japanese. "Do they not come into the International Settlement?" he asked.

"Oh yes, if they have business to do. They come to apologise to the Consuls General of Great Britain, America and France when their sailors have boarded a foreign ship, or their bombs have caused damage. They are always most polite." She looked across the floor. "The officer I want you to meet is coming in now. He has seen me and is walking towards our table; invite him to sit down."

Godfrey saw a man of about thirty, wearing a dinner jacket, crossing the floor; his manner in the cosmopolitan gathering made his nationality abundantly clear; he looked as well pleased with himself as a water lily in an open drain.

The officer walked up to the table where Godfrey and Son Cha were sitting and greeted the Chinese General's daughter with great cordiality. "I was wondering if you would be here to-night. Awful crush as usual."

Son Cha presented her friend. "Captain Peters—Mr. Godfrey."

"Won't you sit down?" Godfrey asked.

"Mr. Godfrey is in China on business," Son Cha explained. "I told him you would be able to advise him about going to Canton."

"When are you going?" Peters asked Godfrey.

"I want to start to-morrow."

"That will be all right; you'll get down Friday; things will be quiet by then. The Japs are having a show at six o'clock to-morrow morning and another at twelve. They sent in a copy of their operation orders just before I left the office. Infernal cheek!" Peters said, "warning ships not to use a recognised trade route between certain hours. But there it is, signed by General Peko himself."

"Who is he?"

"The Chief of the Japanese General Staff. He came into Shanghai this morning."

Son Cha broke in, speaking to Godfrey. "General Peko is staying at our hotel; when I went to reserve a room I saw his name in the visitors' book."

"Are you staying at the Astor Hotel too?" Peters asked Son Cha.

"Why do you look so surprised? Do you expect me to sleep in a junk?" Son Cha saw the young officer looking jealously from herself to Godfrey; he was displeased.

Godfrey took a cigarette from a packet and lit it; he was not conscious of the displeased officer; or the music played by the very excellent Manila band. He was wondering how to get out of a situation he considered crazy. Obviously the gas crystals were intended for General Peko, Chief of the Japanese General Staff, who had that day notified the Powers of another air raid on Canton. From the Chinese point of view a most suitable revenge. But Godfrey decided they weren't going to get him mixed up in it! He was not going to murder a man in his bedroom in a big hotel in the heart of the International Settlement. He would be hanged for a certainty.

THEY stayed at the Lotus Pool a couple of hours. While they were there Godfrey kept his thoughts to himself. For one thing he knew that if he betrayed Son Cha he would be unlikely to get out of Shanghai. So he waited till he and the Chinese girl were on their way back to the Astor Hotel. Then he made a grab for her handbag.

The nose of an automatic pressed into his ribs made him draw back into a corner of the taxi.

"I've guessed the game and you are not going through with it," he said, feeling for the door of the taxi.

"The driver of the taxi is one of Tsing Hei's men," Son Cha said. "Do you want him to take you back to Tsing Hei?"

Godfrey did not fancy this.

"I tell you I won't have anything to do with it. It's crazy."

"I have not signed your cheque."

"I don't want a cheque. Give me that tobacco pouch."

"To-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning you will be in the International Settlement jail and so shall I."

Son Cha removed the automatic from his ribs; he saw they were approaching the entrance to the hotel. Godfrey did not know what to do. He could not raise an alarm without incriminating himself; for they would find the tins of crystals in his baggage.

He said. "I am not going to stay in this hotel to-night and my luggage isn't staying either."

To his surprise Son Cha answered. "That is all right, so long as you do not talk."

"I shan't talk," Godfrey said.

Son Cha got out of the taxi: "At what time does your boat sail?"

Godfrey said that the boat was sailing at 6 a.m.

Son Cha spoke in Chinese to the driver of the taxi; then turned to Godfrey. "You can tell the night reception clerk you have decided to go on by the boat. Ask him to bring your baggage down. The driver will take you to the pier. Will you be satisfied with that?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I have only to sign the cheque, which I will do while they put the baggage in the taxi."

They went into the lounge of the Astor Hotel. Son Cha sat down at a desk, signed the cheque, and gave it to Godfrey. He held the piece of paper in his hand and watched his baggage being carried out to the taxi. It all seemed incredibly easy. He looked again at Son Cha; she was standing by his side, her slanting black eyes expressionless as she watched the porters carry the baggage past. In the eyes of China she would be a patriot; but International Settlement law would not look at it like that. She had not a chance. A streak of decency stirred in Godfrey. He held out the cheque form.

"Give me back that stuff and I'll give you back your cheque."

Son Cha shook her head.

"If you try to kill Peko, they'll get you. You can't get away with gassing a man in a big hotel."

"I am not going to gas him," Son Cha said.

"All right then, but don't you try it," Godfrey said, pocketing the cheque.

ONLY when the papers reached Godfrey in the north did he realise what Son Cha had meant by her last and most mysterious remark.

The report said that General Peko, Chief of the Japanese General Staff, had been found dead in his bath at the Astor House Hotel. The cause of the death was a form of virulent, abdominal poisoning not yet determined. The only clue to date was a small glass jar, believed to have contained bath salts, found on a chair by the bath. The General's servant said his master had no bath salts himself, but thought it possible that he would have used any put out for him by the management. The well-known love of the Japanese for hot perfumed baths made this explanation quite possible.

END

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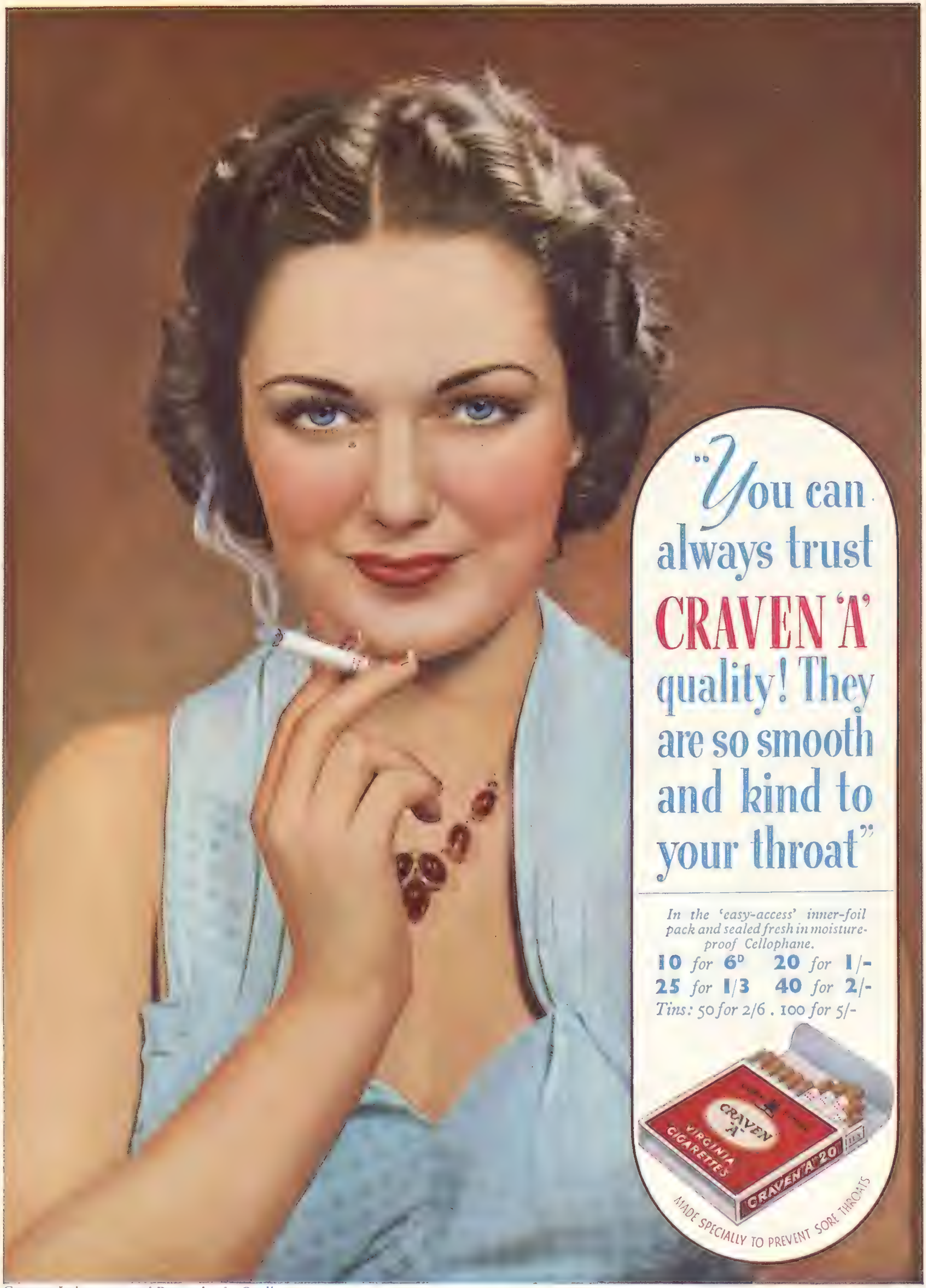
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Eat Alone and Like It

(Continued from page 68)

of beef cut from the fillet and free of all fat. You must make your butcher cut it for you and tie it round with a string. Melt a small piece of butter in the frying pan and brown the tournedos on both sides, sprinkling each with salt and pepper. Peel the tomato (this is quickly done if you soak it for a minute or two in boiling water), cut it in two and remove the seeds.

Peel the potatoes and cut them in small pieces.

Remove the tournedos and keep hot in a small serving dish or the plate. Put the potatoes to brown in the same pan in which you cooked the beef, and cook them for five minutes or so, stirring or tossing the pan. Remove these and put them with the beef.

Pour two tablespoonfuls of hot water into the pan and stir to make a little thin gravy or sauce. Add the tomato, squashing it roughly with a fork. Put back the potatoes, then the tournedos (having removed the string). Add more salt and pepper and cook together for about ten minutes, very slowly.

Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve. Do not think that you will have a gravy, the water and tomato make just a sort of sauce which is all that you require for this dish.

Veau Braisé aux Carrottes

One veal chop.
Two carrots.
Salt, pepper, butter, parsley.

Melt a small piece of butter in the saucepan or casserole and brown the veal chop—well trimmed of fat and gristle—on both sides.

Peel the carrots and cut into thin rounds and put them into the pan. Add salt, pepper, a bunch of parsley and a small teacupful of hot water. Bring to the boil, cover the pan with its lid and simmer gently for half or three-quarters of an hour.

Shake the pan occasionally and when ready to serve throw away the parsley. Put the veal chop in a hot dish or plate, dispose the carrots all round and pour over the gravy.

Chocolate Mousse

One white of egg.
A puddingspoonful of chocolate powder.
Soft sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Beat the cream stiffly, add the white of egg and beat again until frothy. Add the chocolate powder little by little, then the soft sugar, and you have a delicious sweet which is quickly and economically made. Choose this sweet on a day after you have had the yolk of egg for a soup.

Fried Apples

Two good small eating apples.
Butter, soft sugar, cinnamon powder.

Peel the apples, cut them in four and remove the cores. Melt a small piece of butter in a pan, add the apples, flat in the pan and not on top of each other. Cook the apples very slowly until soft and nicely browned on all sides and sprinkle them with cinnamon powder. Now add soft sugar and when this has melted turn into a hot serving dish.

END

The Milk Cure

(Continued from page 52)

ounces for a man, seven for a woman—once every hour for twelve hours. For the following twelve hours, overnight, nothing should be taken, so as to give the stomach a complete rest.

On the second day sip a glass of milk slowly through a straw—similar quantities—every half-hour over twelve hours, and continue the regime from this day on. (If a five-day or longer fast has been undergone, on the first day: take the glass of milk once every two hours; *second day*, once every hour; *third day*, once every half-hour.)

Patients afflicted by serious or wasting ailments should take the cure in bed, and provide for an ample change of bed linen, as the intake of so much fluid leads to heavy sweats. *These milk sweats are not weakening but health giving and body cleansing.* There should be a bed-gown for night and one for day, and each should be rinsed after wearing in a mild disinfectant.

Two warm baths of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, lasting twenty minutes each, should be taken by patients whether in bed or up. Those who are up and about should change their underclothing frequently. And all should have plenty of fresh air.

Obviously much exercise cannot be taken by anyone sipping a glass of milk every half-hour, but exercise helps the cure, and should be taken by those who are up before starting their milk, in the early morning.

A brisk hour's walk on rising, followed by a warm bath, sets the body in action. If thirsty, a glass of water can be sipped before the walk, or while lying in the bath. Even a glass of orange juice (two oranges) can be sipped in the bath, before milk is begun, as this acts as a laxative.

Indeed, if bowel action is slack, among those who have been used to constant purges, orange juice can also be sipped—freshly squeezed—at the rate of two desertspoonfuls after every glass of milk. Lukewarm enemas should also be used.

If, on the contrary, diarrhœa should appear, the milk should be skimmed. This is best done by placing the quart bottles of milk, sealed, in the refrigerator overnight, and taking off the cream next morning. If diarrhœa persists, it denotes a healing crisis, and a return should be made to the fast. (A healing crisis occurs when the organs of the body have been stimulated to a high pitch to throw off old toxins.) Fast also, if vomiting supervenes, as this is another sign of high-pressure body cleansing.

A slight nausea is often experienced after three or four days on milk, and can be dispersed by sucking a lemon after sipping the glass of milk, or taking a teaspoon of honey. Sugar should never be taken, and lemons should be baked in the oven ten minutes.

As much water as is desired should be drunk.

If old pains recur, as is often the case in rheumatism, grin and bear it. They signify a dispersal of the trouble. Catarrh may also temporarily increase with internal body cleaning.

A milk cure should last until full health is regained. This is often best achieved by breaking the diet with fasts at four-weekly intervals.

As has been said, this cure can be followed by workers at an office who care to sip a quart of milk at each of three fruit meals: supplementing the milk by either 12 to 15 dates, 3 to 4 ozs. raisins, or 6 to 8 figs. But such a quantity of milk at a time is apt to cause curds in the stomach.

A week's milk diet is usually ample to build up convalescents or those who are run-down, providing the time is set aside to follow the cure.

To break from it, continue the milk until noon. Have nothing except water until six o'clock, and then a light meal of poached egg and vegetables. On the second day, there can be a lunch at noon of steamed fish, vegetables and fruit, as more milk is discontinued.

On the third day, meat can appear, but milk and meat should never be taken at the same meal, as this overloads the stomach with protein.

Full fresh cow's milk is best, except for those who cannot digest so much cream. Milk is most digestible when sipped at a temperature of sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. This can be brought about by placing the glass in a pan of warm water.

END

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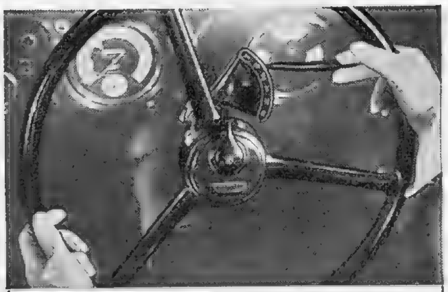

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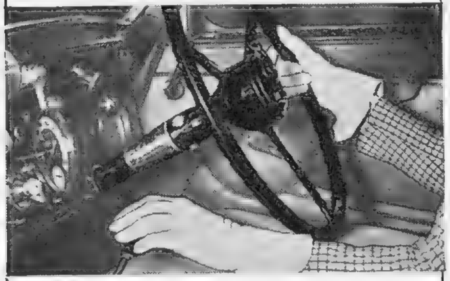

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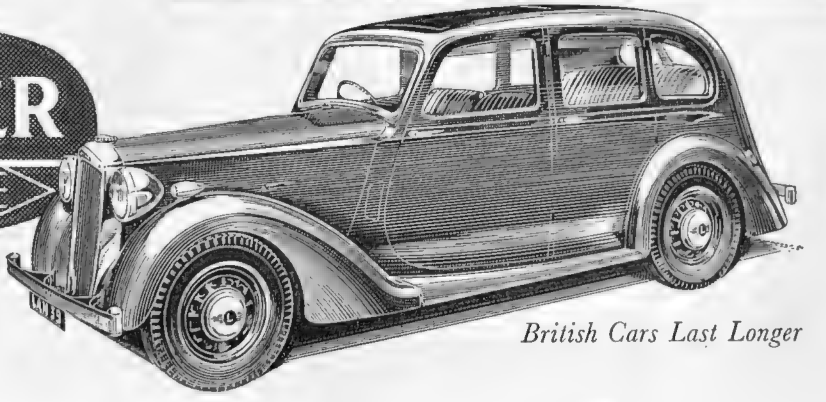

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Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

On a Slippery Surface

Where Skilled Driving Counts

By
The Earl of
Cardigan

"*Go soothingly on the Grease-mud; for there lurks the Skid Demon.*" So—report has it—used to run one of a series of Rules for Motorists issued by the Japanese police for the guidance of itinerant Europeans.

I have often wondered whether, in fact, these beautiful and cogent words were ever officially posted up, or whether some satirical foreigner was inspired to invent them. Possibly I may never know the truth of this (any more than I may know whether a certain Empress of China did, in fact, ordain that her Pekinese dogs should both "comport themselves with dignity," and also "bite the Foreign Devil instantly").

One would not remember these things, however, unless there was a considerable element of truth in them. To this day, Pekinese dogs are notorious both for their dignity of deportment and also for their readiness to bite instantly any person whom they are pleased to regard as a "foreign devil."

In the same way, it is unquestionable that the "Skid Demon" still lies in wait for the unwary, not only in the "grease-mud" but also wherever road surfaces are affected by frost, snow or even a layer of sodden autumn leaves.

I will go further, and insist that there is no better general rule for the avoidance of skidding than to "go soothingly" wherever such surfaces are encountered. It is not necessary to go slowly. Given a clear view, quite high speeds can be maintained, even over frozen snow. What is essential is to avoid any form of violent or jerky driving, involving sudden acceleration, sharp braking or any abrupt steering action.

The average driver is apt to think that a motor car, given suitable conditions, has a natural propensity to skid; but this is not so. I have myself had the experience of driving a car over a specially prepared "bad" surface (about an inch deep in heavy lubricating oil), and unquestionably the tendency to skid was nil, so long as I kept on a steady course at an even pace.

The skidding problem becomes a serious one—or only *need* become a serious one—when a car is compelled to make a sharp turn, or to accelerate powerfully or to stop suddenly, on a surface that is slippery or greasy. Such contingencies arise when, for instance, the car has been parked on a steep hill, and when a fall of rain has been followed by a sudden frost, so that the roadway becomes far more treacherous than the driver could have anticipated.

Somehow, in face of this difficulty, the car has to be started, turned, reversed and re-started. Sufficient power must be used to overcome the gradient. How can all this be achieved without, at some stage, giving the wheels an urge either to spin wildly round or to slide helplessly sideways?

The best chance of avoiding wheel-spin in such a case is as follows. Let the car be stopped, after each manœuvre, in such a position that it has a slight tendency to roll naturally in the direction which it is next required to take. When, for instance, one backs into a gatewae, it is nearly always possible to halt with the back wheels against a rising piece of ground, in such a way that, when the reverse gear is disengaged, the car has a momentary inclination to run forward.

If this can be done, there should be no wheel-spin as the forward gear comes into action; always provided that the driver is gentle with his clutch. A sudden engagement of the clutch will, of course, spoil the whole manœuvre.

A further point is that, if the hill is not too steep, second gear should be used in preference to first. As soon as the gradient permits, third gear should take the place of second. The risk of wheel-spin will always be lessened if, throughout, the driver uses the *highest* ratio in which the engine can function.

Gear changes should be made with the utmost smoothness, for even a jerky change may initiate a bout of wheel-spin which, once started, may be difficult to check. Where there is a sharp bend, this should never be "rushed." The car should be made to roll round it, and never be dragged round.

Occasionally, of course, one may encounter a surface so slippery, combined with a gradient so steep, that even the most perfectly smooth driving will not get the car up. In this event, the driver must resort to some abnormal expedient, such as letting nearly all the air out of the back tyres. When this is done, there is clearly a greater area of rubber in contact with the road, and therefore the wheels are better able to grip.

Two cautions must be given, however, in this connexion. The car must not be driven far on its semi-flat tyres; otherwise both the walls and valves of the tyres will be damaged, and perhaps ruined. Moreover, it must not be driven fast. The flatness of the tyres, although checking wheel-spin, will increase the tendency towards "tail-wag" or sideways skidding. Let the tyres therefore be blown up again as soon as the worst of the trouble is surmounted.

If, on muddy ground, the wheels tend to "dig themselves in," the laying of stones in the soft patch is not to be recommended. Many other substances give the wheels a better chance to grip: indeed, a muddy stone is of little or no help. Sacking is excellent, if any is obtainable. If not, bundles of bracken will serve the same purpose.

The vital point is that, wherever a bad patch of road surface can be "spotted," the car must be made to roll over it, urged by the minimum of acceleration, checked by the minimum of braking, and diverted by the least possible use of the steering mechanism.

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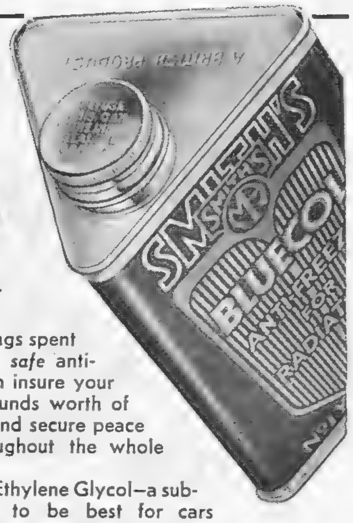

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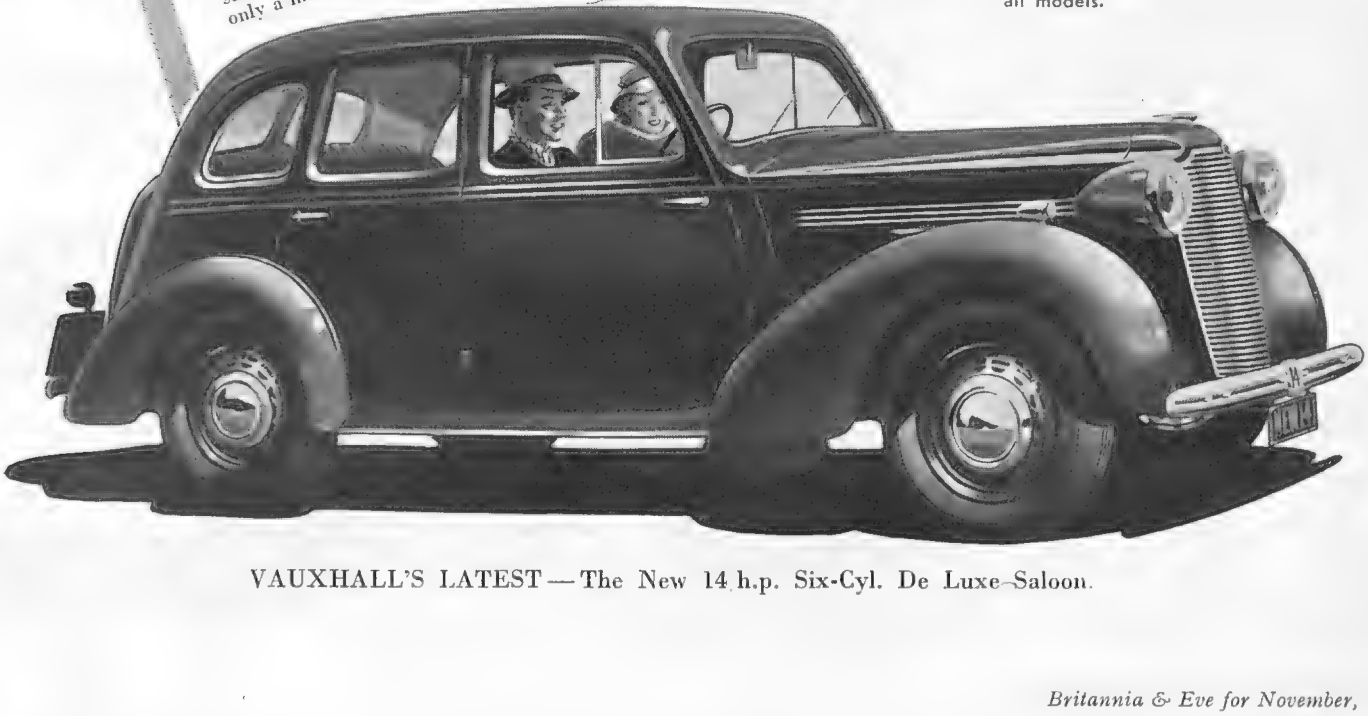

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4 **SAFETY** Hydraulic brakes give smooth, powerful, effortless braking. Improvements in technique have made it possible to give all models greater strength with less weight.

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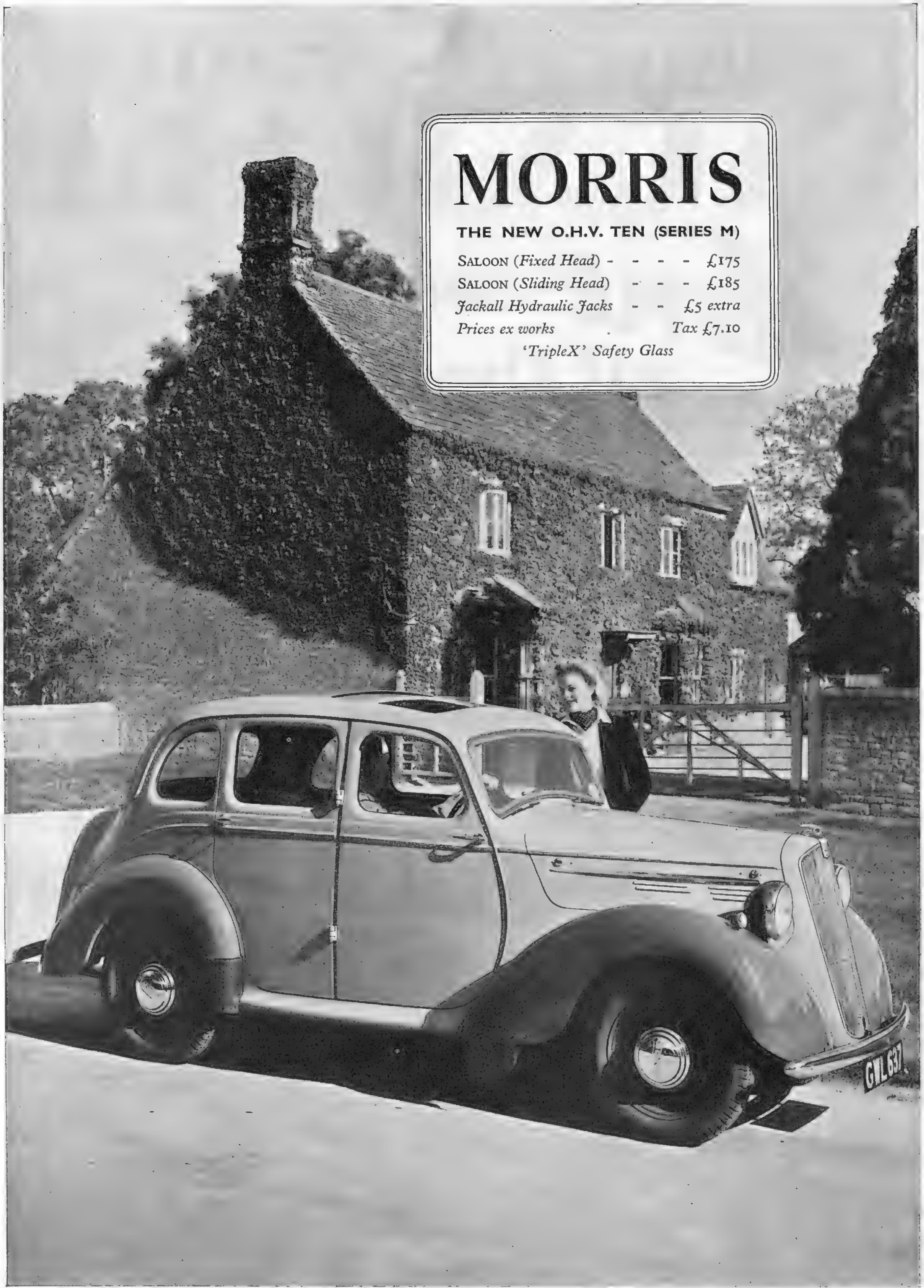

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Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

A Notably Luxurious Daimler

The "Straight-Eight" Limousine

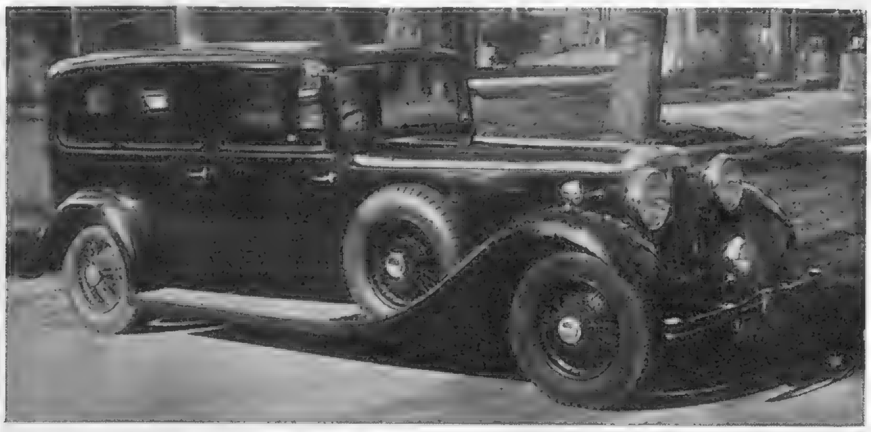
By The Earl of Cardigan

THE modern Daimler is a car which, although highly popular with those who know it, is still the subject of a good deal of misconception. I am frequently asked questions about it, in which the inquirer reveals a surprising lack of knowledge as to Daimler developments which have been going on during the past five or even ten years.

Let us begin, then, with a few generalisations. All modern Daimler cars have engines of an extremely efficient overhead-valve pattern. In the case of the smaller and lighter models, these engines give a most lively performance, enabling Daimler owners—when the spirit moves them—to "nip along" at really high average speeds.

The Daimler Limousine in brief

Engine: Eight cylinders in line, with overhead valves, 32 h.p.
Transmission: By fluid flywheel to four-speed pre-selective gearbox.
Performance: Third gear 55/60 m.p.h.; top gear 75 m.p.h.
Steering: Good, self-centres strongly
Springing: Semi-elliptic, efficient at all speeds.
Brakes: Of powerful Servo type.
Coachwork: By Hooper, very well planned, seating seven in real comfort.
Price: Limousine, £1,660.



THE 1939 Daimler "Straight-Eight," with coachwork by Messrs. Hooper & Co., is listed at £1,660. This model is particularly renowned for the luxury of the interior, and its roominess; the car carrying 8 people if required

All Daimlers have the fluid-flywheel transmission and pre-selective gearboxes; but these features are not designed solely in the interests of foolproof control. I once drove a Daimler over the Pyrenees—and I formed the definite opinion that the car tackled the gradients and hairpin bends a trifle faster, thanks to this transmission, than it would have done with an ordinary clutch and gearbox. Incidentally it never overheated—except once when a dishonest Spaniard sold me some "dud" petrol!

Of course, although Daimler cars as a whole are now far removed from the earlier "sedate" type, the larger models still are designed to prove the greatest possible degree of motoring luxury. An example of this is provided by the "Straight-Eight" Limousine in which I recently enjoyed a test run.

This 32 h.p. car is mainly intended to be chauffeur driven, and I therefore spent part of my time sitting in the back of it, along with a number of friends whose presence helped to demonstrate the amount of available space. The coachwork of the car loaned to me was designed by Hooper & Co.—the list price of this particular model being £1,660.

FROM the exterior, this limousine is a most handsome car, and obviously a roomy one; but even so, one is pleasantly surprised by some of the luxury features of the interior. Three people can sit abreast very easily on the rear seat, and it would, I think, be possible to fit in three in front, thanks to the absence of a central gear lever. With the two interior "occasional" seats, this means that the car can carry eight people if required, and will carry seven with absolute comfort.

I was particularly impressed when sitting in one of these "occasional" seats. I am rather over six feet in height—and yet the amount of knee-room was perfectly sufficient for me. Also, I found this seat to be generously upholstered, so that I should have been quite happy in it, even on a long run. This is an admirable point, and an example of the thoroughness with which the whole of the interior has been planned with a view to providing luxury and convenience at every point.

When I subsequently took the wheel, I found the front compartment, although more plainly fitted, to be quite comfortable enough to attract any owner who might occasionally like to drive himself. This "straight-eight" Daimler, moreover, is a nice car to handle and by no means cumbersome, having regard to its considerable size. (*Continued on page* 88)

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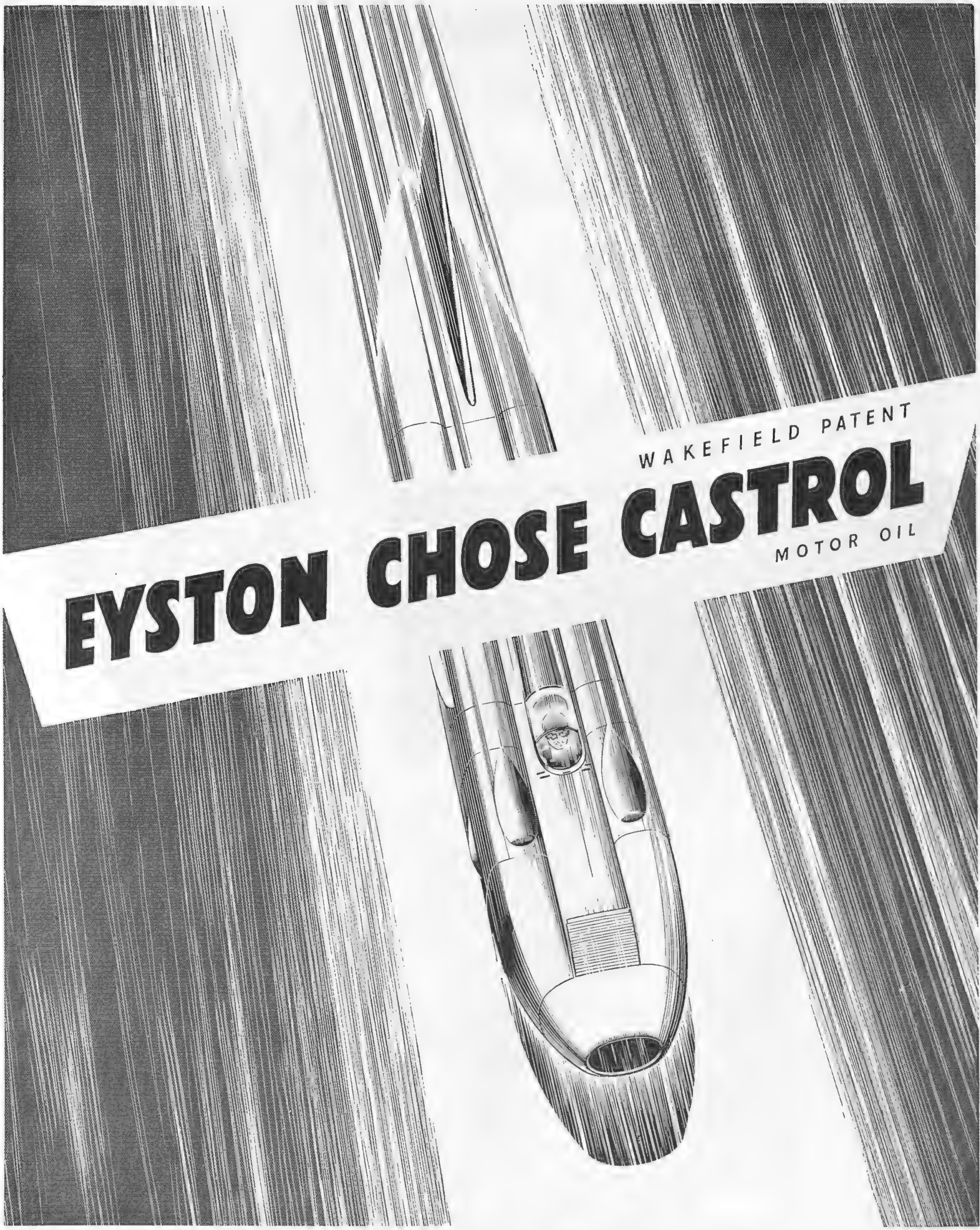
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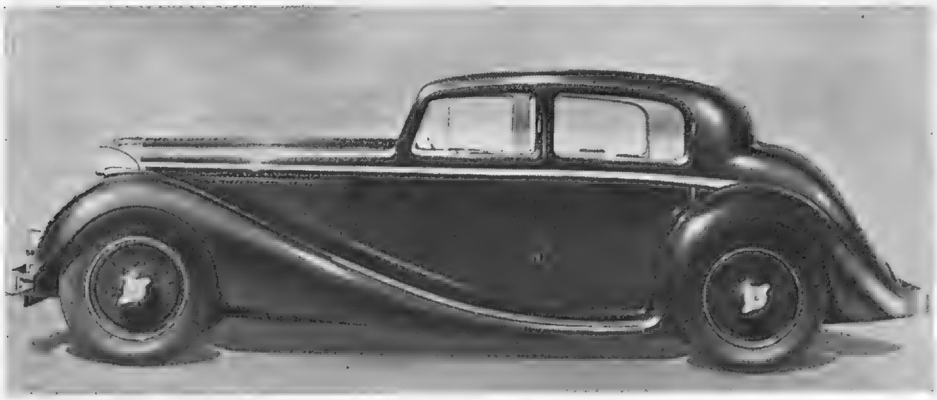


At £445 the 3½-litre "Jaguar" is a highly attractive car; is a remarkable proposition for the sporting owner-driver

A Truly Impressive "S.S."

The 3½-litre "Jaguar" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" in brief

Engine: Six cylinders, with overhead valves and twin carburettors; 25 h.p.
Transmission: Four speeds, of which three are synchromesh.
Performance: Third gear 75/80 m.p.h.; top gear 90/95 m.p.h.
Springing: Semi-elliptic; excellent road holding.
Steering: Very accurate ; centres well.
Braking: Of powerful Girling type.
Coachwork: Attractive ; seats four comfortably.
Price: Saloon, £445.

If one is at all keen on the sporting side of motoring, it is always easy to write with enthusiasm about a good sports car. If it has any merit at all, it gives more real pleasure to the driver than a "family" saloon can do. It is not merely a matter of extra speed : there is also a quicker and more accurate response from the controls.

It is no vague, general enthusiasm for sports cars, however, that makes me give high praise to the S.S. "Jaguar." This is a truly remarkable motor car from a great many points of view.

Let us look at it in this way. Although very fast, it is certainly not the fastest sports car on the road. What, on the other hand, would one need to pay for a car which can go faster? Excluding any semi-racing types, I think we may say that nothing much below the £1,000 mark is worth considering. For a substantially faster car, one would have to pay quite £1,500.

And the list price of the 3½-litre "Jaguar"? In saloon form, it costs exactly £445 !

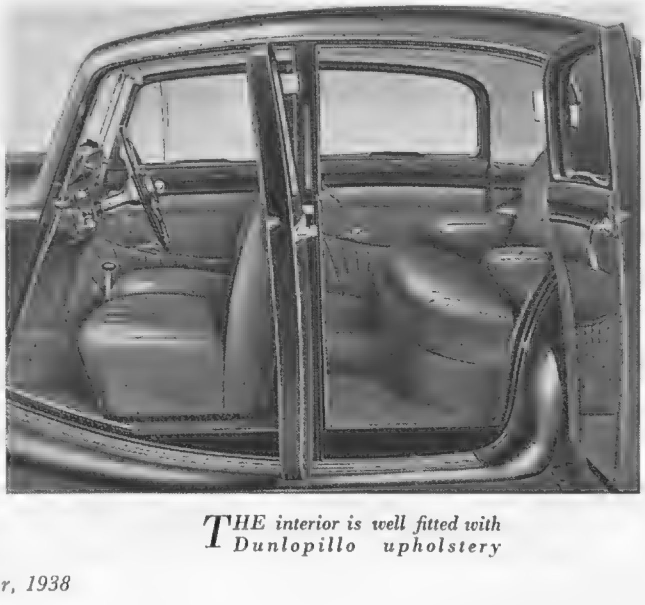
Again, what sports car has better acceleration? I could name one easily enough—but not at a competitive figure. What car handles better at speed? I must go into quite a different price-class if I am to find an answer. There is no getting away from that £445. It destroys the point of every comparison which a detractor of the S.S. might attempt to make.

Even if one were to ignore the question of price entirely, the 3½-litre "Jaguar" model would still have to be given a high place in any list of first-rate sports cars. I could still review it very favourably if its price were to be doubled ! The 3½-litre engine is of highly efficient type, having six cylinders rated at 25 h.p. Overhead valves are used, and there are two carburettors. There is a hand control for the ignition—although the range of this is limited, and its utility therefore is not very great. (Oh yes; the car *has* one or two of these little shortcomings.)

Acceleration is extremely good. Indeed, at speeds in excess of 40 m.p.h., it becomes really exciting, and remains so almost until the maximum speed is reached. The degree of silence is very creditable—the valves only becoming audible when one has exceeded the 90 m.p.h. mark.

The gearbox is a most attractive one, in that both top and third gears are pitched really high. In either of these ratios, one can obtain a grand turn of speed without ever pushing the engine to excessive

(Continued on page 88)



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C.F.H.

A Notably Luxurious Daimler

(*Continued from page 85*)

THE eight-cylinder engine, which is above the average both in silence and smoothness, is also very responsive. From a walking pace, it will accelerate easily in top gear up to about 75 m.p.h. If for any reason one does not wish to use the lower ratios, it can indeed be started in top gear from a standstill—and, owing to the fluid flywheel, there is no mechanical objection to this being done.

Naturally, for the sake of a rapid pick-up, it pays to make use of the gear-box, in which all four speeds can be used with equal ease and assurance. There is plenty of speed available in third gear—the maximum in this ratio being between 55 and 60 m.p.h.

Easily the most striking feature of the car's performance, however, is its high cruising speed. It will run quite effortlessly at 60 m.p.h. in its top gear, and gives the impression that, on a sufficiently good road, it could maintain this pace all day without the engine being over-stressed. Indeed, I think we may take it as certain that this could be done, since the engine speed required at 60 m.p.h.—2,880 revolutions per minute—is really very modest according to present-day standards.

Another important point is that, although the car is clearly not built on "compact" lines, it holds the road in a very satisfactory manner. The steering centres itself well, and is comparatively light. The springing is really comfortable, while having sufficient firmness to prevent any "rolling" tendency at the higher speeds. Add to this an efficient braking system, and one has a car which will run at 60 m.p.h. or even more, with complete steadiness and under absolute control.

The price of £1,660 is of course beyond the reach of many of us; but there can be no doubt that the car represents, at that figure, a very sound motoring investment. It has all the traditional Daimler qualities of roominess and comfort, to which have been added an utterly trouble-free system of transmission, and a real, undeniable ability to "go."

A Truly Impressive "S.S."

(*Continued from page 87*)

"revs." There are four gears in all, of which three are synchromesh. The synchromesh mechanism is effective whenever a fairly deliberate change is made—although it could with advantage be made more effective in dealing with more rapid changes as one occasionally needs to make.

AS for speed, this S.S. earns a place not far below the 100 m.p.h. class. (A two-seater model is made, which does in fact exceed 100 m.p.h.). The saloon, with its comfortable coachwork, very easily goes beyond 90 m.p.h., and must have a potential maximum in the region of 95 m.p.h.

In third gear, the range of speed is equally impressive. The maximum in this case lies between 75 and 80 m.p.h. When an S.S. driver is in a hurry, it may therefore be imagined that he can maintain an uncommonly fine average.

Road holding is extremely good. While verifying these speeds, I never had a moment of anxiety as to the car's behaviour. It steers accurately, and "sits down" on the road in a really solid and convincing style. Semi-elliptic springing is retained, and this gives excellent results. Where extreme comfort is the prime consideration, there is no doubt a lot to be said for other and more modern systems of suspension. For a sports car, however, in which stability is a vital asset, there is much merit still in semi-elliptics.

The brakes, which are of Girling pattern, are amply powerful, even from the high speeds at which they commonly have to be applied. Another valuable point is that the driving position is a very good one, enabling the driver to feel quite at ease. That admirable device, the extensible steering column, gives him plenty of control, even when his seat is pushed well back.

The general appearance of the S.S. is familiar to most people, and its attractive lines are often the object of admiration. What is less well known is that the modern S.S. is a genuinely comfortable car, with plenty of interior space. Smartness may have been put before comfort in some of the early models; but this is certainly not the case to-day. Four large people can now be luxuriously seated.

The result, I repeat, is a highly attractive car, quite apart from the question of price. At £445, it is not too much to describe it as a truly remarkable proposition for the sporting owner-driver.

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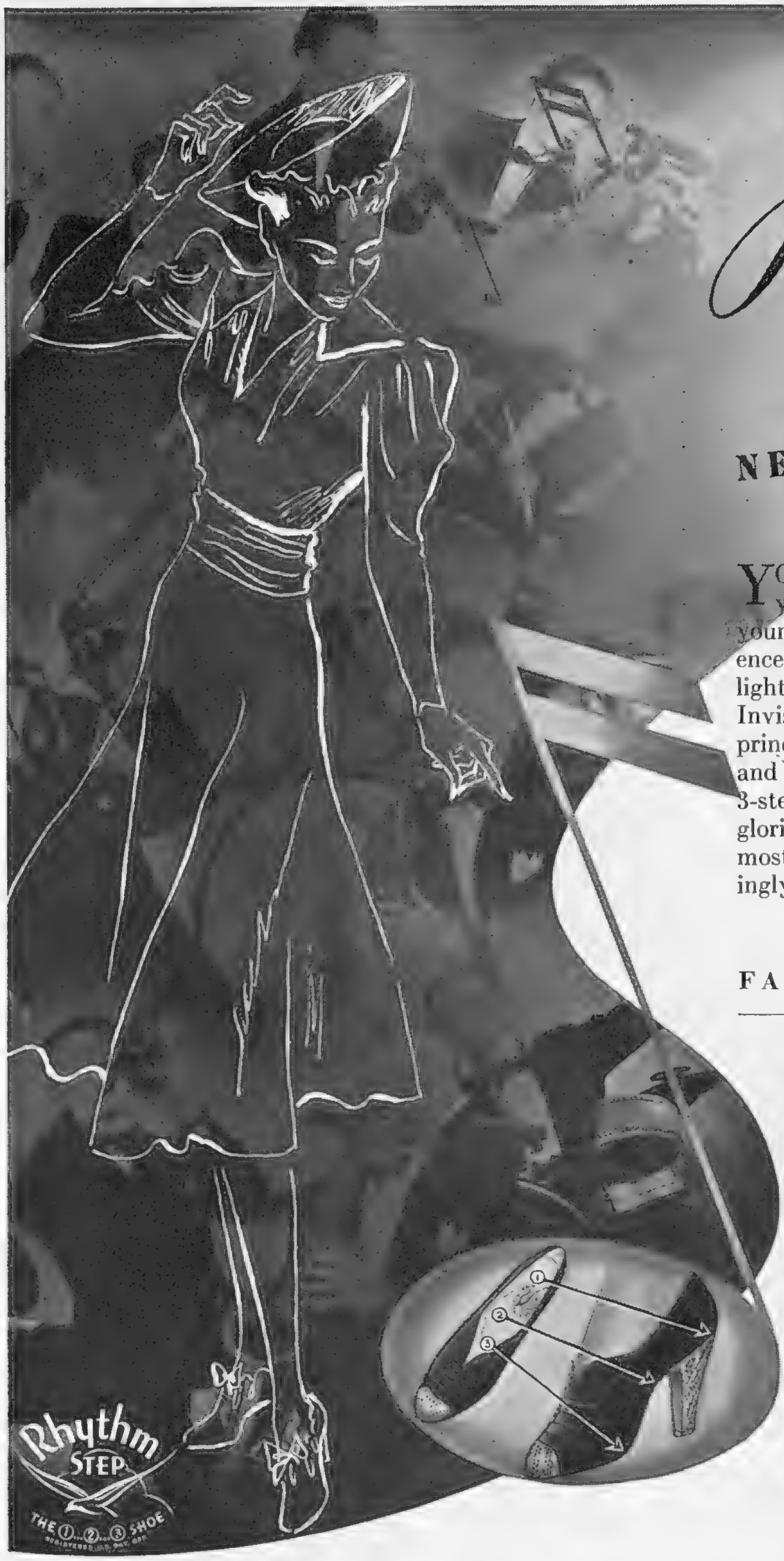

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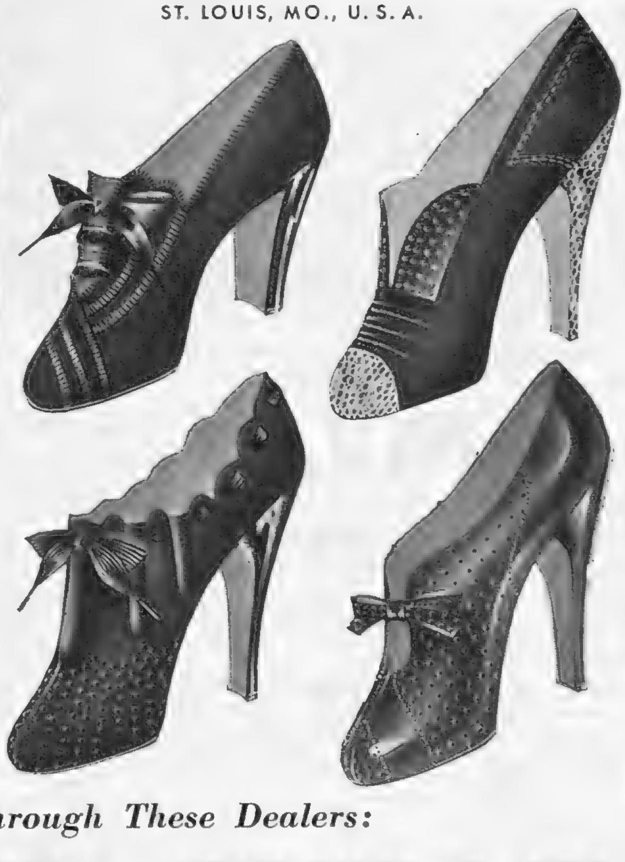

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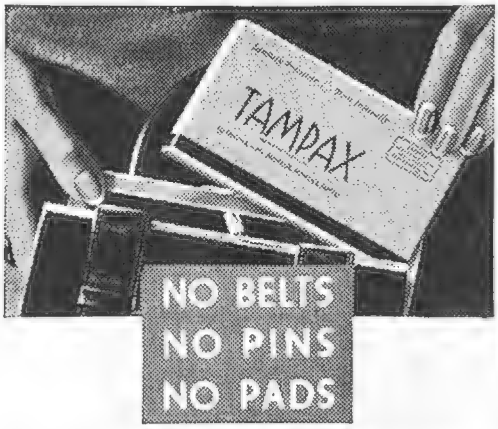

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Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 47*)

These three in their turn were surrounded by a minor constellation of relatives and friends, all very interested in the Emperor's so-called welfare.

Towards the middle of March, A.D. 37, Tiberius decided to stay at his villa at Miseno, a sumptuous building with an enormous park, near the sea. It is sufficient to say that this villa had been built by Lucullus, the richest and greatest art lover who has ever lived. One day Caricles's keen eye perceived a change in Tiberius. In order not to alarm him, he made an excuse to take him by the wrist in order to test his pulse. Tiberius understood what he was doing and scolded the doctor rather severely, and to prove that he was quite fit immediately ordered an enormous meal which he ate heartily. Caricles in the meantime informed Macrone that the old man could not live for more than two days.

A little later, Tiberius, still laying on the couch of the Triclinium, collapsed in a faint. The ghastly appearance that he assumed was enough to give Macrone the impression that the end had come. He had waited a long time for this moment, and he hurried the preparations for the proclamation of Caius as the successor to the Empire.

Out of the villa rushed servants, guards and officials, shouting the tidings that Tiberius was dead, "Long live Caius Cæsar Caligula, Emperor of Rome." The enthusiastic acclamation suddenly subsided . . . they were horrified to see Tiberius rise on his elbow and, rubbing his forehead, ask for some refreshment to revive him. It was enough to spread terror in the minds of those who had so unwisely given way to premature enthusiasm. They realised that when Tiberius knew, he would not hesitate to change the gorgeous villa of Lucullus into a slaughter house, and wipe them all off the earth. But he was given no chance.

Young Caius approached Tiberius and respectfully persuaded him not to drink anything. A minute before, Macrone had whispered: "Suffocate him with his clothes." Tiberius was covered as if to keep him warm, perhaps too much, perhaps too heavily, but his protestations were muffled by a pillow gently but steadily pressed on his face . . . by the hand of Caius, or Macrone, or one of the cup bearers? History does not say.

The news spread far and wide, spreading a deep relief among the Roman people.

The villa of Jupiter opened its doors and set free all the people who had been kept there for the Emperor's amusement—the musicians, the mimics, the dancers and the endless collection of young girls that the procurers had brought from every direction.

FROM that moment the history of Capri does not thrill anyone, no one bothers to read it, no one knows much about it. Of the villa of Jupiter, enough is left to allow anyone to make his own reconstruction—but what of it? Its ruins with their mosaic floors, the frescoes and vaults, the walls built with diagonal bricks are there, still isolated from the inhabited part of Capri, as if the will of Tiberius were respected to this very day. The other eleven villas have almost disappeared, but who cares? We know where Tiberius used to bath, where he used to sit to decipher the messages, where he would hurl down anyone of whom he wished to be rid. There is still his landing place at the Marina Grande, the only beach of Capri, the huge concrete block constructed by him at Marina Piccola, so that the vessels coming from the Mediterranean could moor.

It is sufficient to go down to the Faraglioni to see in that natural gulf the triremes and quadremes of the Emperor, awaiting their orders. The fact that they have not been seen there for two thousand years ago is of no importance.

At Capri the everlasting bacchanalia continues, for the earth yields the grape and all other forms of subtle intoxication. The pageantry of bright colour still goes on. Through the villa of Jupiter still pass the most beautiful girls in the world, in a pilgrimage of unconfessed admiration for the old sinner.

Some of the Roman madness is in the air, and no one can help breathing it in.

All that twenty centuries might have accomplished in the world has left but little mark upon Capri. Remember, Tiberius died but yesterday. . . .

END

Caretaker Within

(*Continued from page 17*)

eleven. He wondered if the old boy was out, or already in bed—probably in bed, lucky old devil!

Barrett passed stolidly on. At the corner he stood for a while watching the traffic splashing along the drenched road. Then glancing casually up Rendlesham Gardens before he resumed his patrol, he saw old Hobson turn in at his gate. At least he thought it was Hobson at first. A moment later he was not so sure. That man, seen vaguely through the rain, seemed slimmer, more active too. Faintly uneasy, Barrett retraced his steps.

There was still no light in the window of number seven, and the front gate was open. That was odd. Hobson was always so careful to keep his gate shut. Barrett's uneasiness increased. He hesitated for a moment then entered the forecourt and stood very still in the shadow of one of the tall gate pillars.

There was a momentary lull in the howling wind and he thought he heard angry voices coming from the area. Then a savage gust surged up the street, lashing the rain against his shining cape, and he doubted his ears. A big car came slowly by and stopped a hundred yards or so beyond the house. Barrett peered round the pillar at the car, but it was too far away to distinguish clearly through the pelting rain. He half determined to walk along and look at it, then changed his mind and went softly down the steps to the area door.

If anything was wrong he had a good spot there to challenge anyone entering or leaving the house. He could try the door anyway; perhaps knock up old Hobson to make sure that everything was all right. Barrett waited for some minutes in the welcome shelter of the area for possible developments.

But nothing happened and he could not wait there indefinitely. Automatically his hand went to the door to try it, and he found that it was unlocked. That didn't seem too good. Barrett debated the matter for a moment then quietly he entered and more quietly closed the door behind him, and listened.

A murmur of voices came from somewhere near at hand, rising and falling as though in argument. They would come from old Hobson's bedroom at the back he reckoned, and took a pace or two down the passage. He heard Hobson speaking: there was an unfamiliar whining note in his voice.

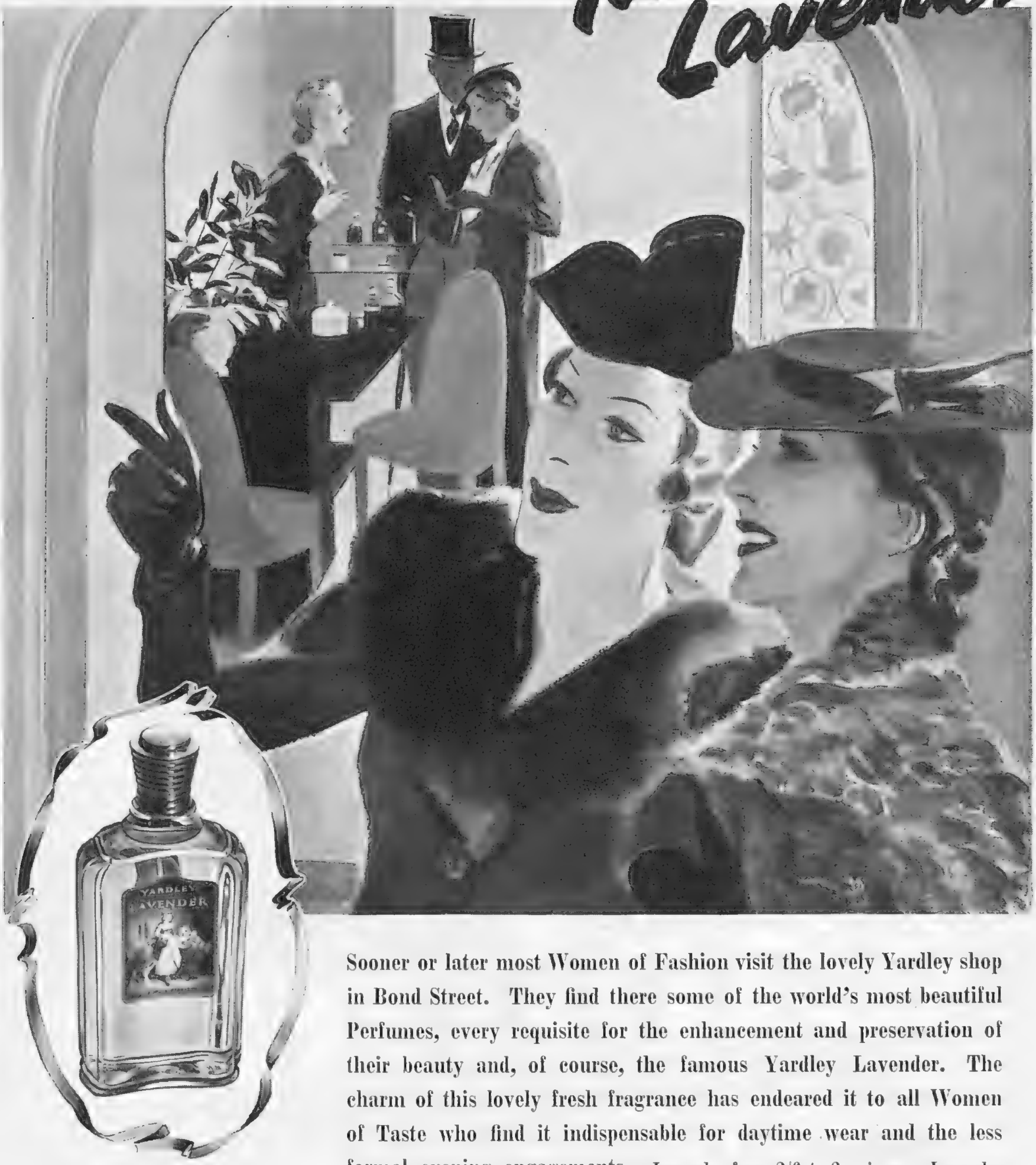
"I can't give you any more, Charlie," he said, "honest I can't. As it is you're taking my last penny."

A harsh voice answered roughly: "You lousy old Jew, that's what you said last time. You've got a packet hidden away here somewhere, I'm sick of your blasted lies. It's going to cost you another fifty quid, or I go somewhere else, see. And you won't like that. Come on, out with it and don't let's have any more mucking about."

"Now don't talk like that, Charlie," old Hobson said in a conciliatory tone. "You know I've always

(*Continued on page 92*)

Yardley Lavender



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done the best I can for you. If I had the money I'd give it to you."

"Got the money—of course you've got it," the stranger retorted with an oath. "And I'm going to have some of it. And it'll pay you to hand it out quick, too. You know what I can do if you don't."

P.C. Barrett's eyebrows lifted. This was blackmail not burglary that he had stumbled on, and Barrett counted blackmail as many degrees worse than murder. Poor old Hobson! Whatever the old fool had done he felt sorry for him. He crept nearer to the door.

Hobson was speaking again, in a more belligerent voice.

"If that's the way you're going to talk, Charlie, you'd better get on with it. You can go where you damned well like and I'll be glad to be rid of you."

"You will, will you? And how long would you stay in this house if I was to pass the word somewhere?"

"Don't be silly, Charlie. You wouldn't do a thing like that," old Hobson said. "You'd only land yourself in trouble too."

"Would I? Don't you believe it, you dirty twister. I'm not afraid of you. It would take more than you to put anything on to me." The man spoke truculently.

Hobson said: "How about Kensington, Charlie?"

Charlie's voice rose in savage threat.

"Oh, so you think you can put that on to me, do you? Not on your life you won't, you blasted swine. I'll ring your damned neck first and by God I'll do it now. You——"

A chair went over and the harsh voice broke off abruptly. Barrett flung open the door.

"What's all this—" he began, but the words died on his lips at the scene before him.

Old Hobson, a wild expression in his eyes stood by the side of his bed, an automatic in his hand levelled at a dark, slim man whose arms were half raised. At the sight of police uniform Hobson's arm dropped and he backed towards the bed.

The man, Charlie, let out an oath and made a spring for Barrett. Barrett side-stepped and missed the full force of the blow, but it sent him reeling and before he could recover Charlie had gone. The area door slammed.

Old Hobson seemed to crumble. He swayed, the blood drained from his cheeks and he collapsed on the bed. Barrett went to him.

Hobson spoke slowly.

"I'll be all right in a minute, Mr. Barrett," he said. "It was a terrible shock; him and seeing you. How did you come here?"

Barrett said vaguely: "I had a sort of feeling that something was wrong when I was passing so I just came to see and found your door open."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Barrett." Old Hobson nodded stupidly. "That man; he was trying to rob me."

"Who is he?"

"I—I don't know."

"Better tell the truth, Mr. Hobson, he was trying to blackmail you, wasn't he?" Barrett said not unkindly.

Hobson gasped.

"No. No—" he began, then, he nodded again. "I won't lie to you, Mr. Barrett. He was. But you wouldn't give me away. It was nothing really, nothing serious, only he could make it sound bad. I give you my oath that's true. Don't give me away, Mr. Barrett—I'd lose my place——"

Barrett broke in: "It's no question of giving you away. We can't do anything about blackmail unless you ask us to. But let me tell you this you're a fool to put up with it. It will never stop until you come to us. Far better do that, no matter what the old trouble was, and you say it wasn't really serious——"

"It wasn't; it wasn't. But think of the scandal——"

"Think what you might have done to-night," Barrett said grimly, nodding at the automatic still in Hobson's limp hand. "Who is he?"

Hobson answered haltingly.

"A man called—Woods. Charlie Woods. We were in service together once; he was the chauffeur. He got into trouble and—and I tried to help him, and—and now he could make it out it—it was my fault. But it wasn't, Mr. Barrett, I swear it."

"Then why don't you have the guts to give information and let us deal with the swine. I've got enough evidence. I heard him threaten you."

"But I'd never get another place," Hobson said piteously. "And I've got no money saved."

"He's had it all, I suppose?" Barrett said with a shrug.

Hobson nodded in a bleak, forlorn way and Barrett swore softly. It was damnable. He had few illusions. Hobson probably was by no means as guiltless as he professed to be, but whatever the old fool had done, he had paid for it since with a swine like Charlie Woods bleeding him white.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked abruptly.

Hobson said in the same spiritless tone: "A long time, Mr. Barrett. Tell you the truth that was why I gave up service. I thought I'd get away from him if I took on this job. But he found me. How he did I don't know; but he did."

Barrett shrugged his broad shoulders again. He knew a lot about the furtive cunning of blackmailers, and he didn't like the idea of Hobson with a gun. That looked as if the old boy was near the end of his tether. Barrett saw murder or suicide, or both looming a damned sight too near to be pleasant. And yet he did not quite know what to do.

His position was most irregular. Officially he was not sure that he had any right to be inside that house. He had entered uninvited and had stumbled on a ghastly tragedy, about which he could take no action. He stood, silent for some moments, worried and undecided and old Hobson looked up at him in apprehension.

"You wouldn't give me away, Mr. Barrett?" he pleaded again. "I don't suppose Charlie would come back—after seeing you. No, I'm sure he wouldn't." Hobson tried to force a confident note into his voice. "So it'll be all right now."

Barrett said suddenly: "Better give me that gun, Hobson. It'll be safer with me."

Hobson began to protest, then meekly handed it over. Barrett dropped it into his pocket.

"Now look here," he said. "You think things over. Supposing you'd used that gun to-night; where'd you be now? In a bit more trouble than whatever it was before, eh? That's what it's damned near led you to; don't give it another chance. I'm coming to have a talk with you to-morrow—unofficial—and I hope you'll have made up your mind to do the sensible thing. If it isn't serious they'll keep your name out of it: anyhow you'd better take your medicine—it's better than—what might happen. You'll be all right now, won't you? I've got to get back to my job."

Old Hobson's head shook vaguely, as though he hardly took in what Barrett was saying. Then slowly he answered:

"You're right, Mr. Barrett. I'd better go through with it I suppose. But you'll give me till to-morrow. It's a hard thing to have to face at my age: but what you've just said frightened me."

"You'll find it will be all right," Barrett put in, reassuringly. "I'll meet you in the *Rendlesham* soon after two to-morrow then we can come back here and fix it up. Got Woods's address?"

Hobson shook his head.

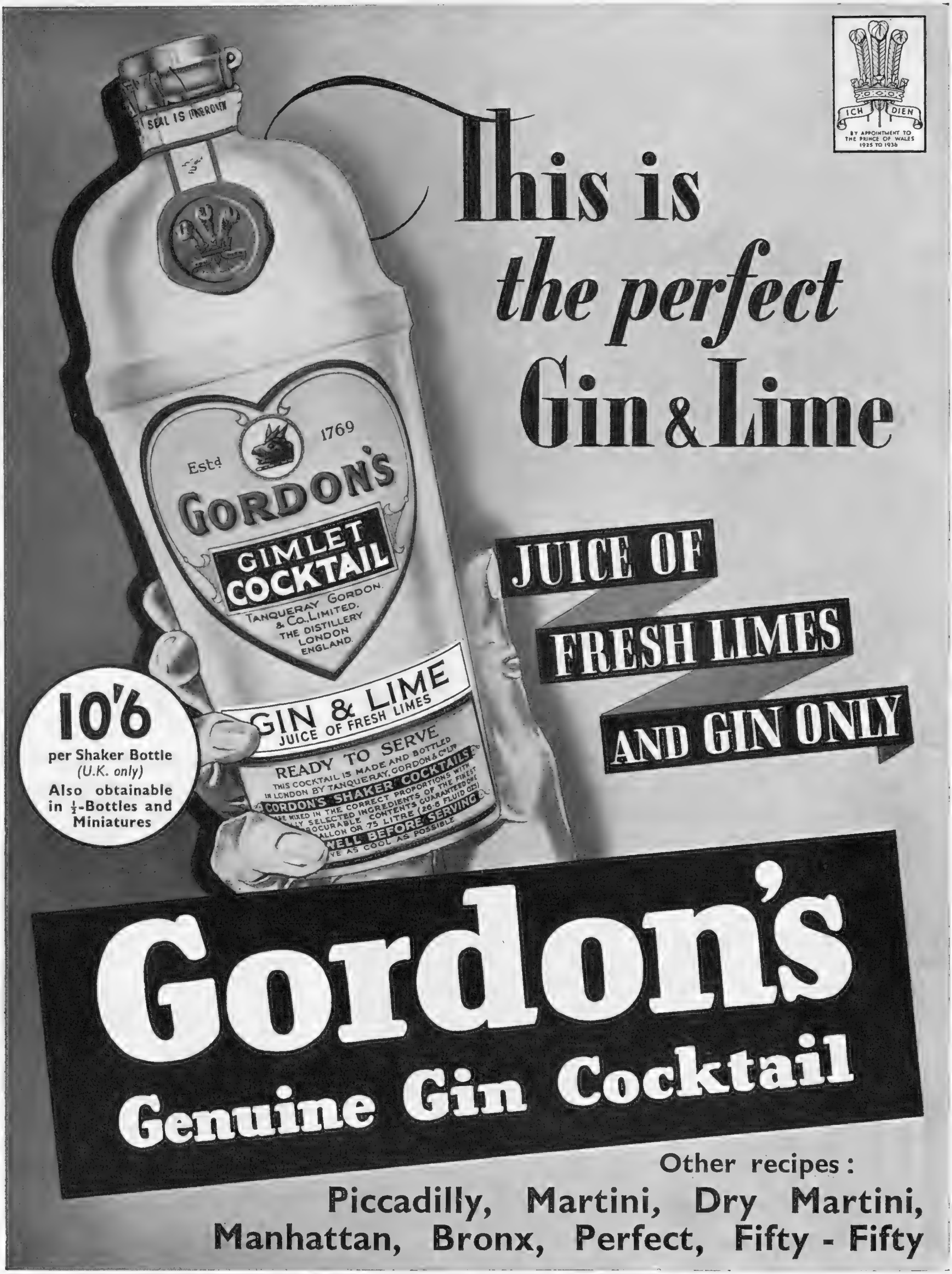
"Anyhow we'll pick him up." He turned to the door.

Old Hobson half rose from the bed.

"Mr. Barrett," he said solemnly, "you're taking a great weight off my mind—a great weight. I'll do whatever you say to-morrow."

P. C. BARRETT opened the area door to find two men waiting outside. He started back instinctively and grabbed for his truncheon. But Detective Inspector Blake's voice came to him softly from the darkness.

(*Continued on page* 94)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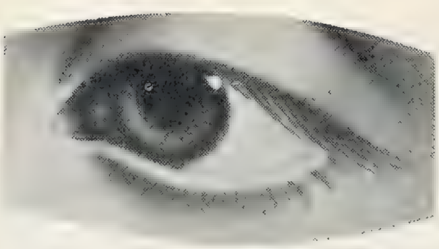

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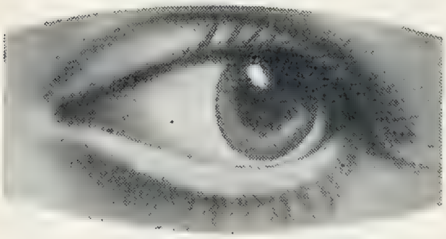

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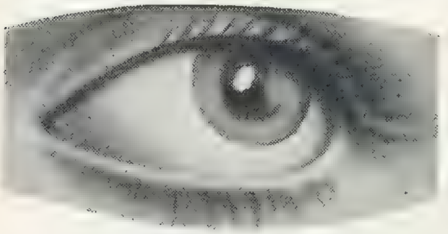

look old

Looking at friends and acquaintances you have often noticed that youth dies *suddenly*. You see a girl every day or every week, and then with a shock of surprise you see she is a young girl no longer. It is as quick as that! Look again, and you will see it is her eyes that give away her age.

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"What the hell have you been up to, Barrett?" he demanded in a whisper. "We saw you go in ten minutes ago and thought you'd gone after Charlie Ward. We got him as he came out."

Consternation came upon P.C. Barrett. Charlie Ward, whom Hobson had called Wood, was a man the police had been looking for for weeks over a jewel robbery in Kensington when a woman had been killed. And Hobson must have known about it. And that car—of course it was a police car.

"Isn't Hobson there?" Blake went on impatiently.

"Yes, he's there," Barrett said vaguely.

"Where?"

"In that far room where the light's showing."

"Go and fetch him out, I want to talk to him."

Barrett obeyed automatically. He was utterly bemused and his mind filled with wild conjectures. He moved quietly and flung open the door.

Old Hobson was on his feet leaning over the bed. He started and swung round as he heard Barrett enter.

"Mr. Hobson, I—" Barrett began. The words died away as he saw what Hobson was doing. He was gathering together from the bed a score or more diamond rings that glittered fiercely in the strong light. The old man had been lying on them.

He let out a savage oath and glared at Barrett for a moment like a madman. Then Blake pushed his way into the room a plain clothes man behind him.

Hobson's wild outburst ceased abruptly.

"What do you want?" he asked dully.

Inspector Blake answered steadily. "I am a police officer and I believe you to be Stanley Withers alias George Hobson, and I'm going to arrest you on suspicion of receiving stolen property, and I hold a warrant to search this house."

Hobson turned to Barrett and cursed him. Blake went on with the customary warning.

"Take him along to the car," he said to the plain clothes man when he had finished.

Hobson went sullenly while Barrett looked on like a man in a dream. Hobson a fence! It was incredible yet so obvious now. God, but the old man had pulled the wool over his eyes, and now he'd got to explain it. P.C. Barrett saw trouble coming his way.

Blake asked sharply: "How long have you known about this, Barrett?"

"I wasn't certain of anything till to-night; only suspicions, sir."

"You didn't seem very suspicious of Hobson when you made your report about 'Lucky' Lewis."

"No, sir. That was the first suspicious thing I'd seen. I reported it."

Blake smiled coldly.

"You didn't quite know what you had reported," he said. "We kept an eye on the house and found 'Lucky' wasn't the only crook who came with an order to view. So we chased up Hobson's record. Clever, damned clever. Been running this caretaker game for a year with half the crooks in London looking over his house and passing their stuff to him right under our eyes."

"His real name's Withers, you say, inspector?"

"Yes. We nearly got him on the same game at Wanstead the year before last. He's about the worst fence in London, and the meanest. You ought to have heard what Ward said about him just now. He squealed: he thought Hobson had given him away." Barrett allowed himself a fleeting smile. "Sanctimonious old bloodsucker. But dangerous. Lucky he didn't have a gun or he'd have used it."

"I'd seen about that, sir," Barrett said stolidly. "I'd got it off him." He produced the automatic from his pocket.

"Good God! How did you manage that, Barrett?" Blake demanded in surprise.

"Just told him the tale, sir. You see, he never suspected me," P.C. Barrett answered quite calmly.

"Well, I'll be damned. That's pretty good work," Detective Inspector Blake said with appreciation.

END

Public Enemy Number One

(*Continued from page 13*)

water supply. The French Treasury won't stand £1,484,000 in a year for providing water supplies in rural areas (the amount the British Treasury found last year). The Croydon outbreak shows what happens when there is a slip-up. Water untreated by chlorination was going to supply. It came from a well infected by a workman who was an active carrier of the typhoid organism. Typhoid bacteria got to three hundred and ten people in that unfiltered and infected water. Of these forty-two died.

Infantile mortality remains high in Turkey. That is because dictator Ataturk has not yet been able to provide the safeguards and services which are commonplace in our highly organised and wealthy country. A matter, purely, of organisation, money, an adequate supply of trained doctors and nurses, public education, laws and regulations. The Turks have not got a salaried midwives service, operating on a national scale—the latest addition to Britain's famous health services. They have not our elaborate network of infant welfare centres (3,145 of them), or our 5,350 health visitors. Still, they are reducing the loss of new young life even in Turkey.

This all looks good—and is good. But it is only one side of the health picture. There is another side. It is, for instance, easy to experience a glow of satisfaction at our fine health services on discovering that the Health Ministry organisation enabled 147,000 people last year to be checked for tuberculosis at the dispensaries, with 138,000 X-ray examinations. It is not so heartening, however, to find that, after all, 38,000 persons were found to be tuberculous. Even the 12,000 persons written off the dispensary registers as having recovered represent only the defeat of an enemy which attacked. There was a cure—but not a prevention.

Also, even in our advanced country, 35,000 of the crop of new babies did, after all, die. So did 2,000 of the mothers who gave them birth.

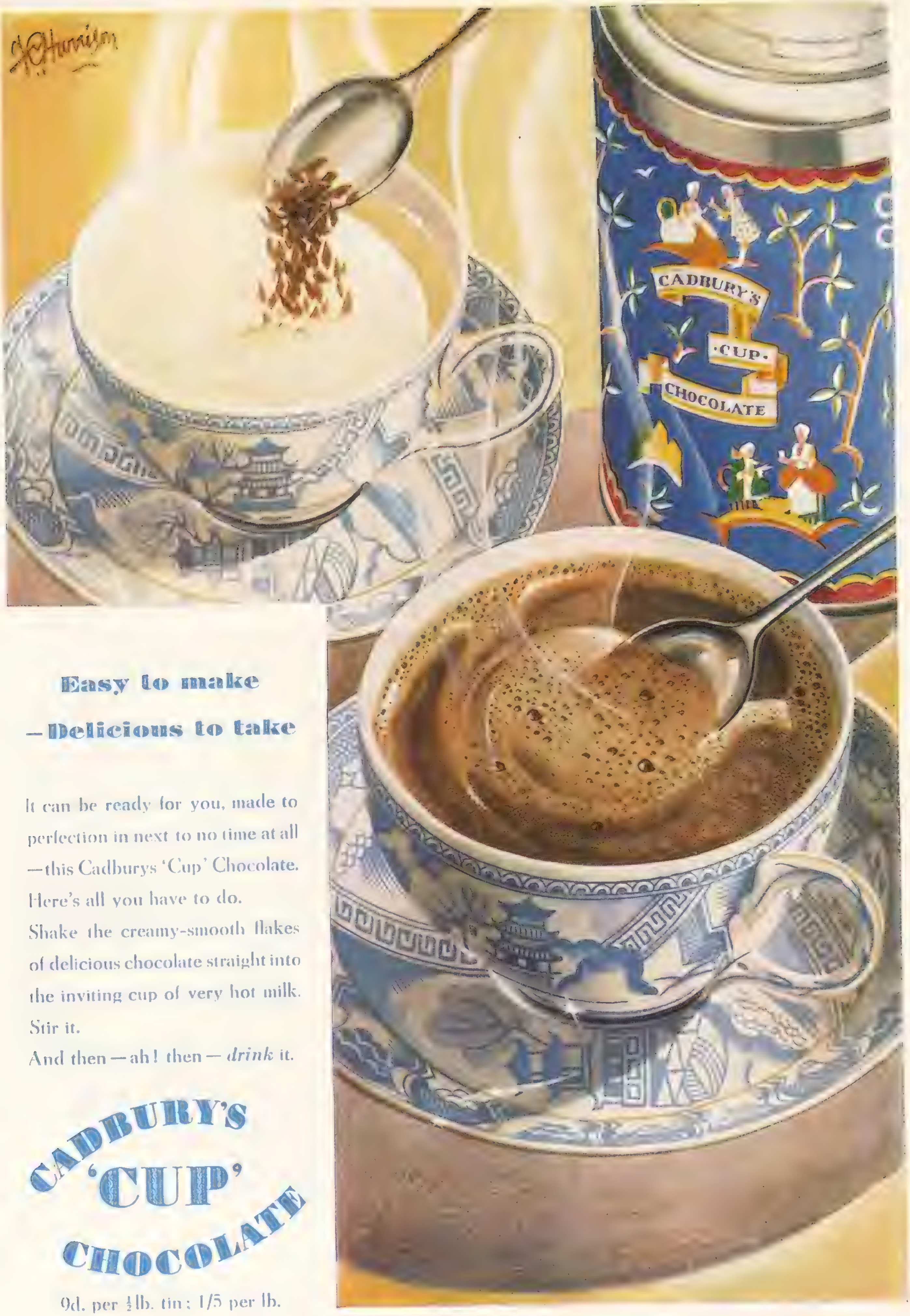
And forty per cent of our people contrive to die before they have lived fifty years.

If one turns around from progress made; and views existing conditions, one comes up against facts which throw into dazzling highlight the vital importance of the work being done by scientists and research workers in their laboratories. We may have increased the average life, but we have not perceptibly diminished the volume of illness of one sort and another.

In this kingdom 35,000 doctors and 87,000 nurses are kept fully employed attending to the medical needs of 48,000,000 people. 200,000 beds in 1,500 hospitals are always occupied. 23,000 pharmacists are kept busy selling drugs in 15,000 chemist shops. And just how busy they are kept may be gauged from the Health Ministry figure of prescriptions issued to insured patients. It is nearly 60,000,000. Last year the Ministry paid out to doctors £7,200,000, and to chemists £2,195,700.

THE United States offers an even more striking picture of ill-health. Those 120,000,000 people need the services of 145,000 doctors, 280,000 nurses, 150,000 pharmacists working in 60,000 pharmacies, 7,000 hospitals with 700,000 beds, and 8,000 clinics. The annual medicine bill has been authoritatively put at £140,000,000.

It has been estimated that medical care under all heads costs the Americans £700,000,000 a year, (*Continued on page 97*)



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or nearly the annual cost of running Imperial Britain. Cut that by two-thirds for this country, and Britain's annual bill is £140,000,000. If we put it at a quarter the American bill, we still get £175,000,000. The cost to us of the Health Ministry in 1937 was £147,000,000.

Keeping us healthy, or even alive, is a big business!

But in spite of everything, the amount of misery and economic waste which still prevails is colossal. Some time back the Health Ministry's chief expert calculated that among 11,000,000 insured workers the lost time due to sickness and other causes of disability in a single year amounted to 394,230 years. In the United States the medical costs of industry have in twenty years increased five-fold.

THE struggle for health, against premature death, is ceaseless. It has to be. For man lives in a hostile world. He has overcome the dangers which threatened him when he lived in trees and caves, and had nothing better than a sharp flint or a fire-sharpened stake wherewith to combat his enemies. But a host of microscopic enemies lie in wait for him now; and no sooner has one species been vanquished than another one moves in and increases its ravages. New and baffling affections, diseases of the mind and nervous system, kill or disable millions, and menace the race.

Triumphs so far have been in the realm of the infectious diseases. Bacteria and viruses cause these—microbes, the former visible through a microscope, the latter invisible (no one has seen a virus yet) invading the body and attacking the tissues. But as fast as we conquer the microbes, other killers arise and attack from new angles. Degenerative diseases are increasing. People are being laid low by maladies which our grand fathers did not know or which in their case were not serious, fatal, or widespread.

The higher we push our living standards, the more refined we make our diet, the more we are assaulted by such diseases as diabetes, pernicious anemia, heart disease, cancer, rheumatism, and innumerable maladies of the brain and the nervous system, most of which defeat the nerve and brain specialists (small wonder—there are more mental maladies than all the other infectious and degenerative diseases combined).

Glance at the latter, which increasingly occupies the attention of research workers in many branches. We seem to have built a civilisation too fearsome for the fragile nervous system of the average person who is imprisoned in it. The asylums of Britain hold now 150,000 people. Every year 25,000 go in, and 15,000 emerge, recovered, or "on trial." Recoveries vary from thirty-three to fifty per cent of admissions—it depends largely on the institution.

We are only beginning to stir the surface of the deep pool of mental disease, and diseases of the nervous system. Science is baffled by the nature of mental disease. The most celebrated alienists do not know why or how people go mad. Nobody has yet discovered a method of exploring the nervous system. A routine for safeguarding people from insanity and nervous disorders—as we can safeguard them now from infectious diseases since Pasteur accidentally discovered the secret of inoculation with weakened germs—has yet to be found.

Recoveries are largely a natural process. There are in our midst, living normal lives among ordinary folk, nearly 400,000 men and women who in the past have broken down to the point where they were, after examination, certified insane.

In America, where the pace of life is faster, and worry potentials are greater, the state hospitals hold over 350,000 insane people, and special institutions over 80,000. Lunacy and feeble-mindedness is eight times more prevalent there than consumption. Nearly 70,000 people are taken into insane asylums every year. One in every twenty-two persons in New York City has at one time or another been certified and placed in an asylum.

And in this whole field of human breakdown, science so far has to confess that its ignorance is complete. Alienists continue to experiment in some branches, hoping to cure without knowing causes. Insulin shocks are the latest idea in America. In this country, victims of general paralysis of the insane are being treated by malaria shocks. The Health Ministry keeps a mosquito farm at the L.C.C.'s mental hospital at Epsom for this purpose. The patient is given a stiff dose of malaria. Recoveries from the mental disease are not large—twelve to fifteen per cent, with eight per cent improved sufficiently to be discharged.

THE secret of cancer—which killed 70,000 persons in this country last year—still eludes us, although this dreaded degenerative disease has been dramatised so much that a huge weight of money has been raised and put behind an empire and world-wide campaign to discover its cause and cure.

Forty-two countries are organised in an international union to pool findings of surgeons, radiologists, researchers, and chemists, in the world fight against cancer. In thirty years, we have learned more about it than about any other disease. But we have not been able to check its ravages. Surgery, and radium or X-ray, are the only two methods known of treating the disease. And experts still differ markedly on cure chances. Mr. J. P. Lockhard Mummery, chairman of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, has stated that cures are possible in close on one hundred per cent of cases when the disease is detected in its early stage. On the other hand, Dr. Wood, director of the Columbia University Cancer Research Institute, has stated that only one out of five are cured. He sees main hope in the research work of the chemists studying cancer.

It is one thing to say that rheumatism will yield to early treatment, but quite another to explain just why it has been spreading like a 'flu epidemic. Why are people more liable to it than they were? That is the question scientists cannot answer when exploring the riddle of why the degenerative diseases are increasing at a time when infective diseases have been successfully diminished, the average life lengthened, and healthier living conditions organised. Is it a matter of diet? Of inadequate exercise? Of continuous exposure of the organism to temperature changes as men and women move between street, shop, factory, office, house?

People catch cold so much more easily than they did that the great insurance companies have been waging an advertising campaign to educate the citizen in diminishing the risk of colds, and especially of the after-effects of the common cold. About seventy per cent of a doctor's practice deals with ailments attributable to the common cold. Ninety per cent of child mortality is due to colds. Colds pave the way for other diseases.

In time the preventative may be found—something to confer immunity. Inoculations are said to do that, but they are not always successful. The number of remedies marketed which promise to cure a cold run into thousands. New ones continually appear.

The valuable new drugs, taken seriously by scientific men, seldom exceed a half-dozen in a year. One recent discovery is diphenylhyydantoin. It prevents, or reduces the frequency of, attacks of epilepsy, and is not so severe as its ancestor, the German drug nirvanol. Drs. H. H. Merritt and T. J. Putman, neurologists, evolved it.

No serious attempt is being made anywhere to lengthen the life span. Mere lengthening of life is no advantage: indeed, it can be a calamity if the organic and mental activities are not preserved. It has been pointed out that if everybody lived to be a hundred, our civilisation would collapse. The younger generation could not support so many old and dependent people.

DREAMS of the elixir of youth remain—dreams. Rejuvenation is a failure. No monkey-gland graft, or any other rejuvenation trick, has succeeded in doing more than impart a momentary (*Continued on page* 98)

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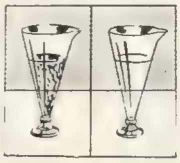

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stimulation to an ageing organism. Science has enabled more people to live longer, chiefly by eliminating, reducing, or providing a cure for the infectious diseases which formerly killed them. But it has not added a single year to the life span.

Given a sound organism (which heredity bestows: it is beyond even the dreams of science) the receipt for longevity seems to be the avoidance of worry, moderation, and ceaseless activity without overwork. It is said that not long after the Russian revolution in 1917, a Cheka squad one evening burst in on the famous neurologist, Professor Sergei Pavov, in his study. He had been denounced by somebody as "a rich *bourgeois* with anti-revolutionary sympathies." The squad paused, seeing a white-headed old man with his spectacled nose buried in a book.

"How old are you?" demanded the leader roughly.

"Seventy," replied the scientist mildly.

"He's not worth a bullet," said the leader, about-turning his men. "He's falling to bits already."

Sixteen years later the professor came over for the International Neurologist Conference at Cambridge. He was still working ten hours a day, at eighty-six.

Napoleon worked incessantly. He and Talleyrand, worn out, often slept on the same divan, side by side. Napoleon burnt himself out and died at fifty-two of a stomach cancer. Probably he brought the cancer on by irregular meals in his youth, and over-eating in his maturity. He bolted his food, and he let himself develop a big stomach. Further, he was always catching cold in his later years. His own fault. His valet was always at him to change his clothes when he got overheated, and to keep out of draughts. Talleyrand lived to a ripe old age. But, although more dissolute, he seldom drove himself, he ate fastidiously, kept his weight down, and did not worry—unlike Napoleon, he was profoundly philosophical.

If science had been able to prolong Napoleon's life, would the great *conquistador* have been capable of further great work? Probably not. His powers clearly were degenerating at an age when the powers of other men are still expanding. His whole life cycle seemed to be speeded up. It may have been like that with Shakespeare, too. The poet died at the same age—fifty-two. He did no great work in his last five years of life.

Bernard Shaw's last work of importance was *St. Joan*. He is eighty-two now, and still working. He is often quoted as a prodigy of mental vigour, a remarkable modern phenomenon, and a testimonial to such contemporary fads as vegetarianism, exercise, and sun-bathing. But Plato also had his pen in his hand when he died at eighty, Newton died at eighty-five, and retained his full mental powers to the end. Medical science, as we understand it, was unknown in his day. Ghenzis Khan, the Asiatic conqueror, conducted his greatest campaign when he was seventy; and Dandolo stormed Constantinople at ninety-four—having been elected Doge of Venice ten years earlier. He was still actively functioning as Doge when he died, at ninety-seven.

Research workers seem to be arriving at the conclusion that we lessen our chances of a long and healthy life by ease in youth, and it definitely strengthens the life forces, as no serum can, to expose the organism to hard conditions in its developing phase. Sir Oliver Lodge is nearing ninety, and still working, although his creative period ceased some years back. He trained himself to protracted effort as a young man.

Living on a pound a week in London, he lodged in a room in Camden Town, lived on cold meat, cheese, bread, water, and tea, and often walked the six miles to London University to save the tram fare. When a lecture series which he particularly did not want to miss was announced, at a time when he was working late into the night in his room, he would go to bed in his clothes in order not to waste time having to dress when he awoke in the morning. The rigours of his early life did him no harm.

The only conscious thing he has done to live long, and keep his powers well into old age, is to exercise—he was punching a ball at eighty. Fat men are not long lived. John D. Rockefeller played nine holes of golf almost daily until within a year of his death at ninety-seven, and Sir James Crichton-Browne, who also nearly completed his century, and who was built on the same spare scale, made a habit of walking briskly, striding out, holding himself erect, every day, almost up to the month of his death.

Arnold Bennett died too young. But Bennett drove himself, and under-exercised his body. He was over fifty before he discovered the benefits of exercise, particularly exercise of the middle body, held motionless by a sedentary worker and not exercised even during walking. Then he went mad about exercise, and took off thirty-six pounds in six months. It was probably twenty-six pounds too many; it was certainly twenty-six years too late. He took a drink of infected carafe water in Calais, and died in London of a heart that was not strong enough to stand up to the demands made upon it by protracted illness that would not have killed a sound man.

When Jack Dempsey, at thirty-six, fought Gene Tunney (the second fight), Dempsey's heart was strong enough to stand that murderous strain: it was his legs which failed him. Jim Corbett, trying to "come back" at the same age, had a like experience. Man's motive units seem to pass their prime before other parts of the body perceptibly age: otherwise pugilists could prolong their active careers considerably, and champions might hold their titles into the early forties. They can retain hitting power, and the ability to go on fighting. But it is always their legs that give up.

Fascinating, to speculate on the possibility that out of the research stations some time in the future will emerge discoveries, and a technique, which will enable a Bennett to obtain a new or a temporary blood pump, a Dempsey to secure an organic "blower" which for the duration of his fight will pour artificial vigour into his legs without draining his arms and body of any of their strength.

A whole team of scientists, under the co-ordinating genius of Simon Flexner, is working in the Rockefeller Institute, not to discover the cause of cancer or even how to transplant a kidney to replace a defective one, but to find out just what man is made of, and how, and why. When we know that, we may be able to get somewhere. Especially we should be able to improve the working powers of exceptional men of whose brains and accumulated knowledge and intuition we have need.

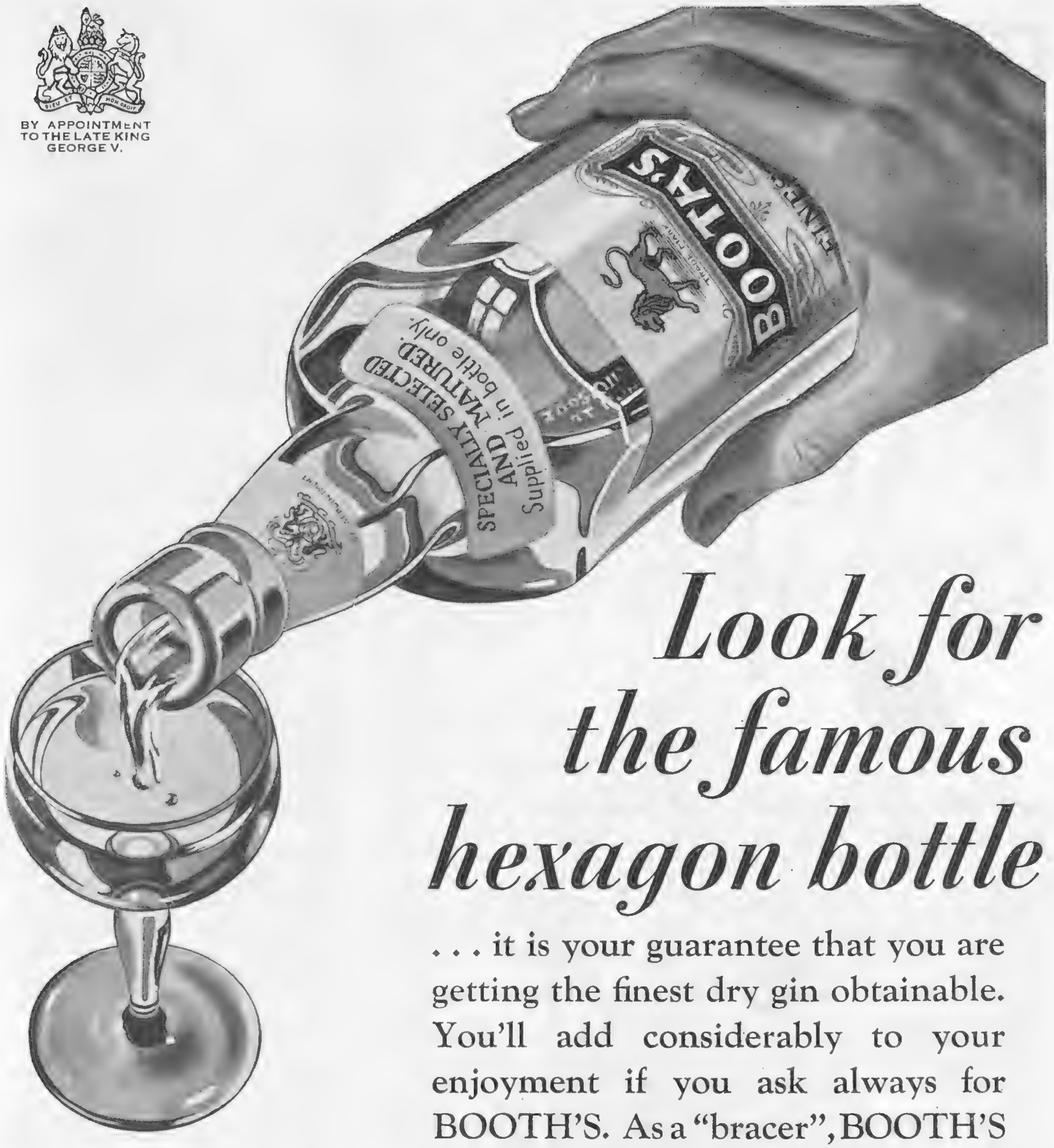
It is a question whether the well-known men of our world are as important as is customarily supposed. But run the eye over a casual list.

Lord Nuffield—who has given millions to medical research—complains of sleeplessness and has his spells of ill-health. Lord Ashfield, head of the £200,000,000 London traffic combine, is plagued by asthma. Mr. Beatty, the mining magnate, suffers from hay fever so badly that he has to keep the bedroom windows of even his town house closed (there are trees outside) and breathe air passed through an electrically-operated air filter. Lord Beaverbrook, not sixty, seeks health in the Arizona desert. Sir Eric Geddes, the airways and Dunlop chief, broke up at sixty. Earl Baldwin stood the strain of being first minister so badly that he said lately that, for months after he got out of it all, he could not read or think—he was shell-shocked by work and worry.

Mr. C. B. Cochran had a breakdown in middle-age and lost £200,000 through being incapacitated when shows and business deals demanded his attention, decision, and energy. Now he looks young for sixty-five, but he has an obstinate and painful sciatica, which lames him. Mr. Montagu Norman, at sixty-seven, has shingles—symptom of protracted nervous strain and worry. Bankers have to see him on urgent business at his bedside. The late Mr. "Solly" Joel is a typical example of the high-strung,

(*Continued on page* 100)

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING
GEORGE V.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anxious, worrying self-made business man who overloads his blood-pump by "running on his nerves," and collapses and dies ten years before he reaches the allotted span. There are more of those burnt-out men in America than in England. Lord Horder is sixty-seven but looks fifty. But he is highly strung—it is probably part of his magic as a diagnostician: he has a marvellous clinical instinct: he is an intuitive. He hates noise, wages a campaign against it. Less sensitively attuned organisms are not so conscious that we have made a world full of noise.

Suppose the men of science in their laboratories found out how the human organism—that extraordinary efficient and bewildering complex and powerful mechanism—operates, and how and why it fails in one or more of its parts under certain known stresses and strains?

Then one could provide premier X, or business magnate Y, or industrialist Z, or scientist or research worker A, with a routine programme, incorporating the foods he should inject into the chemical factory of his stomach and digestive apparatus, which feeds the stuff of life, strength, endurance and resistance to all his organs, nerves and brain. It would lay down his hours of work, and of rest, and—after examining his individual habits and general make-up—advise when he should rise, and when retire, and whether he should work in one long spell, or in two or three or four spells, and whether he should eat occasionally, as the late Colonel Lawrence did (without harming himself), or five times a day, as a group of psychologists advocate—frequent light meals to maintain the energy flow at maximum and uniform pressure.

Finally, it would add a list of warnings, based on overhaul and knowledge of the individual organism. Don't overstrain the liver, by doing this. Don't tax your eyes, by doing that. Dictate—don't write. Attend to your correspondence in bed, not sitting at your desk, or at your breakfast. Cut out dinner if you are kept working late—it will not be properly digested, you will be under par next day, and then you will drive yourself, and that is as bad as forcing a car with a worn engine.

Men who can command the most intelligent and experienced minds in medicine, or who themselves are exceptionally intelligent, have broken the ground, in an elementary way, in this field. Mr. Winston Churchill, although a heavy eater, keeps his health and work powers through diversification of interests, and some physical toil (painting, as well as bricklaying, is exercise: few painters are fat, and most are lean), and breaking his day in two. He rises early, and goes to bed for a couple of hours after lunch, then works late.

Mr. Lloyd George kept going at high pressure through the war by a variety of dodges which were scientific, although matters of common sense. He had a special chair made, in which he could relax for a few minutes when his organism needed rest—he had trained himself to rest, even to sleep, at any time (it can be done by the strong-willed individual with a robust constitution). He put his feet up and slept for an hour after lunch. He found that his powers were at high level in the early morning—he begins his writing at six a.m.—and so he would get through a lot of work before breakfast, and hold important conferences during breakfast. He went very carefully into the technical question of whether his health would gain or lose through sleeping in the fresh air at Chequers instead of staying in London. Lord Dawson of Penn decided that the strain of travelling from town to country after a tremendously hard working day, and travelling back next morning, would more than offset the country-air advantage, the politician being habituated to town, strong as an elephant, and a sound sleeper.

A famous editor, now retired, told me once that he, Churchill, and two other men would repair regularly to a Turkish bath during one period of the war, when all were working very hard. Neither he nor Churchill had the routine massage. I asked why. The editor said laconically: "Takes too much out of you after a hard day. X and Y laughed at us, and had it. And they're dead!"

We can hand medical science a palm only when it finds out how to make us immune from degenerative and mental disease. Heaven knows when that will be. It may happen by accident. X-ray and radium were accidental discoveries. Pasteur's great discovery happened through the scientist inadvertently inoculating chickens with age-weakened instead of fresh culture of cholera germs. The chickens recovered instead of dying, and Pasteur realised that he had found, not only a cause, but the cure.

But the leading research worker in the field, Dr. Alexis Carrel, the most brilliant and daring of the Rockefeller Institute experimental surgeons and researchers, sees no real hope for man until he destroys technological civilisation, and escapes from the prison of living conditions which he has created, and which are causing him to degenerate. The strong must be developed. Modern nations will not save themselves merely by protecting the weak. Major criminals should be disposed of in gas chambers. Aristocracy should be non-hereditary. People about to marry must undergo a medical examination. Individualism must be re-established: herd habits checked. Discipline—no luxury. A return to principles of natural health—artificial health processes get man nowhere and only promise increase in the weak and unfit in the future.

By an irony the people who have gone farthest along the drastic Carrel path are the Germans under Hitler! There have been "eliminations" of incurables in the asylums. In no other country is the cult of natural health so intensively practised, and extolled. The state has started to apply the principles of eugenics. Suicides are 16,000 a year, against 5,000 a year in Britain. But a Carrel might argue that this is all for the best—the voluntary elimination of the unfits, relieving the strongest of the burden of caring for them. Even capitalism is being severely disciplined.

Unfortunately, it is scarcely possible to argue that the German drive promises to promote human progress. It seems one thing again to produce strong and healthy human beings, and quite another to direct their minds and wills away from old thoughts and desires of war and conquest, their energies towards construction.

But presumably the scientists would do that—when they get control of the affairs of mankind.

END

Monarchs in the Making

(*Continued from page 39*)

and he her: and to him she bequeathed not only a spectacular and enormous diamond, but also a great deal of that charm that made her a notable and loved figure in, and outside, her country.

Meanwhile, Peter II has grown from the infinitely pathetic schoolboy to the lanky but still solemn youth of fifteen. Miss Crowther, of Bradford, and Miss Marr, the two Englishwomen who helped mould his formative years, and Mr. Parrott his English tutor, have been working hard on Peter. To-day his Yugoslav professor and tutor, Dr. Jeremije Zivanovic supervises his work and progress. The grim regime drawn up for his eldest son by King Alexander is really a "hotted up" secondary school programme, plus extra work. He must learn Slovene, Bulgarian, Russian, English, French and German, and his own language, perfectly as well as the constitutional history of his country.

But—it is the same story with Peter as with Michael, (*Continued on page* 102)

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in six
colours

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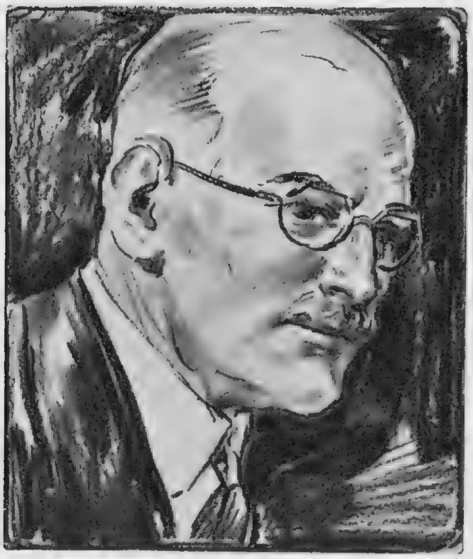

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TONIGHT

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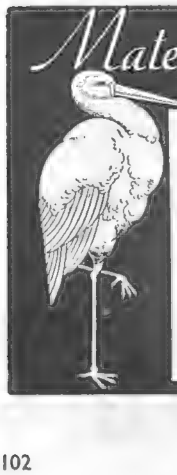

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mechanics, physics and chemistry appeal more than anything.

In the suite used by the present King (once his father's) in the palace there is in a prominent place the notice put for his son's admonishment by Alexander: "A prince must work as hard as any other boy." Peter probably would disagree. Actually he works considerably harder. But, as he grows up, characteristics emerge that may have some bearing on the future of his inheritance. Already taller than his father, is lanky but noticeably tough in endurance; he remains monosyllabic and rather solemn: is punctual and has developed a painstaking application and love of detail. He has a definite sense of his position—he could hardly escape this! It is not now so amusing to recount the childish anecdotes, for Peter must soon put off childish things—for he comes of age at eighteen. His mother, Queen Marie, is quiet and homely: his uncle, Prince Paul, an anglophil and a determined and most definite person. The boy shows their influence but is spoilt by neither. Recently he was refused a request for a rise in pocket money—"because as a king I have more responsibilities. . . ."

He still gets up at 7 a.m., and then after prayers and breakfast with the family goes to school from 8.30 to 11.30 when he does half an hour's gym. Next luncheon and freedom till three in the afternoon, and after that games, sports, riding—more especially riding on his pony, Susie. Tea with the family at 4.30 p.m., and after the evening meal time to spend with his family, mother, brothers Tomislav and Andrev, and school plays or cinema shows. The fellow scholars are, as in the case of Michael in his younger days, carefully selected representative Yugoslavs as Michael's were representative Romanians.

The summer was spent mostly near his palace at Bled; at Milocer he rowed, swam, rode and enjoyed himself and, as a lover of open air he enjoys himself immensely with the Yugoslav youth organisation, the "Sokol"—he and his fifteen colleagues in the royal "class."

The quiet boy with the sad face has unexpected reserves of bodily strength and growing strength of character: true, he probably would have made a first-class physicist, and it is hard luck that an embryo-physicist should have to be a king. But we have yet to discover that a fine physicist does not make a first-class modern statesman.

"BUT we were so happy. . . ." With these words it was that Leopold of the Belgians greeted his minister who met him on his return from the accident in Switzerland that robbed him of his wife, and robbed Crown Prince Baudouin of his mother. The little Duc de Brabant is heir to the ex-cockpit of Europe—and must ascend a throne that is almost as much a personal affair as that of his next neighbours, the Dutch.

It is difficult to know how this small boy is shaping: he is a quiet, polite little boy, mothered by his elder sister who grows yearly more like her own mother. Baudouin, however, has had one advantage that may remain with him; he comes of the most democratic royal stock in Europe—except perhaps the Dutch House of Orange. Queen Astrid pushed her own babies in their prams—managed and mothered them, and took them "home" to Scandinavia for their holidays. Baudouin may follow his uncle, Charles, as a serious student of things English—at Eton. Meanwhile he grows and gains some of that regal "poise" that even quite small royalties soon get after the early rigorous exposure to the public gaze.

NEXT—a conventional English house, of the larger type, perched on the side of Kingston Hill: and His Excellency Sir Ahmed Hassenein Bey talking of "Prince Freddy"—the adolescent youth, Egypt's heir, placed in his charge by the father who, though I certainly did not realise it at the moment of the conversation, was already in the shadow of death.

Aged sixteen, looking twenty-two, Prince Farouk came to England to get his first experience of life, close up: and—remarkable though it sounds, it is true that until then the Prince had had few, if any contacts with life. "He is so much older to look at than his actual age that even from his conversation you would think him grown up: till you realise that he is a very inexperienced boy, with few first hand contacts with life as yet. We hope he may get his experience of contemporary life in England."

Famous explorer, First Chamberlain to the King, Sir Ahmed confessed that "I am learning as much as he is . . . one forgets so much of one's own youth!" He had the delicate task of exploring this unexploited and rather precocious personality, and of teaching not only the mechanics, but the ethics of kingship to the youth the incorrigible English who saw him called, at once, "Prince Freddy"!

Then—suddenly, the King died. "Prince Freddy" went back to Egypt, King. *He started to reign.* The boy to whom they had grimly applied all the rigours of the English public school, plus Woolwich training, went back to an Egyptian Court and, in a short time, announced his intention of marrying. Did so. And, if the news be correct, will shortly become a father.

This is perhaps the most amazing schoolroom-to-throne story: from a packed time-table, from general, colonel, doctor, assistant controller, professor of Arabic, five English tutors and the entire resources of the academy at Woolwich to mould the mind and body of the young Egyptian—straight to a throne and straight to active kingship and marriage!

Perhaps after all, King Farouk was the most intensively trained of the lot of them!

END

Sea Wolves of the Indian Ocean

(Continued from page 21)

but, being fired upon, she hoisted Mogul colours. Avery himself showed a certain unwillingness to engage her closely, and remained at a distance cannonading. The two sloops, however, boldly boarded her, and she soon struck. She proved to be bound for Mecca with several persons of importance making the pilgrimage, among them a female relative of the Mogul himself; and, having taken out of her all the treasure he could find, Avery allowed his prize to go.

The three ships now set out to return to Madagascar, where they intended to build a fort and deposit their loot in a place of safety. Avery, however, put forward the suggestion that the treasure should be divided, sealed up in three chests and put on board his ship for safe bestowal later, and to this the other two captains agreed without hesitation. As soon as this had been done, Avery suggested to his own men that they should separate from the sloops in the night and thus have all the plunder for themselves, and to this they promptly consented.

One surmises that Avery had no great stomach for the pirates' trade, and would have been willing enough to retire and live on his gains. But he found some difficulty in disposing of the plunder. Having tried his fortune in America and Ireland, he finally returned to his native Devon, where he settled down at Bideford. There some friends of his, merchants, came forward and offered to dispose of the jewels and plate, and hand over the proceeds when the transaction was completed. Avery waited for a time with what patience he could muster. But when no money appeared, he sought out his pseudo-friends and demanded an account. "Be off," was their answer, "you're nothing but a pirate, and if you make any trouble it will be the worse for you." With the shadow of execution dock before his eyes, the pirate's lips were sealed.

(Continued on page 104)

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He went back to Bideford, penniless and starving, and soon after died, in part, perhaps, of a broken heart. His end was well deserved, no doubt. But—poetic justice or no—one cannot but feel a little sorry for him. He does not seem to have done any violence to his captives, and he had at least, as those who cheated him had not, risked his life for his booty.

TOWARDS the end of the eighteenth century the hey-day of the Madagascar pirate was over, but a new menace to the shipping of the Indian Ocean had arisen, in the shape of the raiding dhows which came down from the Persian Gulf to prey upon the East Indiamen.

These ships, owned and manned by the piratical tribes of the Joassamees, had long been a scourge to the small craft of their own race along the coasts around Bushire, but until 1797 they had never attempted to attack European vessels, and had even been supplied by British ships with powder and shot for their voyages. At last, however, emboldened by success, they began to fly at higher game, and made a sudden attack upon the *Viper*, of ten guns, which was lying in the harbour at Bushire. Lieutenant Carruthers, who was in command of the vessel, was killed, but a midshipman, Mr. Salter, courageously assumed control and gallantly beat the dhows off. Seven years later the East Indiaman *Fly* was taken by a French privateer, and her crew set ashore at Bushire, where they bought a dhow in which they set out to sail to Bombay. Near the mouth of the Gulf they were attacked by the Joassamees, and after a stout resistance the dhow was captured and the prisoners taken to Ras-el-Khyma, the pirates' chief port. Their lives appeared in such imminent danger that they offered to recover for their captors the treasure which they had thrown overboard when the *Fly* was taken, intending to return for it when opportunity arose, and to this the Joassamees greedily consented. During the excitement consequent on the division of the treasure the prisoners made a daring attempt to seize the ship and escape, but their intention was discovered; and they were marooned on the island of Kenn.

Thence they at last contrived to get away on a raft which they built of wreckage, and finally two men, the only survivors of the *Fly*'s crew, reached Bombay with the dispatches to which they had all this time doggedly clung. Sad to say, they met with "a cold and unkind reception" from the governor there, and received nothing in the way of recompense for their sufferings or reward for their care of the dispatches.

In 1805 occurred a particularly flagrant outrage. The *Shannon* and another brig sailing in company from Bombay to Bussorah, were captured by dhows, and Captain Babcock, the captain of the *Shannon*, who had fired on the Arabs in defence of his ship, was seized and the arm which had fired the shot hacked off with a scimitar. With the amazing endurance and indifference to pain so often shown by the seaman of those days, the captain thrust his bleeding stump into some boiling fat which was near at hand, and thus staunched the flow of blood and no doubt saved his own life. The *Shannon* and her consort were additionally armed and sent to cruise in the Gulf, and a like fate befell the *Minerva*, which was seized and all on board massacred with the exception of the second mate and the carpenter, whom the pirates thought might be of use to them. An Armenian lady, wife of an English officer, was first designed for a pirate's harem, but she was finally ransomed and released.

A few weeks after this last outrage, the *Sylph*, of sixty tons, and carrying eight guns, was attacked by a fleet of dhows, which, thrusting their long overhanging prows across the *Sylph*'s bulwarks, showered from them volleys of stones on the deck so that she became an easy prize. All on board were slaughtered but the wounded captain and a few of the crew who had contrived to drag him into a storeroom and barricade themselves inside it. The *Nereid*, falling in with the captured vessel a little later, guessed what had happened and, giving chase immediately, overhauled and retook her.

A squadron was now sent to take the pirates' stronghold, which was done, and the towns of Linga and Luft were also captured. But the effect was only temporary, and in 1815 and 1816 the raiders were again infesting the Red Sea, where they took four ships bound for Mocha, and put their crews to the sword. Buckingham, the Oriental traveller, who visited Ras-el-Khyma about this time, when a British squadron was once more sent to demand reparation and insist on a cessation of the outrages, stated that the Joassamees possessed sixty large boats whose crews ranged from eighty to three hundred in that port alone, and forty at other places—a total of one hundred boats and eight thousand men.

ONE of the most remarkable of these Arab pirates was the Sheikh of the Island of Kishmah, to whom the East India Company was accustomed to pay tribute to secure for their shipping immunity from his attentions. On one occasion the *Hope*, which had been sent to pay the usual tribute, went aground, and her ship's company were treated by the sheikh with all friendliness and hospitality, and even offered a dusky lady each to take away with them—an offer which, however, was declined on the ground of lack of accommodation !

The potentate now proved to be no Arab but a renegade Englishman, Thomas Horton, who had started life as a tailor's apprentice in the Sandgate of Newcastle, stolen some money from his master and run away to sea. In Sweden he left his ship and joined the army, where, being a somewhat personable youth, he won the affection of his captain's wife and became a lieutenant. The captain having died suddenly under rather suspicious circumstances, he thought it discreet to leave Sweden for Russia, where he and the late captain's widow set up in an inn on the banks of the Volga, and soon made a nice sum of money. Horton now quarrelled with his wife, and murdered her, being in due course sentenced to death for the crime. But the rope was not made which would hang him. He escaped, and after many strange adventures became Admiral of the Sheikh of Kishmah's Navy. Here he had a successful career, attacking and taking an armed brig among other exploits, and concluded by killing the sheikh and taking his place as ruler of Kishmah. In this role, strange to say, he was universally beloved by his subjects, whom he governed with kindness and justice.

They still build dhows along the shores of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, as they have done for centuries past, and many of those that sail the seas to-day, coming down on the monsoon to Mombasa and Zanzibar with their merchandise, may be old enough to have witnessed, or even have played their part in, the wild scenes of a century ago. But those days are done now, and only the white curve of a lateen sail cutting the blue of the horizon remains to bring to mind the sea wolves of the Indian Ocean.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 35)

and his pen has lost none of its witty magic. The result is a novel which deservedly was selected by the *Daily Mail* as their Book of the Month of September.

There is some suggestion of affinity between two of the books before me—at least so far as their titles go. One is *Let's See if the World is Round*, by Hakon Mielche (Hodge, 12s. 6d.), and the other is *Beyond Horizons*, by Lincoln Ellsworth, (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.).

If their titles suggest an affinity, however, they lie—for while Mr. Mielche's chronicle is that of a couple (*Continued on page* 106)

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of amateur world semi-circumnavigators, Mr. Ellsworth's autobiography deals in the adventures of a professional explorer.

Mr. Mielche's book tells of his trip with Mr. Möller, a Danish schoolmaster who, suddenly possessed by an undeniable wanderlust, sold his school, bought a boat and set forth with the author (a former pupil) to see if the world really was round—as he had taught others to believe for so long.

Naturally, a trip undertaken in such a spirit of irresponsibility was productive of a wealth of amusing incident and considerable point is lent to these events by the author's quaint drawings of which some 480 are scattered throughout the pages of this delightful book in which a number of excellent photographs are also included.

One thing becomes abundantly clear on reading this book : Mr. Mielche must have been the ideal companion for such an adventure, for his unfailing good humour and his faculty for extracting something incongruous from the most everyday occurrence fit him peculiarly for such a trip—and, incidentally, enable him to give us this highly diverting record of it.

Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, if he takes his voyaging somewhat more seriously, does so because his journeys have been undertaken always with an important object in view.

In *Beyond Horizons* he tells us of his career and of the many exciting moments it has brought him.

Against the background of hard-won achievement the man himself stands out, just such a character as popular fancy would have imagined him to be.

Resourceful, least lonely when most solitary, a creature of high courage and innate modesty.

The vivid pages of this memorable book are swept with the bitter winds that ride the Polar wastes and filled with the starry silence of long Arctic nights; and more than that, they are bright with peril and conquest; they form the inspiring life-story of a man who followed his destiny to the far ends of the world—a rebuff to those who sit at home and bewail the passing of the pioneering days.

A VERY different, indeed a most original type of autobiography is *Three Homes*, by Lennox Robinson (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

In this delightful book, the author has collaborated with his sister and one of his brothers and their joint reminiscences cover the years 1886 to 1922.

The book derives its title from the homes of these three and it derives its charm from the intrinsic likeableness of those who live in them.

There is a wealth of quiet Irish humour in its pages which will delight the reader and it really is uncanny to perceive the accuracy with which the author has gauged just what intimate detail will interest or stimulate the stranger-reader.

Admirable as is his discretion in this matter, one must, however, salute him for his strength of purpose in omitting reference to any of those inevitably innumerable incidents so important in every childhood but so relatively unimportant to unrelated grown-ups.

This book charms me. I believe it will charm you, too.

BACK again from autobiography to biography with *The Life Story of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge*, by Ethel M. Duff (Stanley Paul, 18s.).

The Duke of Cambridge was a cousin of Queen Victoria, and if we are to read between the lines of this work, the Queen would gladly have had him share her throne.

We are invited to ask ourselves whether the young Prince George (as he was then) deliberately had himself sent abroad on military service at a singularly early stage in order to escape from the embarrassing position of being offered the hand of Queen Victoria.

We are further invited to say whether or not the Queen's unreasonable behaviour when he married Louisa Fairbrother was, in fact, reactionary to the feeling that she had herself been scorned for a mere actress.

Whatever *your* answers may be to these intriguing questions, the larger aspect of this important biography—the revelation of the true character of this frequently misunderstood man—will appeal.

The subject matter is capably handled and the many illustrations add interest to this already interesting book.

OUR only other biography this month is Phœbe Fenwick Gaye's *John Gay* (Collins, 18s.).

It was John Gay, poet-author of *The Beggar's Opera*, whom Dr. Johnson described as "the general favourite of the whole association of Wits."

Gay's two great friends were Pope and Swift and much of the book is devoted to the association of these three, but others who also figure prominently in its pages are Handel and—of course—the Duchess of Queensbury, Gay's imperious young patron and friend, and also Mrs. Howard who was the mistress of George II.

The most brilliant people of the eighteenth century pass across the author's stage and play their parts in the moulding of John Gay.

And yet, all the time I feel there is a side to that unusual man's character which the author is withholding from us.

Perhaps it is only an illusion, though, for it is obvious that deep and patient research and correlation of documents has gone to the making of this book—the biography of a man long overdue for that attention.

Love's Enchantment, by E. M. Griffith (Foulis, 7s. 6d.), is a romance of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, at the time when the struggle to throw off the Spanish yoke was in full force—a period full of colour and movement.

The story is frankly romantic—set in a romantic age and telling of romantic deeds—but it has, too, the nobility of tragedy.

The love interest is charmingly done and its ultimate attainment is adroitly kept up the author's sleeve, so to speak, for production at the moment calculated to give it its maximum of dramatic effect.

Our Library List for the month is completed by a very notable novel in *Leathernose*, by Jean de la Varende (Methuen, 7s. 6d.).

André Maurois contributes an introduction in which we are told that the author of this startling story was approaching his fiftieth year before he ever published one word of the writings which he had been engaged on for thirty years entirely for his personal satisfaction.

Now when a man writes for his own satisfaction, he expresses the artist within him. And so it was with Jean de la Varende.

The result is a wholly memorable book.

Young Roger, Count of Tainchebraye, a noble and gay Norman aristocrat, was a much talked-of young man, renowned for his gallantry.

A sabre cut lost him his nose on one of Napoleon's battlefields, and for a year he disappeared from the world—to emerge a mysterious masked figure, idolized by peasants and nobility alike throughout his beloved countryside.

For a time he hunted and loved, but the feeling of isolation never left him—his horse was his greatest friend—and he lived to find a deeper meaning in a world in which he was not the only one to wear a mask. . . .

The conception of this book is remarkable. Its treatment is magnificent.

Jean de la Varende has a breadth of outlook which enables him to depict vast scenes but also he possesses that nicety of perception which makes it possible for him to strip such scenes of every superfluity, so that the picture he gives us is at once adequate and yet provoking.

He understands the human heart and instincts and he revels in colour and action.

When he describes a battle we hear the clashing of steel upon steel.

END

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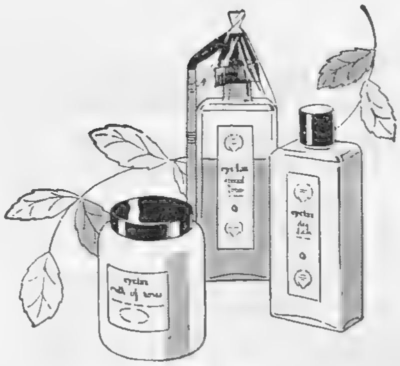

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Mrs. P. E. (original letter available for inspection) writes: "After using 3 bottles, results were — before Redex, waist 39½ ins., hips 44 ins.,— after Redex, waist 36 ins., hips 39 ins."

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NEW CREAM DEODORANT
with 5 advantages
1 Stops perspiration instantly for 1 to 3 days.
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Arrid *6d. and 1/11 a jar*
FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

Queer Occupations on a Crazy Continent

(Continued from page 19)

the ports themselves. These men, from twenty different nations and mostly retired officers, have an extremely unhealthy job and rightly get good pay. Never in history have such jobs as theirs existed. They have to vouch for the non-contraband nature of their vessel's cargo and for the nature of the air or sea attack that may be made on their ship; a distressing fact, however, being that no one seems to pay attention to what they report, from the standpoint of taking action.

Side-stepping the non-intervention plan are other queer customers, half-castes, Chinese or Cypriots, who, as British subjects, are made nominal directors of mushroom shipping lines in order that ships may register under the British flag and so claim the support of the Royal Navy. It is surely one of the minus workings of democracy that such subterfuges cannot be dealt with, as, indeed, the Premier himself admitted. Involved Admiralty law blocks the way.

Recruiting abroad for the two Spains lends itself to further strange goings-on. On the Government side, this is done by *rabatteurs*, mainly based on Paris. These men are paid a salary, expenses, and so much per recruit crossing the frontier. They work on lists sent them by the advanced political parties in foreign capitals. They meet their men in Paris, take them out and usually jolly them along and blur them with plenty of drink, prior to putting them on the Barcelona express, in the care of colleagues. Franquist recruiting operates differently, rather by shaming eligible young men into joining the insurgent ranks. Lists are compiled of such Spaniards who are visited in the countries where they are living; and if they do not show up within a limited period at the Irun frontier, their names are blacklisted in Nationalist Spain, for future reference, and their relatives informed.

Then there are the Franco parlour propagandists, a carefully organised branch established in foreign cities of importance. Drawn from both men and women, a good number work for nothing, others on the expenses principle—for they will have to entertain in response to being entertained, as they put over their material.

ABRUPTLY to change latitude and longitude, have you ever heard of the walking newspaper? Well, this queer job has Germany as its setting. And particularly Greater Germany—late Austria. A large number of the public, notably among those who once were Social-Democrats and Communists, but also many Catholics, are tired of reading the same daily dope in the Goebbels-controlled Press. They know it doesn't come near representing the international facts; they hate continuing in the dark. So, in certain parts, such as the Ruhr and Berlin, men and women who have absorbed the latest news from the foreign Press and other quarters, walk abroad, conveying the gist of this by word of mouth to people they meet, and whom they *know*. And so the truth—or at least something akin to it—goes round from mouth to mouth. A dangerous job, yes, yet one that it is hard to track down unless one of the walking newspaper company is given away by someone to whom he or she has just spoken.

Italy has something conducted on different lines, but for an identical end: the defeat of Government news for ever the same in texture. The Italian method is to circulate tiny crumpled balls of tissue paper on which experts in minuscule handwriting have managed to cram hundreds of words setting forth the latest facts. These balls can be so compressed as to be made to fit into a ring, thus crossing the frontier unperceived even by the most suspicious customs officer. The penalty for this form of hush-hush news circulation is the Special Tribunal and long years of imprisonment or *Confino* on the islands. Yet the system has been prosecuted successfully for years.

During the War courageous Belgians of Brussels managed to issue nearly two hundred copies of the *Etoile Belge*, printed and circulated surreptitiously. (A standing joke was that a copy invariably found its way on to the desk of the German governor-general, von Bissing.) Since the trampling of Austria, clandestine leaflets and publications have become a big source of worry to the Nazi Party. Who get out and cause to be distributed this printed material? That is the darkest secret, since death is the penalty. But the daring of some of these idealists may be gauged from the fact that the latest pamphlet, directed against war and signed the "Union of Soldiers," was circulated in German State Lottery envelopes to "big business" and to important Germans, generally, throughout the Reich. The use of the Lottery envelopes was in order that the German Post Office should distribute the leaflets—over 100,000 of them—at a reduced rate, which was duly done!

In kindred category are the secret wireless sending stations that pop up periodically in the Reich. Some months ago three men were found transmitting from a private car, and it is believed they figured among those later announced as beheaded for treason. Yet disciples have not been lacking. At this writing, the chief centre of secret broadcasting is Danzig whence a voice latterly announced that 8,450 Social Democrats, Catholics and Jews, both men and women, had been taken to concentration camps in Germany, that 3,250 others were being kept as political prisoners in German jails, and that a further 2,330 had disappeared entirely—this, mind you, from a city still supposed to be under the governmental authority of the League of Nations.

Such broadcasts begin: "Here freedom-transmitter Danzig" and are addressed to "All freedom-loving Germans in the Third Reich." They are short and sharp, to prevent compass-bearings being got on the secret sending station which changes position nightly. By the time the police direction-finding stations have got on to it, it is finished and away.

The United Kingdom is far from going untouched by our queer contemporary occupations.

Special to this country is the system by which Britons give their names and nationality to foreign women, in registry office marriages, in return for sums of money up to £500. The unsavoury game is by no means new. In 1931 I came across an Austrian girl who showed me letters and papers indicating that she was off to Manchester, there to marry an unknown Englishman in return for paying him £50. He was to leave her the same day, and never see or annoy her again. And what was the bride to do? She was going to settle down and make her way as a British subject in England —what kind of eventual way, I hesitate to say.

Of late the trade in husbands has grown greatly, with so many refugee women enticed by the prospect of permanent shelter as British subjects. Some men are believed to have contracted as many as twenty of these marriages in different parts of the kingdom, all of course under varying names. Papers are easily obtainable or can be faked to order. There exists, without doubt, a ring, with headquarters in London and agents in the bigger, usually northern cities. Frenchwomen of a certain class are very keen to contract such alliances, regardless of the new and sinister fact that has slipped in and which has to do with blackmail. These queer husbands now track down their wives of an hour and—unless the latter pay and pay, they are revealed to the authorities.

(Continued on page 110)

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England is also suffering (as is France) from a positive invasion of stowaways. The belief is that in New York there is a gang operating, whose racket takes the form of sending workless Americans over to Europe, either to fight in Spain or elsewhere, or to get jobs. No fewer than fourteen stowaways were taken off the *Normandie*, at Havre, after one recent voyage. So vast is this ship, that skilful stowaways can expect to go undiscovered for days if not for the whole crossing, and when it is added that they may be aided—against payment—by members of the crew, the ease with which they can be smuggled ashore becomes evident. They usually hide in telephone booths and lavatories during the first forty-eight hours, and a special patrol of such places is now the rule. Gone the days of lying starved, parched and suffocating in coal bunkers. Some stowaways last summer were even known to eat in the public saloons.

Then take this landing of aliens in England from trawlers and launches, even from aircraft. Most of this class of work operates from the coastline Rotterdam-Boulogne, taking in the Dutch and Flemish coasts and the stretch from Dunkirk to Le Touquet. Antwerp is a special centre where deals are put through, the alien then proceeding to whatever embarking spot or port he is directed. Payment will vary between £10 for a rough trawler passage and £50 for being taken over in a cargo vessel and put ashore in a ship's boat. The South Coast, between Hastings and Bognor, is a favourite dumping ground, with the mouth of the Thames as runner-up. The East Coast is considered too carefully watched and too difficult for landing.

Many of these aliens, now receiving stiff sentences, are stateless Jews and Socialists from Central Europe, but others are even less welcome. One refers to the crooks and gentlemen on the run, desirous of setting up business in England. The obtaining of a British passport is relatively easy—I have never understood why our authorities consider it to be next to impossible to employ a faked passport. If only they saw some of the faking in process of being executed in Paris and Brussels! To my knowledge, faked British passports were lately for sale in the former for the equivalent of £31 apiece. And a highly important thing to remember about such masterpieces is that more often than not, they are *not* used for getting into the U.K.

It may well be that officers at our ports are too lynx-eyed to permit of faked passports being successfully proffered. But how if such are offered only to get into *other* countries, to the Dominions and colonies, to North and South America? Where are the lynx-eyed British officers at such ports or places of entry? And British subjects may be of several hues and accents, and variations in personal appearance.

One of the strangest occupations to-day, must be that of fitting platinum or similar costly gadgets to motor cars. This comes under the heading of smuggling currency and valuables out of authoritarian countries like Germany, Italy and Russia. It was in Vienna that the platinum fittings were discovered on a wealthy Jew's car. The family had been given permission to leave the country, but only provided it took none of its possessions along. In a number of previous cases, similar conditions had been laid down. These came to the ears of an imaginative mechanic who conceived the notion of fitting platinum dashboard etceteras, as the most expensive, lightest, and least recognisable of metals. In the case that was discovered, £6,000 had been expended by the migrating Jew, who hoped to dispose of the platinum lucratively in France.

More auspicious was the plan which has enabled a German-Jewish family, landing at Harwich, to emigrate to Kenya. The family arrived without money other than that sufficient to meet the British laws of entry. But a young son had remained behind, in Germany, and presently he arrived at Harwich with many bales of hops. Suspicions were aroused and each bale was carefully prodded, with the result that one was found to contain several slender aluminium tubes in which had been secreted away the family's fortune of £5,000 in notes. But no law had been broken in England, and so the young man was permitted to go gleefully on his way—to East Africa.

Any amount of queer work is being done with stamps. For instance, German citizens, wishing to leave Germany but unable to take with them more than the allotted maximum of ten marks, buy stamps in the Reich for many hundreds of pounds, and post these sheets to themselves in other countries. Then they leave—with their maximum of ten marks—and collect. Another method is to post to a foreign country valuable specimens that have been specially bought in the authoritarian lands. These rare stamps are later sold in the country where it is proposed to settle.

There is an aged American at Nice who for many years has been living by purchasing Monaco stamps each day in France, and journeying the twelve miles to Monte Carlo and reselling them across the counter. He somehow makes four or five shillings profit daily, on an expenditure of £3.

Jobs, jobs, curious jobs of the times! At Marseilles was recently discovered a ring of doctors who have been making big money by making out certificates testifying that their bearers are unfit for military service. At Toulouse, a man was found in possession of over a hundred foreigners' identity cards. He had burgled them from the Town Hall and had already sold several dozen to aliens who otherwise would have had to leave the country under the new French cleaning-up laws. Each card thus sold had been made out in a new name and identity. Then there were the two Balkan girls found in a famous Paris hotel in the early morning. They were breaking into a room, but why did they wear black masks and tights of similar hue? In their suitcases along the corridor were found any number of keys of hotel rooms all over Europe—mementos, they said—together with a score of faked passports. What was the real game of these young ladies? It is not thought that it was wholly thieving.

As for the smuggling of arms, it goes on incessantly in the weirdest circumstances. A typical example: on the Czech-German frontier a chauffeur declared a large amount of paraffin-wax. The Czechs prodded the wax and found two hundred automatic pistols buried in it. Yet to detain you with smuggling tales—of arms, dope, spirits, silks, watches, artificial teeth—would be merely to go back over occult occupations long existing. One prefers to dig out the novel jobs, such as Austrian girls sent to foreign countries to sing the praises of the Nazi regime in their native province; frontier residents—foreigners—who make a living by constantly crossing, say, from Italy into France with tourist lire which they sell at a thirty per cent profit in the latter country.

THE controlling of Germanics resident in other countries has given work of an unusual kind to thousands of Nazi agents.

Other queer contemporary occupations are: hunting for scrap in wrecked Spain, rag and bone collecting for Marshal Goering's Four-Year Plan, gathering nails and kindred débris for Mussolini (urchins are given a lira a day for a bucket of this scrap). The bigger Italian scrap—all for armaments—is to be seen trundling by in carts, a miscellaneous collection of old iron.

Then there are the trouble cashiers and the synthetic experts. They first move about Europe, where there's trouble brewing or where it has broken out, and pay the mischief-makers. Palestine has been a frequent rendezvous of these trouble-cashiers this year. They are usually camouflaged as perfectly respectable business men, and pay in notes. As for the synthetic merchants, these are of the professorial brand and they spend their days and nights—chiefly in the Third Realm—trying to evolve new substitutes that will render Germany

(*Continued on page 112*)

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Lady Rosemary Gresham, sister of the Earl of Erroll, says: "I'm out-of-doors a lot, I like walking and I go to race meetings often. My skin is extremely sensitive and ordinarily gets rough after exposure. But I've found that Pond's Creams with the 'skin-vitamin' are wonderfully effective. My skin stays in perfect condition now I'm using them. They've also made my complexion exceptionally smooth, healthier and nicer in colour."

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Lady Grenfell is one of the most beautiful young marrieds in Society. As a débutante, she was one of the loveliest and most popular. Royalty attended her wedding . . . She tells us, "I'm using Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin,' and they're really amazing. They've made a wonderful difference in my complexion, given it a more alive tone, finer texture, greater smoothness—and they've softened little lines away like magic."

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Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy says, "The 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Creams has made them really *miraculous.* I don't ever have to worry about a countrified complexion."

3 years of research by biochemists proved that when the skin lacks the "skin-vitamin," glands dry up, cells flatten, under-tissues become shrunken—the skin becomes rough and scaly. But when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" is applied daily, glands become normal, flattened cells and shrunken tissues fill out—the skin becomes smooth, clear, healthy.

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A GREAT new discovery now makes it possible to put the most important substance for beauty directly into your skin—by simply applying a face cream.

The substance is the "skin-vitamin," which, scientists have now learned, *enables the skin to rebuild itself—making new tissue replace faded, old skin!* And Pond's Cream now brings you this "skin-vitamin"—it is in Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream.

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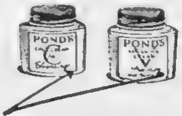
Try giving your skin a supply of the "skin-vitamin"—use Pond's Vanishing Cream or Pond's Cold Cream. *See your skin transformed within a few weeks.*

These creams are the same as before except for the "skin-vitamin." At the same prices. You use them as before . . . The "skin-vitamin" is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a cleansing cream that melts as it is applied.



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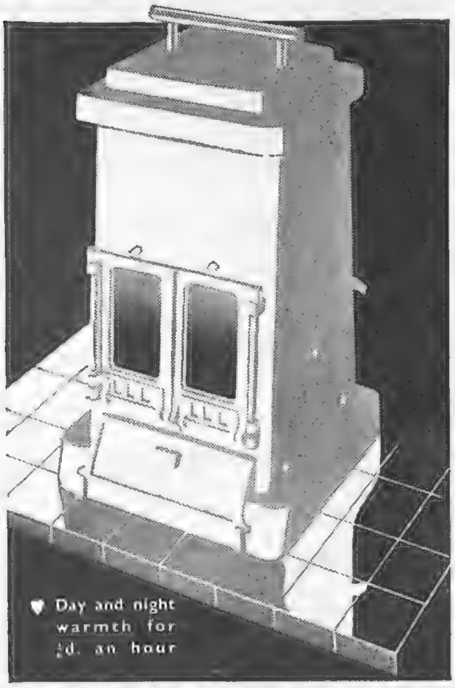

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Queer Occupations on a Crazy Continent

independent in any next war, and untouched by any future blockade. A snag is that nearly all these substitutes have thus far proved far too costly, however thrilling it may be to make "leather" goods out of skimmed milk and boots out of herring skin.

As unexpected an occupation as any must be that of the café and restaurant keeper, who has established himself outside the big French factories. As and when stay-in strikes are announced in these plants, your café-keeper lays in supplies of food and drink and other immediate necessities, and proceeds to do a roaring trade with the self-immolated ones.

Maybe an equally strange job is to be found in Austria where agents are going over the big estates, due for breaking up, and reckoning their value for resettlement or planting purposes. Many castle bargains have been struck, and a great deal of gambling done, since the ex-Austrian estates contained some of the largest and most fertile expanses in Europe. Prince Starhemberg alone had thirteen estates, and they have all been commandeered for handing over to the workers on the land . . . if these are lucky.

Which reminds one of the freak notion of Count Schaffgotsch, cousin of Starhemberg's, who, with the aid of millionaire W. A. Harriman, has set about erecting a new and miniature Tyrol away in Idaho. There will be ski-ing and ski "elevators," and Tyrolean inns and wine, and even reindeer, albeit such are now only found in Lapland. But does that stop American citizens who think reindeer sleighs would be picturesque?

Hush-hush couriers to perilously placed ones are constantly on the move across Europe. They have even been known to try and get prisoners out of concentration camps. But their main job is to maintain contact surreptitiously between people unable any longer to do so. Couriers are also well placed to fix barter deals of lesser volume, between firms and business concerns, while on one occasion a man told me in a Continental express that he made quite a tidy commission by arranging for otherwise unobtainable goods to be on sale in such and such a country. He made it his business to find out what specialities were no longer coming in, in the restricted times.

So we come down to the discovery that such things as spying and sabotage are merely two, if a leading two, of the queer jobs of work at present in vogue on a distinctly daft Continent. I have run through a list personally collected in recent weeks: there exist without a doubt many other weird ways of earning a current living. Consider the number of people who go round the place saying they are journalists. That is the easiest of all things to assert, if not so easy to substantiate when a fake comes up with a genuine journalist. I have met several such fakes but as for what they were really doing—ask me another.

END

It's In My Contract

(Continued from page 27)

no longer." She clapped her hands. "Olga!"

Olga ran eagerly to the trolley and took her pose beside Dovolno. Simultaneously both ballerinas ran forward and pushed her off it. Then they both climbed up.

"You go away," said Mimi. "I do this dance now."

"Get you out," said Dyra. "I get here first."

They pushed.

A terrified Dovolno legged it into the wings.

Arenskaya legged it for Stroganoff.

The *corps de ballet* shivered deliciously. What fun it was to be an *Assoluta*.

Absorbed, the conductor went on playing.

"*ALORS*," said Stroganoff, "it is settled. Mimi she dance *Boutique*."

"It is settled," agreed Arenskaya. "Dyra she dance it."

Stroganoff yawned, pushed aside the glass of the inferior but costly brand of tea he was making do with, pending the arrival of the crate, got up and pulled apart the curtains. A skyscraper leered at him; Stroganoff shuddered. Dawn in New York was no more invigorating than in Bolivia. He drew the curtains hurriedly and returned to the combat. It had been waging since midnight after a strenuous dress rehearsal at which none of the dresses had arrived and the disputed role had remained undanced.

"But, darlink," pleaded Stroganoff. "*Soyez raisonable*. Dyra maybe she dance the rôle better, but Mimi she give me the 'otter 'ell."

"Me," said Arenskaya magnificently, "I am the artist. It is you who are the business man and have to listen."

"I am the artist too," pleaded Stroganoff. "That Dyra she dance *Boutique* better it weigh much with me. But never do I forget that it was Mimi who hit me on the head with hard-block ballet shoe." He rubbed his bald dome tenderly.

"When Dyra is angry," said Arenskaya ruthlessly, "she throw the samovar at General Dymka. It is well known."

"There are no samovars in America," said Stroganoff bitterly. "And my tea it has not arrived."

The old combatants gazed at each other mournfully. Their silence was laden with the heaviness of a thousand such all-night sessions.

"*Ma chérie*," pleaded Stroganoff. "*Soyez sympathique*. Whichever dances, I am in the *purée* anyway. It is in their contracts. It is only that I seek that the *purée* it be a little dilute. I am old and tired." He sagged in his chair.

"All would be simple," said Arenskaya, "if Mimi should get her *migraine*."

Inspiration came suddenly. A rejuvenated Stroganoff leaped to his feet.

"But I am the idiot. Always I worry myself which will be the angry most. But that is stupid. For if it chance that one of them should be late for the theatre then it is me who is angry. It is in the contract."

"But they are both of the habit punctual."

"Poof!" said Stroganoff. "The accident it can happen. Me—I look after that."

Arenskaya was thoughtful. "So if Mimi she is late to-morrow."

"If Dyra is late," corrected Stroganoff.

They toasted each other in tea.

"*Alors*," said Arenskaya, "it is settled at last. Dyra she dances."

"It is settled," beamed Stroganoff. "The dancer it is Mimi."

ELEVEN o'clock that morning saw the young author striding jauntily past the stage-door keeper. He had come to watch class, to steep himself in that atmosphere of tradition, concentration, and quiet discipline which had so inexplicably eluded him yesterday. Here, in class, where a dancer may be found at her daily devotions—that ritual which no earthquake, nor revolution, nor transatlantic crossing can dislodge. . . .

He entered hopefully.

"When I say tar-ra-ra," Arenskaya was screaming at the pianist, "I mean tar-ra-ra, and not tum-titty-tum-titty-tum. You, you play tootle-ootle-oo all the time."

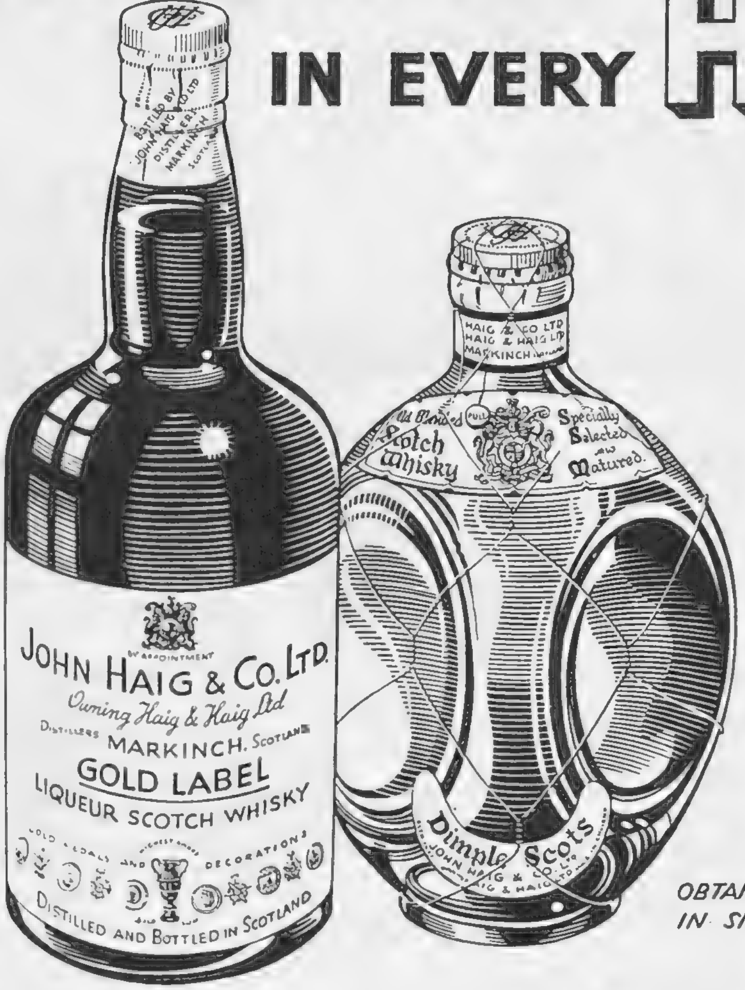
The pianist snorted and banged down the loud pedal. Dolefully the ballerinas applied themselves to the *barre*.

With a certain amount of misgiving, the author settled himself in the quietest corner he could find and took in the scene. His misgivings increased.

Arenskaya, a small, vindictive figure in a scarlet practice frock, stood in the centre of the bare room thumping the floor with a stick. Another

(Continued on page 114)

HAIG IN EVERY HOME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minute, thought the author apprehensively, and she would be thumping the ballerinas—those ethereal creatures he had worshipped from the stalls, who at close quarters had consolidated alarmingly into a battery of thighs and drab pullovers. Not a face that was not bedewed with sweat, not an arm that was not red and straining, and not an instep that did not end in a pair of old, and probably odd, ballet shoes. And not a glimpse of glamour among the lot of them.

Leading the *barre* at one end was the great Dyrakova. Leading the *barre* at the other was the famous Vanillova. They were not on speaking terms.

In the centre, the little Olga strained and stretched at *barre*. She was utterly without Dyrakova's famous *développé*. Her arabesque in no way compared with that of Vanillova. But she had a freshness and an eagerness that both would have given their life-seared souls to possess. Also she had a boy friend, David Davolno, working like a demon beside her. He followed her about almost as insistently as her mother.

"*Battements*," announced Arenskaya.

The thick thighs rose and fell . . . rose and fell.

Determined to keep what few illusions he had left, the author produced the podgy notebook in which he conscientiously jotted down each gem of thought as it occurred to him.

Upstairs Stroganoff was wrestling with the telephone.

"*Non!*" he was saying violently. "Not the bump-off. Not even the beat-up. Only the abdication. And you bring her back to-morrow in good time for *Femmes De Bonne Humeur*."

"Ya," said the voice at the other end of the line. It added something. . . .

"*Si, si!*" said Stroganoff hastily. "Have the confidence in me. The advance I pay you to-morrow. . . ."

"THE grace of a gazelle," the author was writing ecstatically, "and the sinuousness of a snake . . ."

"Ah," beamed Stroganoff, materialising unfairly at his elbow and breathing hard over his shoulder, "doubtless you record already your impressions of to-night's performance for your *London Daily Post?*"

"Er?" said the author. . . .

"That is olright," smiled Stroganoff, "you finish later. For now I have arrange for you the little treat. The hour has come when you shall meet my Dyra."

The author glowed.

"And also," continued Stroganoff, "you should take her to lunch."

The author's hand stole towards his pocket.

"In this," continued Stroganoff, "you do me the turn immense, and also," he added cunningly, "you are the good friend to the ballet." He had not been dealing with balletomanes all his life without learning something of their mentality.

Pleasure, pride and penury fought their bewildered way across the author's countenance.

"Do not worry, *mon chér*," said Stroganoff understandingly, "Already I have prepared the invitation irresistible. I will do the talking for you and you shall nod. Dyra will not refuse. You will see. . . ."

"But," said the author.

"Later—later," said Stroganoff. "Dyra!" he called. "Dyrushka, my darlink, come you here!"

The great Dyrakova detached herself from the *barre* and undulated over to join the two men.

"*Ma chérie*," began Stroganoff, "I have the pleasure to present to you the British Lord Streatham, who is also the editor of the *London Daily Post*."

The great Dyrakova melted at once. Graciously she extended her hand—just too high for it to be shaken. The British Lord Streatham looked appealingly at Stroganoff. "Kiss it," hissed the impresario urgently.

"The good lord," said Stroganoff, "has been for many years the fervent admirer of your exquisite art."

"*Entendu*," said the great Dyrakova. "Always he has want to meet you."

"Why he wait so long?" asked the ballerina, puzzled.

"He has the shyness British," explained Stroganoff. "But to-day he has overcome it. Nod," he hissed to the author.

The author nodded.

"He has for you the idea magnificent for the poof," continued Stroganoff. "He is seized with the desire to write the story of your life in his *London Daily Post*. Nod!" he hissed.

Delighted, Dyrakova turned to the author. "To-night I dance for you alone, and after we have the little supper *intime*." She turned away.

Beads of sweat bedewed Stroganoff's dome.

"Wait," he besought the ballerina. "The good lord he cannot eat the supper. He has for then a conference of the most important."

The ballerina stiffened.

"But," said Stroganoff hastily, "he pleads that you take the luncheon *ravissante* at his costly country club. He drive you there in his Royce-Rolls."

The author started visibly.

"You have the drive luxurious," urged Stroganoff, "the lunch gourmet in the air beneficial. And afterwards you rest, and you dictate to him your memories."

"But," said the ballerina, "I have the fitting for this afternoon."

"Poof!" said Stroganoff, "the dresses they have not yet come. And neither," he added crossly, "has my tea. But do not distress yourself. Americans are efficient—it is well known. Both will arrive in God's good time. The British Lord Streatham will look to it that you are not late."

The author nodded without being hissed at.

"*Eh bien*," assented the great Dyrakova, "you wait ten little minutes while I change my frock. . . ."

The British Lord Streatham spent the next hour following busy Stroganoff all around the theatre, vainly pressing for some reasonable explanation for his sudden burst into Debrett. The ease with which Stroganoff skated over every question was almost unethical. He was still no wiser when Dyrakova, mysterious, perfumed, and in black, came down the stairs. Stroganoff propelled them quickly through the doors.

A magnificent Rolls-Royce waited disdainfully outside the shabby walls of the Mausoleum stage door. Waving the chauffeur aside, Stroganoff himself flung open the door with a flourish. Dyrakova settled herself luxuriously. The British Lord Streatham turned an anguished gaze on Stroganoff. But the impresario took no notice. A sudden thought had struck him.

"You do not neglect to buy my Dyra the many orchids," he hissed.

"But I've only got seven dollars," hissed back the despairing Lord Streatham.

Stroganoff gulped but manfully pulled out his wallet.

"You pay me back later," he said magnanimously.

As the car drove away, the British Lord Streatham turned an anxious eye towards his battered Ford standing by the curb in silent reproach. He was wondering how many tickets it would have collected by the time he got back.

Rubbing his hands, Stroganoff turned round to face a pathetic Mimi.

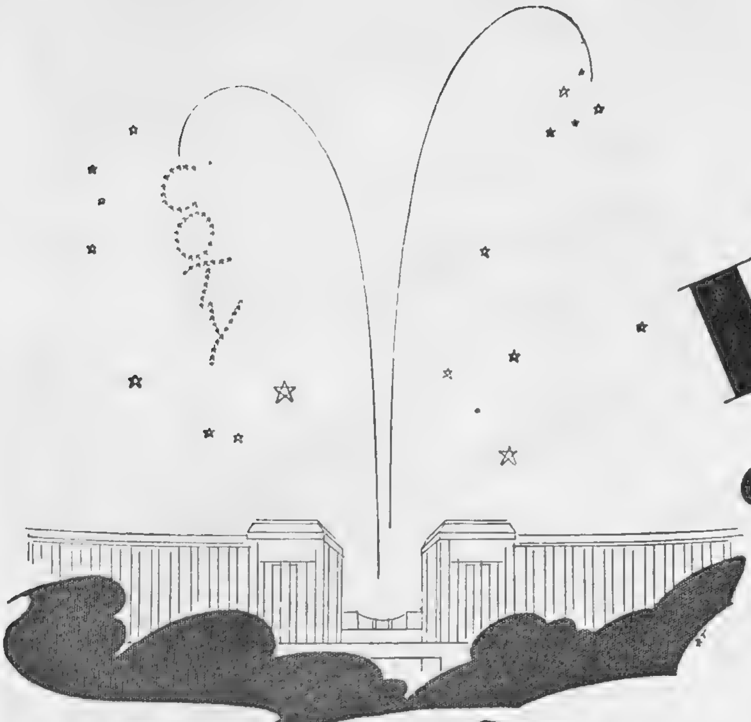
"Why," she demanded, "you give the British Lord Streatham to Dyra? Is she not two years less young than me?"

Stroganoff chuckled: "It was the genius irrefutable. Now it is assured that you will dance *Boutique* to-night. Dyra she will not be back till the many hours after your curtains."

"Her car it break down?"

"*Mais non*," Stroganoff said furtively. "You not tell anyone if I put you wise. *Eh bien*, it is the abdication."

(*Continued on page 116*)



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"AVEC *un 'si' on mettrait Paris dans une bouteille*," says the French proverb: "**With an 'if' we might put Paris in a bottle.**"

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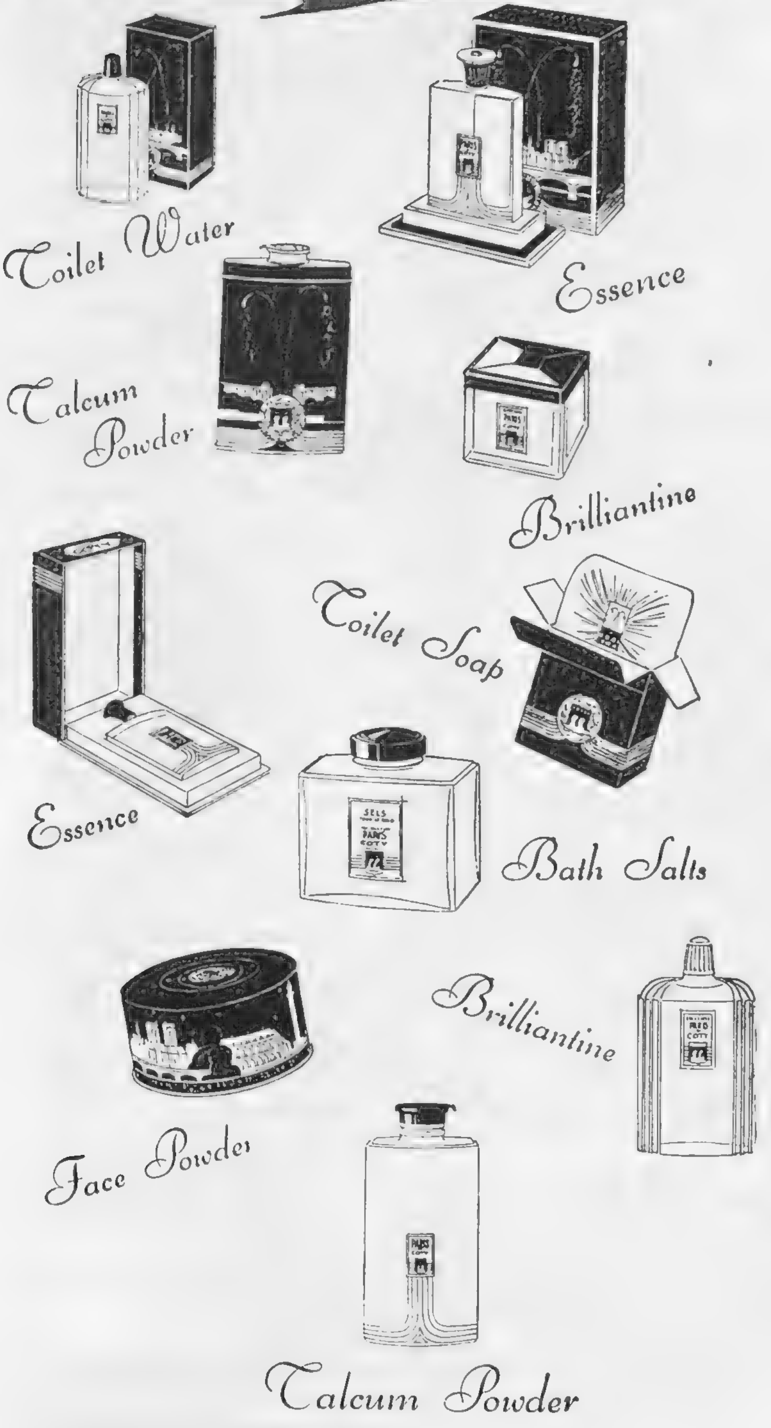

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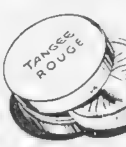
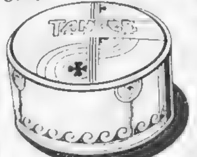


Tangee Rouge is its natural companion. Crème **3/6** *Compact* **1/9** *and* **3/6**



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TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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At a quarter-past five the Rolls-Royce reluctantly abandoned the main highway in favour of an asphalt track.

"And so," the great Dyrakova was saying, "I arrive at Nijni-Novgorod. The reception I still remember it. The snow was cold but they lay down the carpet for me all the way from the station to the theatre."

The young author fidgeted uneasily. His conscience was troubling him. Here he was, winning the confidences of the great ballerina under false pretences. Really he ought to tell her that he was neither the British Lord Streatham nor the Editor of the *London Daily Post.* All along the outward journey, right through lunch, and all the way back, he had been steeling himself to make the revelation but his attempts had always been stemmed by a St. Petersburg gala, a conquest of Europe, or a triumphant tour to Tokyo.

"There's something," he said dramatically, "that I must tell you."

"You tell me later," said Dyra not interested. "But first I tell you how at the Scala Toscanini he . . ."

THE Rolls-Royce abandoned the asphalt in favour of the grass and Toscanini faded out in the ensuing bump.

"What is it?" asked Dyrakova, sitting up and noticing her surroundings for the first time. "I do not remember these bumpings before." Her umbrella rapped against the window behind the stolid back. The stolid back ignored her.

"You stop him at once," commanded Dyrakova. "He lose us the way." She rapped again.

The stolid back turned, waved a reassuring hand and plodded on. Dyrakova relaxed.

"Doubtless," she said, "it is the cut short."

The Rolls-Royce quivered all over and drew up before a tumbledown shack with bordered windows and heavy doors.

"*Qu'est ce que c'est ça?*" demanded Dyrakova.

But the broad back had alighted from its perch and was holding open the door. The other hand held a revolver.

"Out!" said the chauffeur briefly. He was a large man with fierce features and wistful eyes.

The British Lord Streatham drew himself up. "What, sir, is the meaning of this outrage?"

"Call me Al," said the fierce features cordially. He jerked his thumb towards the shack and waved his revolver. "In there."

Many things had happened to the great Dyrakova during her coloured career but no one had yet tried to get her into a broken-down shack at the end of a gun. There was nothing in her technique to cope with it. Bewildered, she alighted from the car and went through the heavy door that Al had opened.

"Radio," motioned Al's thumb. "Rye. Eats. Bed. Back to-morrow."

"You leave me here," wailed Dyrakova, only understanding half of it.

"Ya," said Al. "Orders. Back to-morrow. Come on." He stuck his revolver in the author's back.

"I'll stay where I am," declared the author heroically.

Al shook his head. "You gotta be back. Orders. Something about a notice in a *London Daily Post.*"

"Mistaire Al," appealed Dyrakova. "You cannot be so cruel as to leave me here alone."

"Not alone," said Al, pointing to a chocolate-coloured figure working in a field. "Shem." He turned back to the author. "Get going."

With the gun fitting snugly in his left lung, the British Lord Streatham returned to the Rolls-Royce.

AT half-past six a large crate was delivered at the stage door of the Mausoleum Theatre. With one accord the *corps de ballet* left Prince Igor to his own devices on the middle of the stage and clustered round.

The dresses at last!

Beaming with relief, Stroganoff pushed his way through the clutter and planted his foot on the crate.

"Did I not tell you," he said, "to have in me the confidence unmentionable. *Voilà*, the dresses I have promised and there is still time for the alterations. We examine."

A stage carpenter, chisel in hand, got busy. The wardrobe mistress came hurrying over. You could almost feel her rows of irons sizzling in readiness for the creases.

Slowly the lid was prised off. The *corps de ballet* pressed near. A murmur ran through the throng. Simultaneously Arenskaya and Stroganoff peered down into the box.

"*Imbécile,*" screamed Arenskaya. "What is this that you have done?"

Luxuriously Stroganoff straightened himself. Delight shone on his face.

"My tea," he said in evident self-satisfaction, "it have arrive at last."

Pandemonium broke loose.

Ten vociferous minutes later, during which the actual dresses arrived unnoticed, a battered Stroganoff was summoned to a telephone booth. The message was reassuring.

"*Bon,*" he beamed. "The abdication it is safely over. *Très bon. Mille fois merci.* You come to my box to-night," he added generously.

Gloatingly he bounced from the booth to meet Arenskaya stepping out from the booth next door. Curiously enough Arenskaya seemed to be gloating, too.

They addressed each other.

"I have fix it," said Arenskaya. "There will be no trouble. Dyra she dance to-night."

"All is well," said Stroganoff. "I have arrange it. Mimi, she dance."

Two beams died simultaneously.

"*Comment?*" said Arenskaya.

"*Quoi?*" said Stroganoff.

They looked at each other.

"I have fix," said Arenskaya clearly, "that Mimi she will not be at the theatre till too late."

"I have arranged it," said Stroganoff with emphasis, "that Dyra she will not be at the theatre at all."

They looked at each other again.

"Let us be calm," yelped Stroganoff, striding up and down and waving his arms furiously. "It is not the moment to lose the head. Let us discuss without the passion."

"How can I be calm," screamed Arenskaya, "when you act the imbecile and do not tell me. My poor Mimi." She burst into tears.

"You have kill her," said Stroganoff horrified.

"*Non,*" sobbed Arenskaya. "I send her to street One Twenty-five which is long way off, so she do not get back to theatre till too late."

Stroganoff was puzzled. "But why she go?"

"I tell her," explained black Arenskaya, "that we are kick out of here because we no pay the rent, and that you find new theatre in street One Twenty-five where they give you the credit."

"And she believe you?"

"*Naturellement* she believe me," said Arenskaya. "She is a stupid woman. It is well known."

"It was clever." In spite of the critical situation Stroganoff was impressed. "And cheaper much than what I do to Dyra."

WHEN Al emerged from the roadside telephone booth he was smiling. But you had to know him very well to realise it.

"Asked to his box," he announced, climbing back into the driver's seat. "Me," he added, explaining everything.

The author examined the fierce features incredulously.

"Do you like ballet?"

"Ya." Al nodded. "Gets me."

"But how did it get you in the first place?"

"Dad was doorkeeper at the Maryinsky," explained Al. "Art in my blood."

"But," said the author bitterly, "you put your business before your art."

Al was hurt. "Me?"

"You," said the author. "Kidnapping Dyra Dyrakova."

The car stopped dead.

"Was that Dyrakova?"

"Ya," said the author catching the habit. "But she's dancing (*Continued on page* 118)

Jaded?
No such word in my vocabulary!

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1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and upwards
(These prices do not apply in Eire)

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BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN

to-night," argued Al unconvinced. "In the papers."

"She's locked in a shack twenty miles back," said the author.

Al's face puckered. "But I want to see her dance. I've never seen her famous *développé*." Fiercely he turned on the author. "Why didn't you tell me?"

The author swallowed. "I thought you knew."

"How could I know?" demanded Al. "Took orders. Asked no questions. What's the time?"

The author swallowed again. "About seven."

"Might just make it."

The Rolls-Royce swivelled round and headed for the shack.

"MAIS *mon enfant*," pleaded Stroganoff. "*Soyez raisonable*. There is no need for the nerves. You know the part well."

"But," said the little Olga, "Mimi and Dyra will scratch my eyes out."

"You dance it," pleaded Arenskaya, "and I will be nice to you in class to-morrow."

"You have the success *fou*," prophesied Stroganoff, "and maybe the small rise in salary."

"But Mimi and Dyra . . ."

"We send you the wreath magnificent," said Stroganoff. "Not wreath," he amended hastily as Olga shrank back. "The bouquet. And afterwards we take you to the champagne supper."

"We take Dovolno too," blandished Arenskaya.

A boy friend, a bouquet and a New York début. What more could a ballerina ask? But still the little Olga hesitated.

Stroganoff had an inspiration. He hurried off and came back with Olga's mother.

"What's this?" The mother took charge. "Nonsense. Of course you'll dance. Let Mimi and Dyra scratch out my eyes if they can!"

Stroganoff beamed at her. It was almost the first time in his experience that he had had occasion to beam at a mother.

"*Alors*, it is settled. I hurry now to rub up my first-night speech. It is difficult, this American."

Desperate Olga played her last card. "But who'll dance the tarantella?"

"I will dance it," said Arenskaya promptly.

"*Oui*," said Stroganoff.

Arenskaya looked at him.

NEW YORK is very keen on ballet. Obviously. Much to the box office manager's surprise, the opening night was a sell-out.

At a quarter to nine when the conductor mounted his rostrum and shot his cuffs the better to evoke the moonlit mood for *Les Sylphides*, the theatre was packed.

Stroganoff was in his box, his bald dome almost blotted out by the number of people he had invited to it. Arenskaya was in the wings, terrifying the *corps de ballet* with last-minute instructions. The little Olga was in her dressing-room, holding David Dovolno's hand and trying to take courage from her mother's rosy prophesies. Mimi and her resigned taxi-driver were wandering round Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street searching for a theatre which did not appear to exist. Dyrakova was on her way back to New York. Al had returned to the shack, collected her in a couple of sentences and started off. Simultaneously she was demanding explanations, apologies and more speed, interspersed with occasional threats of suing the British Lord Streatham for his entire fortune.

At eight-forty-eight the moonlit sylphs stirred to life, rose like white startled birds on their pink satin points and filled the stage with beauty.

"Terrible," said Arenskaya, making a mental note of exactly what she was going to say to the fat girl in the second row of the *corps de ballet*.

At nine o'clock there was an interval at the Mausoleum Theatre. There was no interval for the British Lord Streatham. He had given up attempting to explain that he was not the editor of the *London Daily Post*. Mimi having changed three "stoopid" taxi drivers in rapid succession, had abandoned all hope of finding the new theatre and was hurrying back to the old. That she was already much too late mattered little to her. If necessary she would dance without her make-up.

At nine-twenty Stroganoff appeared in front of the curtain to announce that by a coincidence regrettable both his ballerinas had been unavoidably taken ill. However, he had the good news. He had arranged the substitution masterly. The little Olga Ostorojno would assuredly win all their hearts. Her technique was maybe not yet so strong and her *foutées* were admittedly . . .

At this point Arenskaya managed to tug him away.

The little Olga was in the wings clutching at Dovolno. Mimi, Dyra, and to-morrow's scratched eyes had faded into insignificance. She was just terrified.

Dyra was in a traffic block turning the full power of her personality on to a red light.

Mimi had decided that it had now become necessary for her to dance in her street clothes.

At nine-thirty the ballet was half-way through. Olga and Dovolno mounted the trolley. Her mother hovered around thinking up last-minute encouragements. She might have been seeing her off to Australia.

The Rolls-Royce and the taxi drew up outside the Mausoleum stage door together.

"*Toi*," said Vanillova.

"*Toi*," said Dyrakova.

Two ballerinas raced past the stage-door keeper.

"Hey!" said the taxi-driver to the British Lord Streatham.

Two ballerinas arrived in the wings just in time to see Olga and her partner sail into the white lights. An encouraging sound of clapping came from Stroganoff's box.

"Pom-pom, pom-pom," went the big drum. The Can-can dance was on.

The two ballerinas moved closer to each other, the better to watch the performance of the future threat to their joint throne. They looked at each other; they smiled.

"She is light, the little one," said Dyra, "but she has not your school."

"Her frock looks nice," said Mimi, "but she has not your *développé*."

The life-long enemies had struck up a temporary truce.

Flushed with excitement the little Olga ran into the wings but backed fearfully at the sight of the two ballerinas.

They patted her kindly on the back.

"You did very well," said Mimi, "but your turns they do not finish in the fifth. You watch me next time—you shall see."

"You did very well," said Dyra, "but your *pointes* they are not yet strong. You watch me in the 'Pizzicato' and . . ."

But the little Olga had fled into the white lights again.

"The next time," said Dyra, "I dance it."

"The dancer will be me," said Mimi. "It is in my contract."

The two ballerinas looked at each other. The truce was at an end. With one accord they darted for Stroganoff's box.

"MY children," pleaded Stroganoff. "*Soyez raisonable*. We do not discuss the family matters in the presence of the guests distinguished that are in my box."

"Me, I discuss nothing," said Dyra. "I demand that the next time I dance the role. It is in my contract."

"If I do not dance it," declared Mimi, "I speak to my advocate."

"Have the confidence in me," urged Stroganoff. "I settle everything. The next time Mimi, you shall dance." He winked at Dyra. "The next time, Dyra, you shall have the part. I promise." He nudged Mimi.

A DAZED young author floundered over to the bar. He had decided to write about Hollywood.

END

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"The Survival of the Fittest" is a jungle law, a pagan law, but one that still operates to-day. The man and woman whose nerves are fit and healthy not only escape the minor ailments that sap our strength and vitality but are able to get the most out of life each moment of the day.

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'But Madam!

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Millions from Minor Lunacy

(*Continued from page 29*)

trimmed with specially created music; wrapped in satiric whimsy, and often spiced by delicate digs at the foibles of human nature and even at living people, as for instance with Max Hare, who so obviously caricatures a famous boxer. In short, Walt switched from just funny cartoons to symphonies in minor lunacy, with his score keyed all the way from downright clowning to subtle satire.

AND now let us take a peep into the factory that turns out this yearly quota of laughter. If a story conference is in progress, you will easily understand from whence it gathers its local title of "Walt Disney's Asylum."

In a large office, furnished with a long and sober looking board-room table, sits Walt and perhaps a dozen of his scenario staff. Walt himself, except for a slightly bizarre taste in sweaters, looks for all the world like a prosperous chairman of a city bank, and around him are gathered twelve quite ordinary looking fellows, pencils in hand, brows furrowed, and scratch pads in front of them.

"I've got it," says someone, "Pluto suddenly discovers a flea!"

And with that innocent suggestion, pandemonium breaks out. Shall the flea be tall, dark and handsome, or round, squat and bilious-looking? Shall he be a nice, amiable flea, or a villainous, heartless biter of flesh? Shall he talk and, if he does, shall he have a falsetto pipe or a bass roar? Shall he jump around on all fours, or shall he have a pair of crutches from some previous encounter with Pluto's paw? Shall he be a family man, a misogamist, or a flea with a shady past and a roving eye for a sprightly female flea?

Hitherto respectable-looking gentlemen prance on the table and floor in imitation of their conception of the flea. A bald-headed member of the Disney cabinet, whose normally serious mien would pass him into a temperance congress, suddenly twists his face into queer shapes as he illustrates the flea's facial characteristics. One twitters and another roars as they plump for a tenor and basso-profundo flea respectively; and, all the while, Walt calmly surveys the mass insanity of his scenarists, noting down his choice from the figments of madness which are being created before him.

Thus the scenario is built. The flea passes into the Disney album of characters and quiet reigns until the next idea is broached. Day in, day out, this crazy bunch meet to hash their brew of lunacy, and as each idea is hatched and added, piece by piece, to the story under construction, it is translated into terms of technical jargon and passed on to the more sober realms beyond.

FIRST comes the music department who must write the score so that each note synchronises with each movement of the characters; who must invent a theme for that flea, and a musical passage to accompany Pluto's scratching; who must interpret the madness of the scenarists' into terms of instrumentation, or find lyrics to suit, for instance, the quacking warble of Donald Duck.

While the music department are at work, the voice-casting office gets busy with another interpretative task—fitting human voices to each character, and finding the man or woman to portray those voices. Thus, harboured amongst Hollywood's thousands of film workers, are to be found individuals who make their living out of portraying the squeaky voice of Minnie, the soprano warblings of Clarabelle, or the raucous quackings of Donald. Walt himself has always "voiced" for Mickey.

Now the scenario moves to the artistic and mechanical departments, six hundred and fifty men and women are at work principally in the work of animating. Walt himself seldom draws these days, except to suggest an idea or a change in a character, but he can never forget that he was once an animator, and it is in the animating rooms that he is more often to be found than in the front office.

To people this world of animation, Walt holds a yearly examination which is open to thousands of young art students from all over America. A test paper goes out, just as we indicated at the beginning of this article, and from the completed tests some twenty to thirty contestants are chosen for a trial period at the studio. Their fares are paid and a nominal salary given during a six-month probationary period. Those who pass this period may look forward to a regular job starting at about fifty dollars a week, with possibilities of becoming head animators at weekly salaries ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars.

IN the rooms of the head animators—the men who turn the scenarist's concepts into cartoon figures of flesh and blood—the crazy note of the story conference room is mildly repeated, as each animator sits surrounded by mirrors into which he grimaces and postures as he creates his characters. They used to have a small zoo at the disposal of the animators, but this was done away with when Walt discovered that anatomical correctness sometimes inhibited the imagination of the artists.

Here Mickey and all his lovable characteristics was constructed from Walt's first drawing; Donald Duck evolved from a chance suggestion that a talking duck might be funny. Here work seventy-five men—the pick of Walt's crew—breathing life—at the end of a pen or the point of a brush—into the crazy notions that come up from the front-office madhouse.

Weeks are often spent in the evolution of new characters. Face, clothes, walk, demeanour, expression and other characteristics are drawn and re-drawn until Walt and the scenarists are satisfied that the character fits or, and this is more important, that it ranks sufficient type and originality to take its place in the ever-extending universe of Disney's crazy land.

Agreed on and passed, the head animator's characters, along with the story script, move into more mechanistic circles, where row upon row of assistant animators give motion to the whole thing in thousands upon thousands of individual drawings. A dozen to a single movement of Mickey's arm—a score to the opening and shutting of Donald's beak—hundreds to a chase by Pluto—fifteen thousand, in all, to each single reel of film.

Next, another department traces these drawings on to sheets of celluloid, for by using transparently-drawn figures, a character may chase down the whole length of a street by merely superimposing the figure drawings on a more or less permanent street background. In the old days, Walt had to draw not only his figure, but the street on every sketch.

From these tracing benches, the drawings go to the colouring staff—mostly girls—who work to a systematised method of hand colouring that reflects the high standard of technical perfection reached in Walt's newest factory. One can easily imagine the artistic anarchy that could occur were not such standardised systems adopted in the colouring of fifteen thousand drawings where, from first to last, the colour of Mickey's trousers, for instance, must be of consistent and similar hue. Here is no "Disney Asylum"—the craziness of the front office staff and the head animator's rooms is a far-off cry from the high technical efficiency of these colouring benches, where art is reduced to mathematical precision. Yet strange enough—and perhaps this is another sign of Disney genius—the results reflect the gossamer touch of individuality rather than factory precision.

AT the top of each completed drawing are a series of symbols—letters and numbers which indicate the position and sequence of each drawing. As (*Continued on page* 122)

"Nothing has ever done my skin so much good, Jane Seymour"

"Now I'm not a person who neglects her skin," said a woman who came to my Salon. "My dressing table is laden with pots and bottles. Yet I never seem to have that 'finished' look. Why is it?"

"I expect it's because you aren't really scientific about your treatment," I said. "Chopping and changing from one preparation to another never brings good results."

"Then what should I do?" she asked.

"Save your money," I said. "Adopt one carefully thought-out set of preparations and be firm with yourself about using them. If you choose mine, you'll need Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic to cleanse and stimulate. Orange Skin Food to feed and supple. Use all these every night—and brace with plenty of Juniper in the mornings. For your powder base—use Petal Cream, with Dryskin Powder—both harmonised with the tone of your skin."

Well, after about six weeks I had a very kind note from her saying: "Nothing has ever done my skin so much good as your advice—and your preparations! I'm well-groomed at last!"

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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

they come from the colouring benches, each series is assembled in its order and sequence—checked and counter-checked against the script, and then passed on to the camera department.

Here is the huge multiplane technicolour camera—mounted on a fourteen-foot high frame and resembling a giant telescope. Walt's original two hundred dollar camera would look pretty sick against this new seventy-five thousand dollar model with its electrically controlled mechanism that works to the push of a button.

Photographed, developed and printed, the now assembled picture finds its way back to the music department where a final synchronisation is given to the sound track, and now it is ready for the market. Seven hundred and fifty feet of delicious nonsense—the most famous, and certainly the most profitable, nonsense that was ever created for the world's amusement. That tin of film cost Walt between thirty-five and fifty thousand dollars, and, without figuring on its excess should it prove an exceptional "grosser," is certain to return at least one hundred and twenty thousand dollars into the Disney coffers. Walt can't lose now.

In tracing the history of the Disney enterprise, we have omitted to say much of Walt as a human being apart from his work, for the simple reason that there's little to tell. He has not changed in manner, look or temperament since he first hit Hollywood. He still wears the same toothbrush moustache, the same incredible sweaters and the same homely smile on a hundred thousand a year as he did when his fortune was forty dollars. He has bought himself a bigger house, helped to rear three daughters, improved his golf handicap, and that is about all there is to say of the man whose name is a household word from pole to pole. Except in the privacy of the studio, he seldom says much that is worth recording, but when he does occasionally make a statement—in that shy, hesitant manner of his—it is generally sharply to the point; as, for instance, his recent protest against calling his first full-length feature a cartoon. "Snow White" he said, "is no more a cartoon than a painting by Whistler is a cartoon!"

ALL of which brings us to a few final words on the only really visionary dream that has ever stirred in the strictly down-to-earth mind of Walt—the creation of a full-length feature picture in animated form. He had it in mind for ten years, and, from that time until the day of "Snow White's" release, the wise men of the motion picture industry—even many of Walt's own staff—prophesied failure—a sure-fire nail in Walt's reputation—a colossal flop that would cost him his shirt and then some. To tell the truth, even Walt was wary of the project once he had estimated its cost and the time that would be involved in its creation. He might, in fact, have given up the idea if brother Roy—that unsung hero whose business acumen has turned Walt's genius into dollars—had not been willing to see the gamble through, promising that whatever the cost he would find the finance.

It took them three years to make it—sandwiched as it had to be in the routine work of turning out the regular programme. Over a half million drawings were made, and a quarter million finally used. It cost over a million and a half in dollars, and a cool million of that had to be borrowed from the bank, but neither Roy nor Walt ever flinched. They called it "Disney's Folly" in Hollywood, and said that Walt had bought a sweepstake.

The adventure is finished now. The sweepstake has been drawn and Walt has obviously bought a winning ticket. The public, all over the world, are vindicating the faith of Roy and Walt—vindicating them—if the distributor's estimates of receipts prove right—to the tune of some three million dollars!

END

HIGHLY-STRUNG PARENTS
usually have highly-strung children

Such children are the finest human material but there are DANGERS that have to be watched during childhood

IT is an established fact that children who are highly-strung and sensitive inherit these qualities from either one or both parents.

These qualities go hand in hand with an alertness and quickness of reaction that put such children head and shoulders above other children. Consequently they develop more rapidly and have a better chance in life.

But these very qualities make the bringing-up of such children much more difficult than is the case with ordinary children. *There are dangers that have to be watched.*

Highly-strung children live more intensely, everything makes a deeper impression on them. They live under constant emotional and nervous strain. Often these brilliant children have ended up as failures — easily led, oversensitive and weak, simply because their parents did not understand certain health warnings during childhood.

When a child looks pale and puffy under the eyes, when he tires easily and gets listless, when he's irritable and has fits of bad temper, when he's difficult and finicky about food — then act, and act quickly.

All these symptoms are warning signs that the child is using up his nervous energy more quickly than he's replacing it. And it is at night, *during sleep*, that these stores of nervous energy should be replaced. If they are *not* replaced, the nervous strain on the child gets worse and worse. This condition is known as Night Starvation.

Such a child needs Horlicks every night at bedtime. Horlicks, by guarding him against Night Starvation, strengthens his nerves, builds his appetite, and replaces his nervous energy during sleep. He'll grow up with all the advantages of being highly-strung and sensitive, without any of the worrying symptoms that can so easily spoil his future.

Horlicks prices from 2/-. At all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

Stingaree Jack

(*Continued from page 33*)

Stingaree found a chair and sank down with a sigh, while Lassan, fighting for control, hoarsely called a houseboy to bring more gin and glasses.

"Yes, I'm here to relieve you," Stingaree admitted when he was comfortable. "But there's no hurry about packing. The *Clifton Girl* is making a run over to Neville's Cove where my assistant Ames has to attend to some other business. She won't be back until to-morrow."

Lassan laughed.

"That's good. It'll give me time to show you the plantation. Was there any message from Gunther?"

Stingaree yawned.

"Nothing much. He just said he was tired of you robbing him, and it was high time you got out. But there seems some bother about a contract."

"A three-year contract," Lassan purred. "And I'm sticking. You might as well get that straight. I suppose you know the other men Gunther sent had rather a bad time."

"I gathered that impression," Stingaree agreed. "Too bad."

"Much too bad," said Lassan. "And that remark about my robbing Gunther makes me annoyed. Has he any proof? Of course not. He shouldn't make such statements." He turned to Callon. "Take this gentleman around a bit, Callon. I'll look over the books and get them ready for inspection . . . if it comes to that." He laughed, mocking.

Callon got up with alacrity, but Stingaree grumbled.

"Do I have to see the plantation to-day? There's plenty of time."

"Not too much if the *Clifton Girl* returns to-morrow," Lassan pointed out. "I wouldn't want you to go into a thing without seeing clearly just what it was. Go with Callon."

"All right," said Stingaree reluctantly and got up, reaching for his sun-helmet. Lassan watched him as he followed Callon away from the bungalow, and his yellow teeth showed in a snarl while he wrung his aching fingers.

"I'll teach him," he muttered. "I'll teach him!"

Behind the bungalow, Callon called to a massive man who was directing twenty or thirty kanakas as they split coco-nuts on sharp stakes. The man straightened, saw Stingaree and ran appraising eyes over him. Then he grinned. He was obviously a half-caste, yet more white than kanaka, dressed only in a ragged pair of duck pants with a bush knife stuck in the waist. Blood-red trickles of betel juice ran from his thick lips, and there was little space between his brows and his hairline.

"This is Mutan, our foreman," Callon said, smirking. "He'll come with us in case there are any—er—snakes or things."

Stingaree puffed on his cigar and nodded, strolling easily with the others. He talked at length, asking about the plantation, about the island, about the natives, casual conversation while he absently stared around. Possibly he was too lazy to walk fast, but it was clear that he lagged quite a bit, always letting the others precede him. Callon appeared not to notice.

"I see you don't carry a gun," he observed after a while. They were passing down orderly rows of coco palms, Mutan the foreman kicking fallen nuts aside with his bare toes as if to make walking easier.

"No," Stingaree agreed. "I never carry one. They're too heavy, too uncomfortable. Unless, of course, you have to cruise around the Solomons or Bismarcks where the natives are bad. But they tell me the Tait Island boys are quite peaceful."

"Oh, quite," Callon agreed. He looked around. They were well away from the bungalow and the shore. No one was in sight. A few pigs rooted here and there; chickens scratched. A low, drowsy hum came from the raw jungle that fringed the palm rows. Callon took off his sun-helmet and mopped his forehead.

"I think I'll pop (*Continued on page 124*)

●WARNING. *Ask for and insist upon a Eugene Wave given with genuine Eugene Sachets. Do not accept cheap substitutes, however closely in appearance they may resemble the Eugene Sachets. Look for the Little Green Goddess printed boldly on each Sachet. Unless these are used on your hair, both back and front, you are* **not** *getting a genuine Eugene Wave.*

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but . . .

-THE TENDEREST OF SKIN needs *more protection!*

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across to the native village for a moment," he said. "Won't be long. Got to see the chief about some more hands for to-morrow."

"Don't mind me," Stingaree yawned. "I'll wait here."

"That would be best," agreed Callon, and laughed a little. "Mutan will take care of you."

He darted off, and was soon lost to sight. Stingaree stared up at the palm crests, then stared at Mutan and threw his cigar away. Mutan was grinning at him, running a heavy tongue over thick lips and carefully patting his own arm muscles with the flat of one hand.

"Mutan take care," he chuckled. "You not like Tait Island, eh?"

"I think it's a great place," Stingaree disagreed. Mutan shook his head.

"You not like. Maybe better you go back when the ship come again."

"And just what," asked Stingaree thoughtfully, "does that mean?" He teetered back and forth on his heels, his thumbs in his belt and an amiable smile on his lips.

"This!" snarled Mutan, and sprang, his hands hooked for gripping. Stingaree sighed and took his thumbs from his belt.

LASSAN squeezed half a lime into his glass, slopped in a generous dash of gin and smacked his lips as he drank.

"Well," he said, grinning. "That's another one taken care of."

Callon fanned himself with his sun-helmet and sat on the veranda rail.

"Mutan's never failed us yet," he admitted. "But this Stingaree worries me. Gunther's got something up his sleeve. I thought at first he was a gunman maybe, but he doesn't carry a gun."

"Why worry?" Lassan grunted. He stretched himself out in his cane chair and swirled his liquor around the glass. "Gunther will come himself some day, I suppose, but by the time he gets around to it we'll have cleaned up and left."

"It'd better be soon," Callon muttered. "I'm getting fed-up stuck in this hole when we've a fat balance in the Singapore bank all waiting to be spent."

"More days, more dollars," quoted Lassan reminiscently. "I want enough jack salted down to keep me for a long time. New York, London, Paris—women," he chuckled. "And from now on we'll ship two-thirds instead of half the crop. Tell Gunther some disease got into the palms."

"I doubt if he'd believe that," drawled Stingaree, and Callon almost fell off the veranda rail. Lassan twisted with an oath, dropped his glass and heaved up. Stingaree was leaning in the doorway of the bungalow, idly digging at the lintel with a bush-knife, Mutan's bush-knife. Callon gulped to himself. Stingaree smiled.

"I waited quite a while, Callon," he said amiably. "But you didn't come back. Your —er—foreman had an accident."

"Accident?" Lassan choked. "Mutan . . . an accident?" He fought for control, and found it. "Why, what happened, Stingaree?"

"I'm not quite sure, but I think it was a collision. You know, when the irresistible force meets the immovable object. . . . How about a drink?"

He lounged over to the table and helped himself. Callon gaped at Lassan, and Lassan clawed at his beard.

"Is—is Mutan badly hurt?" Lassan managed. Stingaree shrugged.

"About all there is, Lassan." He drank, looking Lassan in the eye, and he added gently: "I'm afraid we'll have to get another foreman. Mutan must have been one of those bad natives you told Gunther mishandled the other planters who came to relieve you."

Callon let out a deep breath.

"To think of that," he declared. "Mutan running amok, eh? I always said there was a bad streak in the man somewhere. Well, I'm glad you weren't hurt."

"Thanks," said Stingaree, and dropped to a chair. He looked at the bush-knife he still held, frowned thoughtfully, and then snapped the blade across his knee. "I don't like such things," he observed, and tossed the parts over the veranda rail. Lassan's eyes narrowed and he was gnawing his lower lip.

"Why, you . . ." he started, when Callon bent and whispered in his ear. Then Lassan smiled and reached for the gin again. "Well, it's about time for grub. Wake those houseboys up, Callon."

The wizened man grimaced and went into the bungalow. Stingaree yawned.

"By the way, the reason I came through the bungalow from the back was because I wanted to look the place over." He drank and added after a pause, "I don't like guns or knives. So I gathered up all I could find and stuck them away."

Lassan's face grew crimson, and a great vein pulsed in his forehead. But he held himself.

"Don't you think you've got a damned nerve?" he grated.

"Oh, I don't know. Those things are the company's property, and I'm in charge now. But let's talk of something else."

"Yes," agreed Lassan heavily. "We'd better."

They had a silent meal on the veranda that evening, silent that is on the part of Callon and Lassan. Stingaree talked agreeably all the time, drank half a bottle of gin, and ate enough for two men. He smoked a cigar after that, with evident enjoyment, and then yawning again, got up.

"I'll turn in, I guess. You won't mind my taking your room, Lassan? It seems the most comfortable, and as the new manager I'd like to get used to it." No one spoke, but Lassan's eyes were murderous. Callon swallowed hard. Stingaree paused in the doorway.

"By the way, I'm a light sleeper," he observed, "and I'm very bad tempered if I'm awakened unexpectedly." He smiled pleasantly and went inside. Lassan gritted his teeth and looked at Callon. There was a long silence, and then they both smiled too.

Stingaree barricaded his door and fastened the shutter across the window. He had a moment's annoyance when he remembered his pyjamas were in his baggage still waiting on the beach, but with a resigned sigh he removed his shoes and laid down. He did not intend to sleep much, anyway. It would not be very wise. Drowsily, he heard Lassan and Callon's low voices on the veranda, and then suddenly he heard nothing at all which was not surprising when you consider that Callon had put enough sleeping draught in the gin to knock an elephant out. It was the one thing Stingaree had overlooked—the medicine chest.

STINGAREE woke up with a racking headache, an ugly taste in his mouth and the morning sun shining on his face. He felt stupid for quite a while, shook his head and slowly opened his eyes. Someone seemed to be slapping him. He felt stiff, cramped, and it slowly dawned on him that he was tied hand and foot. Lassan stood by the bed looking down at him and smiling genially. Callon leaned on the end bed rail and sneered. Stingaree tried several times before he could swallow, his throat was so dry.

"Well," he croaked, "this is unfortunate."

"Necessary," corrected Callon, grinning. He had a length of iron bar in his hands and he tapped Stingaree's foot with it. "You're too good to be true."

"He means you've become a damned nuisance," added Lassan, "and we don't like the way you messed up Mutan."

Stingaree managed a smile, and wriggled himself to a more comfortable position.

"Mind if I have a drink?" he inquired. "The way I feel you must have drugged me somehow. My error."

"Get him a drink," said Lassan, standing with hands on his hips. "It may be the last he'll need," he added grimly. Callon went out and came back with a pannikin of gin and water and held it to Stingaree's lips. He felt better.

"And what is the programme now?" he inquired. Callon tapped his foot with the iron bar again.

"You're getting a few swipes with this, clever. And then

(*Continued on page* 126)

"And when can I see you again?"

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you'll be dropped into the salt water creek down the bay a ways."

Lassan nodded and laughed.

"The crocodiles are always hungry, and they leave no trace. The second man Gunther sent was like you. Too tough, except he used guns and not his hands. The others just wanted to quit after Mutan had finished with them—or after I'd handled them."

Stingaree blinked, and Lassan went on.

"We went through your pockets and found you had a fat cash balance with the Asiatic Trust in Hong Kong," he purred. "Suppose you sign a draft over to us? Then maybe we could be more reasonable."

"I imagine," said Stingaree. "But suppose we wait until the *Clifton Girl* comes back. I'll sign the draft as soon as I'm on board her again. I give you my word."

"You'll sign before that," Lassan assured him. "Once you're on board you might change your mind. Think it over. The *Clifton Girl* should be in around four this afternoon, I guess. We want that draft by noon. Otherwise I've some houseboys here who can think up the most surprising ways of persuasion."

Lassan laughed and stalked out, Callon chuckling at his heels. As Callon passed Stingaree, he slapped the iron bar lightly across the helpless man's forehead, turning him giddy for a moment. Stingaree heard Lassan say as he closed the door, "We'll be back—think fast." And then he was alone.

Stingaree shook his head to clear it again, and then sighed.

"This," he complained, "is a mess."

He wriggled to the bed edge and swung his legs over so he could sit upright. After a while he managed to stand. His hands were lashed behind him with light, but strong line, and his ankles were similarly fastened. He tested the wrist bonds carefully, and then put all his strength into an effort to break them—they stretched. They had to. He worked his hands round so that instead of his wrists being pressed together, his thumbs and the sides of his hands met, giving him some leverage.

He rested a while and got his breath. It was hard for him to put forth all his power while trying to balance on his lashed feet, so he shuffled over to the wall and leaned against it. Then the veins stood out in his throat and the great muscles swelled beneath the thin duck jacket. Sweat streamed down his face and he gritted his teeth. The line gave more so it was loose on his wrists, but not loose enough for his hands to slip free. He looked around, and then grunted with some satisfaction. In one wall were embedded or screwed blunt-topped stout iron angles, in pairs, which had held rifles before Stingaree had disposed of them. The lower angles he could just reach with his wrists, and over one he worried the line.

He could brace the back of his feet against the solid wall now, holding the line on one corner of the iron which was too blunt for any cutting, but gave him a point upon which to concentrate all his force. He thrust with his legs, leaned his weight forward and heaved on his wrists. There was an ominous cracking of the thick wall and for a moment Stingaree was afraid the angle would tear clean out. But it must have been bolted the other side to prevent any stealing of both angles and rifles, the latter being, in islands where the natives were notorious thieves, chained and locked to the irons. Stingaree cursed through his teeth and his whole body was an arc of tight muscle. The line broke so suddenly Stingaree went plunging forward, and save for the bed would have crashed into the opposite wall. As it was, he lay face down, panting for a full minute. His wrists were bloody and torn and the iron angle was almost straightened out. He scowled and released his feet, then crossed to the open window. He did not care for strenuous effort on an empty stomach, and he was slightly annoyed.

"He'll sign all right," Stingaree heard Lassan saying. "We'll give him another half an hour to think about it and then the kanakas can go in."

Callon chuckled and tapped on the veranda rail with the iron bar he still held.

"You're not putting him on board the *Clifton Girl* after that, I take it," Lassan laughed.

"Don't be a fool. I know his breed, as well as I know Gunther. He'd be back some time, somehow. There's only one thing. We'll tell Captain Benson the natives got him. Benson won't believe it, of course, and that don't matter much. But this being the second killing, Gunther is likely to start a fuss down in Apia or Suva and have a warship come poking around. So we'll clear out as soon as we can; in fact, as soon as Watson blows in again from Singapore. This time it'll be a clean sweep, with Stingaree's draft to sweeten things."

"Easy money," chuckled Callon. "And maybe we . . ." He stopped, and his jaw dropped. Lassan looked up from his glass, and frowned.

"What's the matter with you, you fool?"

Callon did not answer and Lassan turned. Stingaree was standing at the foot of the veranda steps, blinking a little and looking serious.

"I was getting thirsty," he explained, "so I thought I'd join you."

He came up the steps, reached for the gin bottle on the table and took a long one. Lassan was motionless, too astonished to move. Stark fear flickered in Callon's eyes, and he shrank back against the rail, the iron bar rasping on the floor.

"You know," said Stingaree, watching Lassan, "I had a bet with Gunther. Sort of a bonus affair. We bet on how long it would be before you'd quit. I stuck out for fifteen minutes, but," he ran sleepy eyes up and down the other's bulk and shook his head, "I was hedging too much. Ten minutes will be plenty."

"Ah," Lassan breathed. "You think so?" He rose.

He was deathly calm now, deathly calm and deadly. He took a slow pace forward, jerked the table aside and sent it crashing over.

"You know," he grated, "I'm not Mutan."

"Of course not," Stingaree agreed. "He was only a savage."

Lassan lunged with a bitter oath, and Stingaree sighed as he slipped clear and hit the other man hard beneath the temple. Lassan choked with the pain, almost fell, recovered and turned like a cat, surprisingly light on his feet. He was foaming now, his eyes bulging and bloodshot, and the thick, purple curses spitting endlessly from his mouth. He swung two low blows that might have felled an ox, and then a fierce white pain stabbed him under the heart as Stingaree got home.

"Come in," he choked. "Come in and fight like a man!" He spread his arms and stumbled forward. Stingaree turned a little, was almost clear and then his foot caught on a leg of the overturned table and he stumbled. Lassan had him then.

"Now," he panted. "Now!" And his great arms locked around Stingaree like bands of steel. He started to bend the other's back and Callon yelped with feverish excitement while the eager, quivering faces of three houseboys appeared strained in the bungalow doorway to watch. Lassan had never failed to amuse them, and his exhibitions were good because he always made them last. Stingaree grunted.

"This is unexpected," he said painfully, and he took hold of Lassan's ears and drew the man's head back with a slow steadiness that gave no indication of the terrific power behind the movement. Lassan choked as his face came clear of Stingaree's chest. His tongue came lolling between his yellow teeth, his throat stretched back and back, and then with the swiftness of a striking snake Stingaree let go with his right hand and brought it clenched against the other's taut jaw with a sound like the breaking of a large stick.

Lassan seemed unaffected at first, and then his arms slid away from their grip, his knees buckled and he (*Continued on page* 128)

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dropped on them as if in prayer, swaying. Stingaree stepped back, breathing hard but quite calm and with his plastered hair undisturbed. He brushed his hands.

"I don't like being pawed," he observed. "Get up!"

Lassan tried, and Stingaree helped him by heaving on his beard. Then he hit him once again and Lassan collapsed much as a wet sack does when suddenly released.

Callon came out of his paralysed excitement with a scream, and swinging the length of iron bar he rushed in, at the same time calling aside to the houseboys. They swarmed on the veranda and closed. Callon found himself picked up like a feather, the iron bar torn away from him, and his own body used as a club. Two of the kanakas went down. The remaining one reached Stingaree's throat and then doubled as a knee took him in the stomach with a force that flung him sick and fainting against the bungalow wall. That done, Stingaree tossed Callon over the veranda rail without troubling to look where he landed, kicked one houseboy clean back into the bungalow and threw another after him. The other houseboy staggered retching after him, and the scramble of their bare feet as they tore away through the rooms, knocking over furniture, fully expressed their terror. Nothing like it had ever come to Tait Island before.

Stingaree straightened his ducks, brushed his hands, examined a split knuckle, lighted a cigar and went amiably into the house to look for more gin. Two serious drinks, which he assured himself he needed to settle his nerves, then he felt hungry and opened a can of corned beef.

Lassan was on his feet and clawing a way to a chair when Stingaree came on the veranda again. Callon was limping up the steps, a wreck of a man. Stingaree picked up the iron bar and wagged it as a teacher might wag a stick.

"Now I think we understand each other," he remarked, munching on the beef. "The first thing we'll do is have you boys go down to the beach and bring my baggage up."

"I'm no damned kanaka!" Lassan managed. His eyes were venomous. "I'll get you for this, damn you! I'll . . ."

"Get the baggage," said Stingaree wearily. "Go on!"

He prodded Lassan with the bar, not a gentle prod, and the squat man cursed him until he was breathless. Stingaree got him by the hair and threw him down the steps. Callon did not wait. He went by himself.

Four hours later, as Stingaree was sprawled comfortably in a cane chair opening his second bottle, the *Clifton Girl* came into the bay and dropped anchor. Lassan and Callon both had their baggage packed and Stingaree waved indolently.

"All right, boys. Good-bye and good luck. Just tell Ames to come ashore. I'm too tired to meet him." He yawned.

"If you think you're going to get away with this," said Lassan through his teeth, "you're mistaken. I'll be back. . . ." He stopped and swallowed hard and his fascinated eyes looked where Callon was looking. Then he turned away and picked up his bags, his face grey. Absently and methodically, quite unaware of what he was doing, Stingaree was doubling and straightening the iron bar.

END

Romance of the Film Market

(*Continued from page* 34)

solely for the exhibition of films. In most instances, local business men of vision saw in this business a sound and profitable entertainment. With the first of the permanent cinemas came a drastic change in the method of marketing films. It was obviously uneconomic to buy films outright for two or three showings at individual halls, and accordingly exhibitors asked for an allowance for copies returned to the vendor after use.

The logical sequel to this was that traders started to hire out films for specified periods, thereby reducing the cost of material, as the same prints were used by a number of exhibitors. Entire programmes were hired out, but still with the same happy-go-lucky method of obtaining films on the morning for the current evening's entertainment. That method of trading has been dubbed "open market" buying, and applies to-day only to newsreels, topical and certain documentary films, and then to a modified degree.

As various cinemas became more popular and takings increased, exhibitors, realising the value of monopoly, commenced to offer increased sums for certain films, provided they got the exclusive rights to exhibit these films in specified districts. That was the beginning of the "exclusive" market, and is the basic principle of the methods functioning to-day.

To describe the evolution of to-day's film market from that period would be tedious and uninteresting, but the machine as it now exists is a fascinating study.

Let me trace the history of any feature film from the moment it is an idea in the mind of a studio executive to the time you see it on the screen of your local cinema. The studio plans are scheduled as much as a year ahead. Suitable stories for available stars are sifted out from an avalanche of scripts and plots. Public taste—most fickle of all factors governing entertainment—is considered, special consideration being given to changing conditions, and a well-nigh impossible effort to foretell what type of film patrons will want to see in a year's time. The prospective players are contracted, costs budgeted and a producer allocated for that particular production.

A provisional date is fixed for "shooting" the first scenes, a director engaged, and work commences on scenery and props. While the director controls the playing of all the acts, prompting, coaching and coaxing the artistes, the producer, who may seldom be on the stage, is in supreme command and every query concerning the film is referred to him for a decision. Scenes are seldom shot in the right sequence, and a film artiste may have quite a big part in a film but only a hazy idea of what it is all about. Small part artistes, or people with "bits" as they are commonly called, and extras are engaged from day to day, as the necessity arises. There are a number of casting agencies, both in this country and America, with hundreds of different types on their books, their qualifications, assets, wardrobes and types indexed and cross indexed.

After each day's work, the film exposed is developed and shown to the producer, director, and other executives. It is criticised, cut and often scrapped. These "rushes," as they are called, are indexed and finally assembled in the proper order after the last scene has been "shot," and the whole copy goes to the cutting shop, where again a constant stream of executives view, criticise, suggest and condemn. As much as 60,000 feet of film may be exposed in the making of one picture which ultimately reaches the exhibitor 6,000 feet long, so it will be realised that the film cutters and continuity men are very important people indeed.

When at last the film is completed to the satisfaction of the studio personnel, there is one final obstacle to be overcome. The film must be shown to the British Board of Film Censors before it may be sold for public exhibition. This Board was voluntarily brought into being by the cinema industry, and is maintained by the film manufacturers. Most licensing authorities throughout the country make it a condition of the cinema licence that all films exhibited must have been previously passed by the censor. Films are passed in one of two categories as either suitable for universal exhibition—that is "U"—or "A"—for adults.

In most districts exhibitors are not allowed to admit children for "A" films unless they are accompanied by parents or bona fide guardians. That is why at some time or another

(*Continued on page* 130)

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Although British censors are broad minded, they quite frequently send a film back to the maker for revision, and the elimination of certain scenes or dialogue which they may consider to be distasteful. The board has also been known to refuse a certificate to some films. This latter drastic action is a death blow to the producer's hope of success as, while licensing authorities are empowered to reverse the censor's decision for their own particular area, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get a film nationally exhibited when it has not been passed by the censor.

Once the censor's certificate has been obtained, the producer ceases to have more than a paternal interest in the film. The copy is passed on to the film renters whose job it is to market the finished article.

Most of the big producing companies, particularly the American ones, maintain in this country their own organisations for the marketing of films, with a head office in London and branch offices in key cities throughout the country. Other producers depend on independent renters who have similar offices and sell miscellaneous films, some of which they buy outright but most of which they handle on a percentage basis, which includes the physical distribution of the films to the exhibitors.

The film is shown to exhibitors and potential hirers at private exhibitions in London and provincial cities known as trade shows.

The trade show in London is usually the first time the complete film is seen by an audience, and that audience is the hardest, the most cynical and the most critical that will ever watch it, consisting as it does of buyers, critics and competitive producers. The sales manager of the renting house can sense from the reaction of that audience how much he may reasonably hope to charge for the film—a flexible amount depending entirely upon demand and prospective buyers' estimate of its potential value.

The buyers, of whom little or nothing is ever heard, are the most important people in the industry, because they decide what you are going to see in the way of films, and why, and as nearly all the biggest cinemas in the country are controlled by one of three companies, it means that a mere handful of men dictate the type of entertainment to be offered to millions of picturegoers every week. Probably the best known of all is Mr. Arthur W. Jarratt, of Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, who buys for three hundred and fifty theatres.

His spectacular deals occasionally hit the front pages of the national dailies. A quiet Scotsman, Mr. Moffatt, buys for the three hundred odd Associated British Theatres, and the rapidly growing Odeon circuit is catered for by a comparative youngster, Mr. Wilfred Phillips, under the guidance of course, of the presiding genius millionaire, Oscar Deutsch.

Most films are booked on a percentage basis, and as much as forty and even fifty per cent of the gross takings is paid for the right to exhibit them. An interesting point about this percentage method is that the exhibitors render their own returns to the renters and thereby voluntarily disclose the amount they are entitled to pay. The only check on the integrity of the cinema owners is an occasional visit from travelling accountants employed by the Kinematograph Renters Society. The detective-cum-accountant pays for admission to the cinema, retains his half-ticket and assesses to the best of his ability the amount of money in the "house." It says much for the good name of the cinema industry to record that very few cases of dishonesty have been discovered. It is only fair to say that the penalty for dishonesty is so drastic that few would try to evade their obligations even if so inclined. Where fraud is proved, the society can and sometimes does stop the customer's supply of films. This is tantamount to ruin and an almost infallible preventative of dishonesty.

The first public exhibition of the more important films usually takes the form of what is called a pre-release run in the West End, where the film plays for varying periods according to its reception by the public. Prices in these premier run houses are from 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d, but because of the excessive cost of rents and running expenses these prices are on the low side if anything. Several of the bigger production companies maintain their own West End houses. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company owns the Empire, Leicester Square, and Paramount the Carlton and Plaza. They use them as much for the purpose of exhibiting their goods to potential buyers as for the production of revenue. A film running in the West End probably gets more Press publicity during that short season than it will get for the whole remainder of its run throughout the suburbs and provinces. For the same reason, spectacular "premières," or film first nights, are becoming more and more frequent.

After the termination of the pre-release run, the film is exhibited in London suburban houses and the large provincial cities. Although only one negative of the film is made, any number of positive copies may be printed from that, making it possible to show a film in a multiplicity of situations at the same time. Contrary to the usual belief that film prints are expensive, these are comparatively cheap to make, costing about twenty or thirty pounds per copy; and each print may with careful usage run a hundred or more times before being discarded. The greatest number of copies playing at any one time is when a film is released in North London—when as many as seventy copies may be required.

As I said before, films are booked exclusively to certain districts. These are "first runs." In thickly populated areas, two or more cinemas may agree to run certain films at the same time—these are called "concurrencies." After the films are exhibited in the centres they then pass on to the "second" or subsequent runs. If you think of a stone dropped in a pond and the ripples that emanate from the point of entry you have a clear idea of the zoning system of booking films, with the key city in the centre and the subsequent runs like the ripples around, each successive run being less important and less revenue producing as the film gets older and plays further away from the cities until it reaches the tiny country villages.

Despite the complications of this system, the buying of films is still more involved, because of the renter's efforts to increase the revenue of his own particular company. It is not so simple that one sees a good film and goes in to buy it. The renter who knows that he has a big film that is likely to draw money will endeavour to sell in addition as many as possible of his other films in one comprehensive deal. The buyer therefore finds himself in the unenviable position of having to buy a quantity of goods he neither wants nor requires in order to get one article he particularly desires. That explains why at some time or another you have seen a film at your local cinema so unsuitable that you discount the intelligence of the manager who bought it with his eyes open. Then again, the renter is compelled by law to handle a certain percentage of British pictures, and the exhibitor must show not less than a specified amount of British product in any one year.

When this law first came into force it created a market for cheap inferior British pictures called "quickies." These were bought by some renters to comply with the law, and booked by many exhibitors for whom no other British pictures were available. This law has now been modified to ensure that the quality of British films used for quota purposes will not fall below a certain standard, but undoubtedly this loophole did much to undermine the stability of British film production, now fortunately showing signs of slow recovery.

It is interesting

(*Continued on page* 132)

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to note that while British film production has had an extremely lean time, British interest films, documentaries and newsreels are acknowledged to be the finest in the world. There is still only a limited market for interest films which are hired out on a flat rental basis; but there is an ever-increasing demand for them. Newsreels, almost as necessary to the cinema programme as feature films, are sold without restrictions or bars. The price is based on age, a brand new newsreel being obviously a far more valuable addition to a programme than one a week or more old, costs double the price of a three-day-old issue, while only a nominal rental is charged for reels a fortnight old or more. The news film costs a lot to produce, has a comparatively short life, and seldom plays for more than ten minutes. It is, therefore, an expensive though necessary item on the exhibitor's programme.

Many people wonder how it is possible to obtain films for exhibition on one night only, Sundays, for example, particularly as so much is said about the terrific cost of film hire. Films are seldom sold for one night shows until all premier and normal runs have been exhausted, and when used for single performances are comparatively old.

Readers will realise how very difficult it is for a cinema proprietor to maintain a steady stream of precisely the films you particularly wish to see at any given time. This short resumé of his difficulties in buying may cause you to be more tolerant criticising the programmes he offers you, but do not withhold constructive criticism. Everything you say now helps to decide what sort of films you will be seeing a year hence. Booking managers report on audience reaction to the agents. They in turn attend numerous conferences with producers and studio executives, and report to them just exactly what you are saying about current productions.

That you may change your mind within a year and before the producers have had time to mature your ideals is a gamble the film industry is perpetually taking. You are paying the piper, and you have a right to call the tune, but when that tune is a talking film it will be more than a year before it comes back in the form you once desired; so be patient. But no matter what your views may be about the quality of films, you must admit that the film market, with its hub in Wardour Street, London, must be one of the most fascinating and involved in commerce to-day. It is a gambling market where a fortune may be won or lost in a day. Recently there were two paragraphs on the same page of a national daily. One announced that a producer was travelling to America in the bridal suite of the *Queen Mary*, and another was the announcement of a film producer's visit to Carey Street. Just one day in the history of the film market.

END

The Lost Bacchante

(*Continued from page* 37)

Benvenuto Cellini jewel in the Caledonian Market, or a set of Chippendale chairs in a farmhouse kitchen. Basil Gidden's remark about the goat kept pricking at his mind. Why should a student engaged in copying a famous work of art take liberties with his subject and substitute a goat for a dog? This question worried him so much that he closed his shop and spent an afternoon in a public library, perusing the catalogue of all Romney's known sketches and oil-paintings.

His researches brought some startling information to light. Romney had painted a replica of his "Bacchante" for Sir William Hamilton, who was then the British Ambassador to Naples; and the replica had been lost in the wreck of the *Colossus*, one of the ships which Nelson had placed at the disposal of the King and Queen of Naples and the Hamiltons when they fled to Sicily before

Napoleon's soldiers. What was more, the animal in the replica had been a goat!

"Bring me a glass of water!" begged Mr. Pinhorn hoarsely of a library attendant. Had he sold a genuine Romney for fifteen shillings?

Through the firm of auctioneers from whom he had acquired the picture as part of a miscellaneous lot, Mr. Pinhorn traced previous ownership to a Miss Teresa Copeland, whose name sounded vaguely familiar. He lost no time in presenting himself at the door of Miss Teresa Copeland's roomy old-fashioned house in Notting Hill Gate.

An elderly maid, with streamers dangling from her mob-cap, ushered him into a drawing-room pervaded by a musty smell of plush and bamboo. The walls of this room were crowded with pictures from the dados to the cornices. Each picture told a story; the two bewhiskered gentlemen in pith helmets exchanging solemn greetings against a background of jungle flora and grinning cannibals were quite evidently Stanley and Livingstone; the angel in a pinafore holding aloft a lamp in a ward of agonising soldiers was beyond any doubt Florence Nightingale; and it was plain to the meanest intelligence that the gallant cavalry officers ineffectually belabouring a row of mammoth fire-vomiting cannons with slim sabres were involved in the Charge of the Light Brigade. Encased in massive ormolu frames, they hung so close together that one could not have put a pin between them.

"And there's not a pin to chose between the lot of them, either," thought Mr. Pinhorn.

"I see that you are admiring my grandfather's paintings," said a voice behind him.

Miss Teresa Copeland had come into the room. Her hair was of a bleached straw-colour, her forget-me-not blue eyes were pale and watery, and altogether she produced the effect of a delicate fabric faded by long exposure to the sun. She wore several clinking garnet chains and rustled as she walked.

"My grandfather was Sir Everard Copeland," she added, and without pausing to enquire what Mr. Pinhorn's errand might be, she launched into a history of her eminent grandfather, in the garrulous manner of a lonely spinster who found no audience too insignificant to hearken to a recital of past glories. Mr. Pinhorn learnt that Sir Everard Copeland had been a popular Royal Academician who had painted every noteworthy event of Victorian days from the opening of the Crystal Palace to Mafeking Night. With the advent of Sargent and Whistler he had become dated, and dropped out of public favour.

"Poor dear grandfather, he felt it dreadfully," said Miss Teresa Copeland. "That rude Mr. Whistler!"

At the mention of Whistler, what it was he remembered about Sir Everard Copeland focused in Mr. Pinhorn's brain. It was Whistler who had dubbed him "the Victorian Vasari." For success had never blinded the Royal Academician to the mediocrity of his own talent, and towards the end of his life he laid aside the brush for the pen and compiled a racy series of "Lives of the English Painters." Mr. Pinhorn cut across Miss Teresa Copeland's monologue to inform her that he had read her grandfather's books.

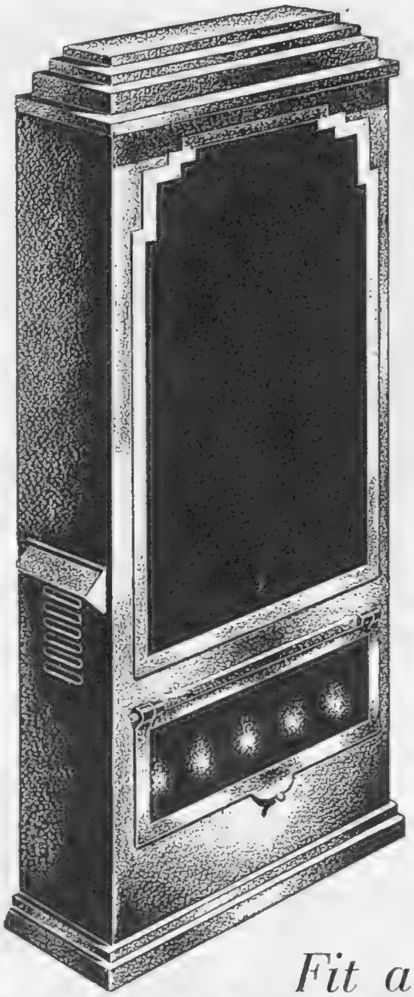
"People thought them just a teeny bit naughty," she simpered, "but they were dreadfully amusing. Alas, poor dear grandfather did not have time to complete the series. He was working on a life of Romney, his favourite painter, when he passed away in Sicily."

"Sicily!" almost screamed Mr. Pinhorn. "Tell me, madam, did your grandfather ever refer to a 'Bacchante' by Romney, lost in the wreck of the *Colossus?*"

"Now it's curious that you should bring that up," she said, "because in his last letter he wrote that he was on the track of some art treasures that had been salvaged from a shipwreck. It all seemed to have happened a very long time ago, but you never can tell, with those thieving foreigners, they might have found the things and hidden them somewhere, mightn't they? However did you know?"

"Because I have reason to believe that a picture you sold

(*Continued on page* 134)



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at auction is the lost 'Bacchante.' Is the letter still in your possession?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes. I'll send it along to you if it can be of any use," said Miss Teresa Copeland. "Dear me, dear me. Grandfather had so much stuff stored in his Sicilian villa that I didn't know what to do with it all. I kept his pictures and got rid of the rest. But it's most provoking to think that I've let a Romney slip."

"If it's any consolation to you, madam, so have I," said Mr. Pinhorn.

He intended to remedy this oversight as speedily as possible.

ALREADY at four o'clock the brief November daylight began to fail, and Basil Gidden dabbed the last touch of ochre on his "Coster with a Cartload of Chrysanthemums." The picture lit a bright flame of colour in the bleak studio and made all his other canvases look wooden and lifeless. He had brilliantly captured his moment of vision in the King's Road and infused it with a touch of personal genius impossible to define. It was a good picture. Basil knew that he would never paint a better one.

Sara relaxed and stood swaying a little from fatigue on the model's platform.

"Time for tea," she said, and wandered across the studio towards a cupboard too small to be called a kitchen, too dank and devoid of conveniences to be archly described as a kitchenette. The gas plopped to her match and Basil heard the sound of water running into a kettle.

"Sara!" he called, and after a while she reappeared, carrying a loaded tray. "Sara! Come here, you must be exhausted." He drew her down on his knees and kissed her violet-stained eyelids. Now that he had safely transferred the coster, his chrysanthemums, and Sara, to canvas, the mists that had hung over his consciousness for several days lifted, and once again he knew that he loved Sara.

"Listen, Sara," he whispered. "I'm sure to sell that picture, and to sell it well. I know exactly whom I shall offer it to. And with the money I get for it, I shall stand myself an exhibition at the Lauriston Gallery, and then I will be made. How about it, Sara? Will you marry me, when I'm a made man?"

"Do we have to wait until then?" asked Sara, sinking wearily against his shoulder. Basil could not afford to support her, nor would he countenance the idea of her posing for other painters after she had become his wife. Creative work absorbed him and left him little leisure to fret about material preoccupations. Poverty galled him not at all as long as he had a bottle of Italian wine on his shelf and a paint-brush in his hand; and Sara, sweet Sara, with her lovely brooding mask that might have been modelled in wax by the thumb of a sculptor, was always there when he needed her. But to Sara the stalemate that lack of money produced in their lives was a source of great unhappiness.

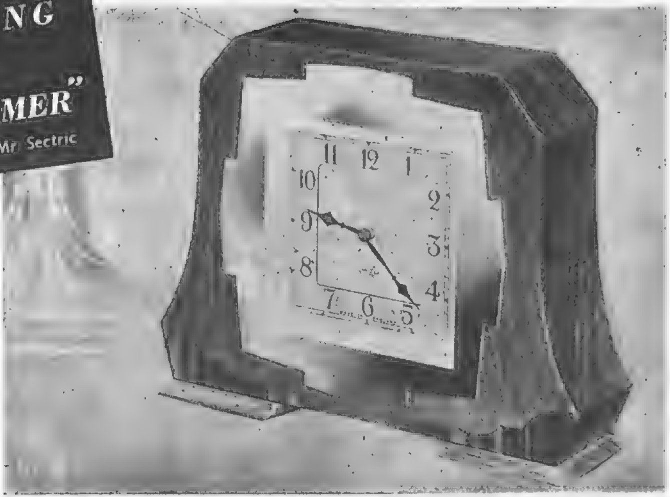
They remained sheltered in each other's arms while darkness gathered round them, the smell of paint rising to their nostrils like incense. A timid knock at the door aroused them and they broke silently apart as Mr. Pinhorn made an apologetic entrance, scraping his feet and rubbing his hands together.

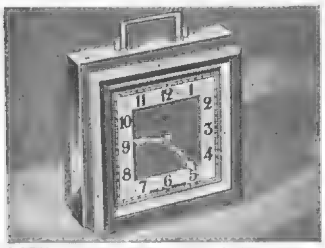
"I must be going now," said Sara. When she had taken her leave, Basil switched on the light, and Mr. Pinhorn observed that the days were drawing in.

"To tell you the truth," he went on mendaciously, "a client of mine has been after me about that picture I sold you the other day. Apparently it has some sentimental value for her, and she's been hunting for it high and low. I'd be greatly obliged to you, Mr. Gidden, if you'd allow me to buy it back from you for the price you gave."

"You sound like one of those touching appeals that people make to burglars through the agony column of the *Times*," said Basil.

"I tell you what, I'll go to two pounds," said Mr. Pinhorn. "Now I can't do fairer





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than that. You're making a clear twenty-five bob on it."

"The appeal becomes more touching," said Basil.

"I'll give you a fiver for it!" cried Mr. Pinhorn desperately.

"I won't take your fiver," said Basil. "It would be sheer robbery. Your client couldn't possibly attach any sentimental value to the picture in its present condition. Look!" With a magnificent gesture he pointed at his "Coster with a Cartload of Chrysanthemums."

It was then that Mr. Pinhorn made a tactical error. "Holy Methuselah!" he burst out. "He's painted a coster over the lost 'Bacchante'!"

"Come, come, Mr. Pinhorn, you're exaggerating," said Basil. "The 'Bacchante' isn't altogether lost, she's merely lost to view in a private collection."

"No, no, you don't understand," protested Mr. Pinhorn in an agony of spirit, and proceeded to pour out his story. "I'll be honest with you, I'll admit that I tried to diddle you," he sobbed. "But it's a fortune you've got under that coating! You can't help but clean off your picture, and when you do, you'll need this letter. Supposing you let me have ten per cent on the sale, and no hard feelings. You wouldn't grudge me ten per cent, now would you?"

Incredulously Basil read through the last letter Sir Everard Copeland had written from Sicily, a rambling, discursive letter relating how one day, at Vincitella, a little fishing village in the neighbourhood of his villa, he had encountered a fisherman who kept his pipe tobacco in a snuff-box ornamented by a miniature of Lady Hamilton. Cross-questioned, the fisherman declared that it had come from the great English ship that foundered off the coast in his father's time and washed so many kegs of rum ashore that the whole village had been drunk for a week. And not only kegs of rum, but many other things—"*Molta roba*," as the fisherman had proudly repeated—had been washed ashore that night. "There is little room for doubt," wrote Sir Everard, "that this ship was none other than the ill-fated *Colossus*," and concluded by expressing a hope that amongst the "*molta roba*" he might yet find some of the Romneys which were known to have been on board.

"And the canvas came from Sicily!" said Basil at last. "Well, well. I wonder if old Sir Everard really did discover the 'Bacchante' in some Sicilian fishing village. Even so, Mr. Pinhorn, I don't regard my picture as a 'coating.' I hate to disappoint you, but you should have spotted her in the first place."

Mr. Pinhorn seemed to crumple up and wither before his eyes. Such windfalls seldom occur twice in a lifetime; and Mr. Pinhorn was over seventy.

WITH the innocent optimism of those who have no sense of the practical, Basil imagined that since he had so firmly refused to enter into any sort of deal with Mr. Pinhorn he would hear no more of the "Bacchante." He had even resolved not to acquaint Sara with the secret of that, for him, lamentable treasure-trove. Supposing that she too were to urge him to destroy the best work he had ever done? Supposing that she too were to regard it as a superfluous crust of paint that separated them from the fulfilment of all their desires? The thought was not to be borne.

But in mistrusting her, he did her an injustice.

Sara had serious cause to be alarmed by Basil's irritable and evasive humour during the days that followed. He would roam restlessly round the studio, occasionally pausing in front of the "Coster" to sigh and shake his head. And although he was not in the habit of retouching his canvases, he spent hours tinkering at the "Coster" with a sort of nervous desperation. In vain did Sara try to reason with him.

"You'll spoil your picture and drive yourself crazy if you go on like this much longer," she told him.

To which his invariable and infuriating reply would be: (*Continued on page* 136)

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"Of course, you couldn't be expected to understand."

It was in the middle of one of these scenes that Mr. Lauriston paid a second call on Basil. Unlike Mr. Pinhorn, he did not attempt to disguise the object of his visit, but came straight to the point.

"A Mr. Pinhorn came to see me yesterday in connection with the picture that you bought from him," he said, "and brought me this letter from Sir Everard Copeland which proves fairly conclusively that it is, in fact, a genuine Romney. It appears that you have obliterated it with a picture of your own, and refuse to wipe this new picture off. While I appreciate the dilemma that you find yourself placed in, I put it to you, Mr. Gidden, that you have no right to deprive the world of a masterpiece."

Well aware that he had laid himself open to this criticism, Basil had thrashed out the question very thoroughly before the tribunal of his artistic conscience, and had all his answers ready.

"If George Romney were still alive," he said, "I would not hesitate to restore the picture to him exactly as he painted it. My first duty would be to him. But Romney is dead, and the sale of his pictures can only serve to enrich a few art-dealers. Under the circumstances, I consider that my first duty is to myself. Especially as there are quite enough Romneys to go round in the world. If you remember, he was a very prolific painter."

"Sheer casuistry, Mr. Gidden." Mr. Lauriston was beginning to lose his temper. "Besides, I did not come here to convince you with moral arguments, but to make you an offer of ten thousand guineas for the picture. In your own interest, I would strongly advise you to accept my offer. The auction-room is always a gamble, and you might go further and fare worse. I fail to see what there is to laugh at." For Basil had suddenly given way to loud, and from Mr. Lauriston's point of view, extremely offensive mirth.

"Ten thousand guineas! Ho! Ho! Ho!" he roared. "And when last you were here, you told me that the picture was completely valueless."

"Be that as it may," said Mr. Lauriston, controlling himself with an effort, "I still advise you to accept."

"What do you think?" asked Basil, turning to Sara, who had listened to this conversation with mounting astonishment. Her eyes were shining as if she had glimpsed the millennium; the obstacle to her marriage with Basil removed, free latitude for him to exhibit at any gallery he chose, why, all their troubles were over, why it was the most amazing piece of luck that had ever befallen a struggling artist, why, Mr. Lauriston's proposition was a gift from the gods! And then something she saw in Basil's face pulled her up short.

"Don't, Basil, don't!" she cried. "Don't ever touch your picture, no matter what happens."

"You see!" said Basil to Mr. Lauriston, his blood rising in a warm surge of gratitude towards Sara. "There's one person, at least, who believes in me."

"Ten thousand guineas is a lot of money, young lady," said Mr. Lauriston.

"How do you know that Basil's picture won't be worth ten thousand guineas one day?" demanded Sara hotly.

"That day may come when Mr. Gidden himself has been dead for a hundred years, and he will then be past benefiting by the increased market value of his work," said Mr. Lauriston. "But we are wasting time. Perhaps you have not seen the evening papers?" He drew a copy of the *Evening Herald* out of his overcoat pocket and spread it on the table.

Topped by glaring headlines, the finding of the lost "Bacchante" was splashed in three columns across the front page. A villainous photograph of Basil Gidden faced a reproduction of the original "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," and the writer of the article commented sarcastically on the impudence of the young painter who dared to set his work above that of Romney.

"I had an inkling that it might be difficult to convince you," said Mr. Lauriston, "and so I resorted to this method of . . . er . . . coercion. Do you realise what this publicity means? It means that your picture is marked down for destruction by every collector and every dealer on both sides of the Atlantic. Whether you sell it, or whether you guard it jealously all your life, they will always be waiting. Collectors have an infinite capacity for waiting. I'm not denying that your picture may have merit, but you cannot fight against a name. Names are my stock-in-trade, and I know what I am talking about."

Basil saw the force of Mr. Lauriston's argument, and the pride of achievement that had buoyed him up until then deserted him. His picture was doomed in any case, his struggle with himself had worn him out, he had no resistance left to offer. He might as well cash in on his defeat. Belatedly it occurred to him that after all he owed something to Sara.

"You win," he said, avoiding Sara's eyes. "Take it away."

The cheque which Mr. Lauriston extracted from his note-case and handed to Basil was already written out and signed. Basil found it peculiarly galling that the art-dealer should have been so certain of success.

"Perhaps you would help me to carry the picture downstairs?" suggested Mr. Lauriston, somewhat discomfited by Basil's stricken expression.

"I said, take it away!" repeated Basil churlishly.

Awkwardly, Mr. Lauriston shouldered the picture. He could not help feeling rather sorry for Basil, and then wondered why he was wasting his pity. As he had just pointed out to Sara, ten thousand guineas was a lot of money.

AN unpleasant surprise awaited Mr. Lauriston; for the expert entrusted with the task of cleaning off Basil's picture plied his turpentine-soaked rag so diligently that he succeeded in removing not only the "Coster with a Cartload of Chrysanthemums," but also the replica of Romney's "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," from the surface of the canvas; and when it was produced for the inspection of an American millionaire who was ready to pay astronomic sums for a genuine Romney, the horrified Mr. Lauriston was confronted with "The Mayor of Coventry presenting Queen Victoria with a bicycle on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee," by Sir Everard Copeland.

The Press seized delightedly upon the story and poured so much ridicule on Mr. Lauriston that he cursed the day he had prompted the *Evening Herald* to print that unfortunate article. He tried to bring suit against Basil for conspiring with Mr. Pinhorn and Miss Teresa Copeland to defraud him. But his solicitor was regretfully obliged to advise him that he had no case.

And, anyway, Basil was nowhere to be found. Within twenty-four hours of accepting Mr. Lauriston's cheque, he had married Sara by special licence and the newly-wedded couple had departed on a trip round the world.

Miss Teresa Copeland simply could not understand why everybody was so amused by the rediscovery of her grandfather's picture under the alleged Romney. Had not Sir Everard Copeland been the greatest painter of the Victorian Age? She bought the picture back for fifty pounds and considered herself extremely lucky.

As for Mr. Pinhorn, he disappeared from London soon afterwards. He had evolved an interesting theory. Sir Everard Copeland, he decided, must undoubtedly have found Romney's "Bacchante," else how could he have made a copy of the picture? Therefore the picture must still be somewhere in Sicily. A few months later a kindly motorist picked up Mr. Pinhorn in an exhausted condition on a dusty Sicilian road not far from Vincitella. He was obviously suffering from sunstroke, and kept babbling incoherently about the lost "Bacchante."

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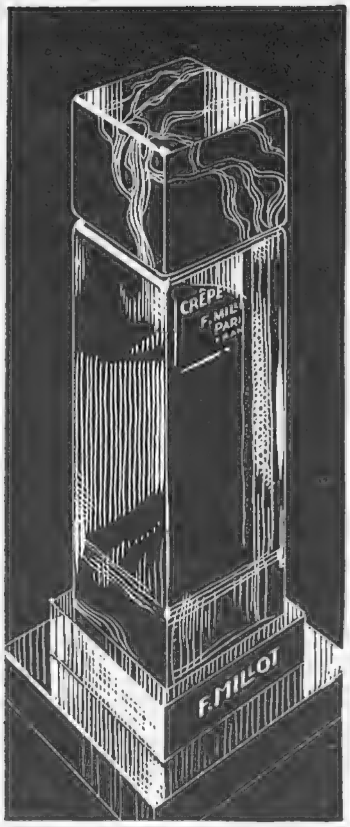

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Unknowns Behind the Knowns

(*Continued from page* 23)

It is to her mother that Shirley owes her fame. It was Mrs. Temple who first saw the possibilities of obtaining employment for her little girl inside the studios—a little girl who could dance at the age of two, and whose baby-brain had always been able to carry and repeat any tune she heard. But when Mrs. Temple took Shirley to the Fox Studios for the interview that carried her to fame at the age of four, she had no idea what would lie behind that casual afternoon's work. Fame demands as much as it gives; and from the moment Shirley became a star her parents have had to watch every step they have taken, both for Shirley's sake and their own.

It struck me that Mrs. Temple's great wisdom lies in knowing just when to say "No." She has turned down offers worth thousands of dollars, because she felt it would be unwise or unfair for Shirley to accept them. She has insisted that Shirley lives the life of any normal little girl of her own age, as far as is possible. In the Temples' comfortable home outside Hollywood there is no hint that the whole place revolves round a small child who happens to have become a film star. Except, of course, the fact that an elaborate system of electric alarms has been installed everywhere, to guard against possible kidnappers, and that policemen patrol the wall surrounding the house and garden, day and night.

Once, in Shirley's portable dressing-room on the set at Twentieth Century-Fox, I heard little Shirley say to her mother, coaxingly: "Please, mummy, may I go and play with Mary Lou (her stand-in); I want to show her my new dolly." Mrs. Temple shook her head. "No, darling; it's time for your French lesson, and your teacher is waiting." Without a word of protest, or even a pout, Shirley put down her doll and plunged into her French lesson. As she bent her head over her book she lifted her eyes for a second, screwed them up in the manner film audiences know so well, and gave her mother one of the sweetest, most loving smiles I have ever seen.

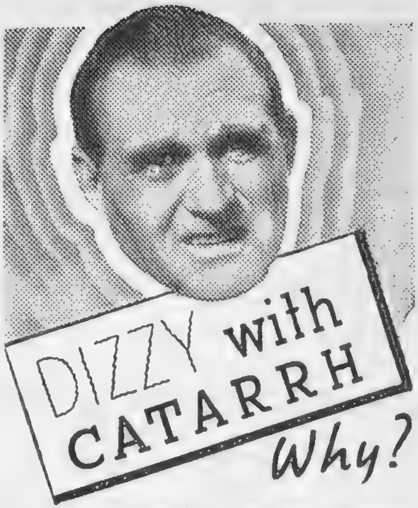
LITTLE Jane Withers, too, who is becoming almost as popular as Shirley, has to thank her mother for the fact that she is earning a very big salary to-day, and looks as though she will go on earning it for many years. Mrs. Withers has arranged all Jane's contracts, since her daughter started work in the studios; she was brave enough to insist that Jane "walked out" at a certain stage in her career, because her salary was not in proportion to her value in pictures. That move, badly handled, might have proved disastrous and killed the child's career before it had really started. But Mrs. Withers knew exactly what she was doing; and Jane went back to work, with a new contract and all the old difficulties adjusted.

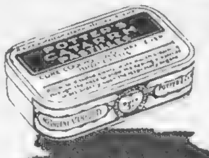
Few people who watch films realise that it takes far more time to light a scene than to act it. Adjusting cameras and lights may take anything from forty minutes to two hours; I have even known it take longer than that, for special trick lighting effects. During that wearisome time some kind of face, some kind of figure, has to be in evidence on the sofa, the chair, the bed, or wherever the forthcoming scene is to be played. Hence the arrival of the individual known as a stand-in.

To stand-in for a star may sound a happy and glorious job. Ask any stand-in about it, and they will tell you it's fine from the weekly-salary-envelope-angle. But apart from that, it's a pain in the neck.

Here's what happens. A girl and a boy are selected to be stand-ins for, let us say, Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall. They must be

(*Continued on page* 140)





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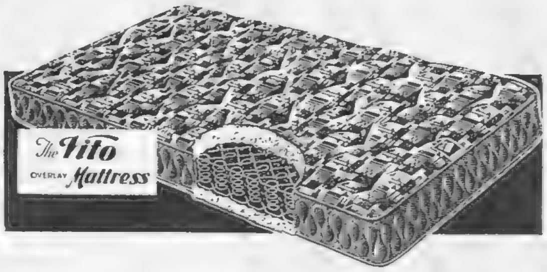

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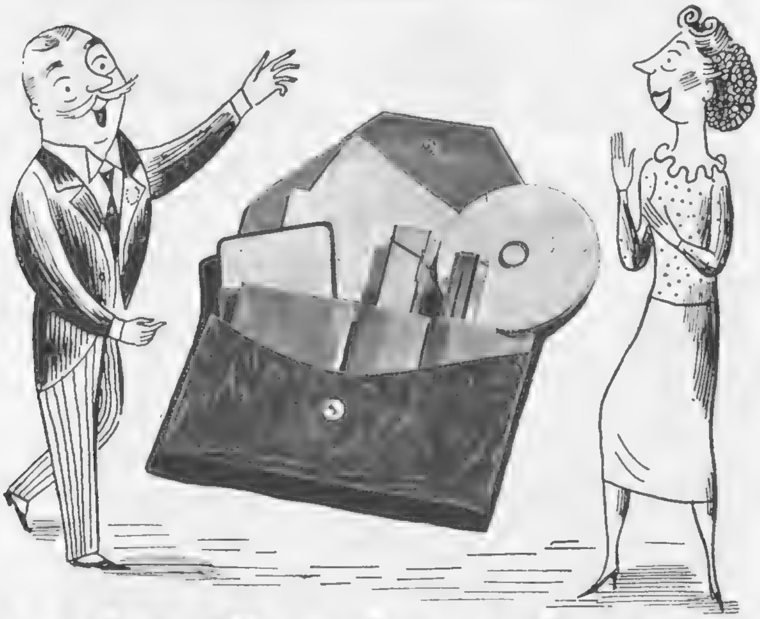

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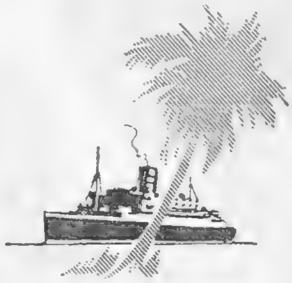

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the same height, the same build, and possess, if possible, the same coloured hair. If not, a wig is provided, reproducing the star's hair as closely as possible. Stand-ins are paid, on an average, fifty dollars a week. They work far more regularly than the ordinary extra, who can earn higher money than that—with luck—but seldom for so many weeks on end. And stand-ins have one big pull over an extra. They are directly under the eyes and nose of famous directors for hours on end; whereas an extra feels inclined to put down the red carpet and cheer loudly if she manages to catch the eye of a director for even a fraction of a second.

When a scene finishes, and the "line-up" for the next scene starts, an assistant-director bawls for the stand-ins. They are planted on a sofa, and told to put their arms round each other, with their lips touching in a kiss. Then hades breaks loose on every side. Up on the catwalk overhead a fiend in dungarees directs a fierce spotlight right into their eyes. They are "hit" with hard lights of many types, and then shade-lamps are adjusted to wipe out the shadows.

All seems well, when up leaps a new shadow. It always does; nobody has ever been able to explain why. Up comes a gaffer, to detect its origin, and slay it. The slaughter duly completed a signal is given for the camera to burst into the scene. It is trundled up, and levelled right at the passionate lovers, as they perch lip to lip on the sofa. Two men dart forward, and stick one end of a measuring tape into their cheeks. The tape is then drawn back to the camera, and the footage noted. Then the girl's head is slung a shade to the right, for a better facial angle; after which her limp hand is arranged exactly where the camera-man wants it to rest, so that the light hits the much-publicised jewellery the star will be wearing.

Then the kiss itself demands attention. Did you know that there are at least seven varieties of kisses, for screen purposes? They are built up by means of camera angles and lighting. And the stand-ins go on kissing while the whole thing is worked out to a hair's breadth. When all is ready the couple rise from the sofa, stretch their weary limbs, and retire to obscurity once more, while the stars emerge from their portable dressing-rooms rested and refreshed, ready to play the scene.

So next time you watch your pet movie stars in a new film, give a thought to the patient stand-ins who made all that thrilling beauty possible, without getting their own faces within miles of a film-loaded camera. The "stand-in" business was riotously exposed in that laugh-filled picture *Stand-In*, through which Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard romped with so much ease. Joan was a stand-in; but all through the making of the film her own stand-in was very much on the job. Name: Connie Rae.

Connie has reddish hair and big hazel eyes. Joan's eyes are enormous, and very blue; and her hair is blonde. But that does not matter, for they are almost exactly the same height and build. Connie was going to be a lawyer; changed her mind, and became an actress. Likes being Joan's stand-in; finds it thrilling to put on exactly the same make-up as the star, every morning, and to go over the lines she—Connie—will never speak. But she thinks she might as well know them, just the same. Her heels have to be higher than those on the shoes Miss Blondell wears, as she is a shade shorter than the star. Her dresses—like those of any stand-in—need not be the same style as the costume worn by the star; but they must be the same colour, because of lighting effects.

About a year ago Connie Rae decided to get married, and Joan Blondell was matron-of-honour at the wedding. Connie's husband is Dick Powell's business manager and press agent; and Joan is Mrs. Dick Powell. So it is all very much in the family.

And talking of stand-ins getting married and having stars at their wedding, Myrna Loy and her stand-in provide the exact opposite of the Blondell-Rae situation. For when Myrna drove to Ensenada in 1936 to become Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Junior, it was her stand-in and best friend, Shirley Hughes, who accompanied her and was one of the two witnesses at the wedding.

Gary Cooper's stand-in is Slim Talbot, a cowboy who is the same height as Gary, and astonishingly like him. They knew each other long before Gary first tried to crash the studio gates as a cowboy extra. Slim was an extra, too. Before that, they rode the range together in Montana, where Gary was born and grew up. Gary and Slim are great pals outside the studio, and inside it, too. Between scenes Gary likes to get in a corner with Slim—when the stand-in is not wanted on the set—and yarn about the old days in Montana, and horses and guns. Both Slim Talbot and Cracker Henderson, who is Gary's dresser, are famous throughout Hollywood, though nobody in the outside world has ever caught a glimpse of them.

There is a clause in Olivia de Havilland's contract that says Ann Robinson is to be her stand-in. The two girls have known each other for a long time, and are intimate friends outside working hours. Ann came to Hollywood about four years ago, but found that sixteen dollars a week was the most she could earn, until she managed to get taken on as a member of the Stock Company attached to Warner Brothers' Studio. Then she jumped to fifty dollars a week, met Olivia, became her stand-in (they are very much alike) and when she is not busying standing-in she works as a dress extra or plays tiny rôles in other films made at the same studio.

People rush up to Cary Grant's stand-in, shake him enthusiastically by the hand, and address him as "Cary, old son!" His name is Mel Merrihugh, and he is really so like Cary that I can understand people mistaking him for the star. I did it myself, once, and I know Cary very well. Mel is learning to act while he stands-in for Mr. Grant, takes care of his clothes, and attends to his business. Often, he rehearses dialogue with such stars as Irene Dunne and Katharine Hepburn, in place of the star he represents; and I should think, one way and another, he is one of the busiest people in Hollywood.

A regular couple of "buddies" are Warner Baxter and his stand-in, Frank McGrath; and the same thing applies to Robert Taylor and Don Milo. Frank is one of Warner's best friends in private life, and always accompanies him on shooting and fishing trips. Don Milo is the good-looking young man who came with Bob Taylor to England, when they made *The Yank at Oxford*; and it was part of his job to protect the star from inquisitive and troublesome crowds who did their utmost to rob Mr. Taylor of any sort of private life. Even Charlie McCarthy, the ventriloquist's dummy so expertly controlled by Danish Edgar Bergen, has his own stand-in, at present unnamed. Which seems to be the peak, as far as stand-ins go.

An interesting personality in Hollywood is Mack Gray, who goes everywhere George Raft goes. Mack Gray is known as "The Killer" and it is whispered that he belonged to one of the toughest gangs in New York's tough Tenth Avenue district. He was a boxer, once, like George Raft; and when George came to Hollywood along came Mr. Gray, as his bodyguard and companion. That is several years ago, now, and Mack Gray may still be seen having lunch with George at the Paramount Commissary, attending to his business, steering annoying people and worrying business as far from his employer as possible.

Spencer Tracy's career is in the hands of his brother, Carroll Tracy. Spencer says he wouldn't know what to do if Carroll was not there to take care of him and his affairs. It seems that all his life Carroll has specialised in getting Spencer, the impetuous, out of scrapes. When Spencer ran away from home and joined the navy, Carroll promptly ran away and joined Spencer. When Spencer had a chance to take a crack at Hollywood, and see what

(*Continued on page* 142)

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MILK is a marvellous food but to drink it last thing at night is to give your digestion a heavy task just when it most needs rest. For milk forms into tough curds inside you. And the sort of flavourings you add to milk " to make you sleep " just don't alter this at all. But BENGER'S does. There are active enzymes in BENGER'S which prevent the formation of indigestible curds. The milk is partially digested before you drink it — completely assimilated into the system without digestive strain. With BENGER'S you get the full food value from milk and at the same time give your digestion the rest it needs during the night. And apart from that, BENGER'S is in itself full of easily absorbed nourishment. It feeds you *and* soothes you.

And remember, Benger's today is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. Its delightfully fresh taste is a welcome change from sickly sweet drinks. Start drinking Benger's tonight. Your chemist sells Benger's—from 1/4 a tin. A tin of Benger's lasts a long time. Ask your chemist for a copy of "The Truth about Bed-time Drinks."

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Get for yourself the dentifrice that contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they are a natural white—and stay that way. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their clients. Not because of its remarkable whitening action, but for its amazing effect on acid mouth. **Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities, to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.**

Phillips' Dental Magnesia will absolutely correct any acid condition of the mouth. But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price, 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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happened afterwards, Carroll deliberately gave up his own business and went along with his brother, as manager, agent, and general fixer-up-er. Spencer told me he would have been sunk in a month, in Hollywood, but for Carroll and his restraining hand. For Spencer is completely impractical, loathes business details of any kind, and never reads a contract! But Carroll reads every line for him—so that's as it should be, and Spencer goes on working with a happy heart.

Even stars must eat; so the work done day after day throughout the year in the Studio Commissaries of Hollywood—restaurants, to us—is of importance. I know two women in high positions in studio restaurants and I envy them both their jobs, because they meet so many interesting, celebrated people. But, take it from me, they do work hard! Their names are Frances Edwards, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Hazel Moore, of Paramount.

Mrs. Edwards has to find seating accommodation, in a tactful way, for about two thousand people in about fifty minutes. How she does it I wouldn't pretend to know. I can only say that when I—a comparative stranger—put my face inside the commissary door she knows not only my face but my name. She beams, from across the crowded maze of tables and heads; holds up two fingers, indicates a table where it did not seem possible that one square inch of table could exist, and there am I, selecting lunch dishes within two minutes.

Frances Edwards orders 500 heads of lettuce and 300 pounds of tomatoes as casually as you or I would order a cucumber. Moreover, she knows exactly the kind of food the stars like best. She can tell you that Robert Montgomery likes chicken broth, and orders some every day; that Clark Gable likes roast beef, and often ends his lunch with chocolate ice creams. She knows that Norma Shearer prefers to eat her heaviest meal in the middle of the day, and likes it to include lamb cutlets at least two or three times a week.

Mrs. Edwards introduced me to a boy who holds an enviable position in the M-G-M Commissary—at least, from the film fans' point of view. His name is Frank Stusek, and he is known as a "Bus Boy." Which means that he hurries round from one star's dressing-room to the next, taking orders, seeing they are properly prepared, and then escorting the trays himself to their various destinations. All the big stars know Frank, from Garbo through Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, and Norma Shearer down to fifteen-year-old Judy Garland, a new starlet.

At Paramount's vast restaurant Hazel Moore is in complete control. Her job is the same as that done so competently by Frances Edwards. She orders food, sees stars are never kept waiting for tables, manages a large staff of waitresses, and attends to many of the stars herself. Once, at lunch time, I watched Miss Moore take an order from a table consisting of Gary Cooper, Ernst Lubitsch, Jean Arthur, Ray Milland, Herbert Marshall, Melvyn Douglas and Carole Lombard. From that collection of celebrities she turned to the next table, and discussed salads and prawn cocktails with Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Shirley Ross, Martha Raye, and George Raft. Apparently quite unmoved, she went off to get all their orders carried through; and I could not help thinking how any film fan would have swooned with joy at the chance of being able to stand in Hazel Moore's shoes.

As I said early in this article, hairdressers, make-up experts, and secretaries play very important rôles in Hollywood, behind the stars they serve. Marion Davies, one of the most generous people in the world, valued her hairdresser's work so highly that she paid for the girl's trip to Europe and back, on her own last visit over here.

So there they are; a collection of personalities well worth meeting—the Unknowns behind the Knowns, in Hollywood.

END

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A Northern Journey

The story of a three thousand miles trip to one of the few spots in Europe where there are no political squabbles and where there couldn't be a war

By Jerome Willis

IF there should ever be a European war, and you want to find a peaceful corner, go to Norway. They could not fight a war there, particularly in the north. It would only mean one man sitting on the top of a snow-capped peak occasionally taking pot-shots at another man a mile away on the top of a snow-capped peak, and then each retiring in despair to a shack and smoking a long pipe in front of a log fire.

And the airman who had the temerity to cross those miles of snow-capped peaks would find it difficult to find a target in the little villages hidden in the valleys.

That is why I struck north this year when I was tired of politics and "isms," and rumours of European wars.

I slipped out of Grimsby one fine morning aboard a British trawler heading north. As soon as the port faded behind me, so did political situations, crises, and all the encumbrances of crowded Southern Europe. I don't think the crew even mentioned politics during the five days I was with them.

They talked about football, fish, their wives and their sweethearts. They drank incessant cups of tea, pulled each other's legs and speculated on how much money they would make on this trip. For a trawler crew's earnings depend on how much fish they bring home from the Arctic and what they will be paid for it on the home market.

There is not much room to move about on a trawler, and if the weather is rough you have to watch warily, so usually you congregate in some small place—the bridge if you are on duty, and the mess-room if you are not—and gossip. So we gossiped eternally on the bridge and in the mess-deck and smoked and drank cups of tea. I never learned so much about football and fish in my life.

Leaving the Humber with a red dawn on our starboard bow, it was very pleasant for the first day. The grey water piled up against the bows, breaking into a transparent green and falling away in hillocks of snow-white foam. Overhead grey-winged gulls swerved and dipped, now and then alighting on a green and white breaker, and riding it with exquisite ease and grace.

I think there is something infinitely peaceful about the cry of gulls at sea and the swish of the water past the bows.

But on the second day out those green and white breakers started to turn dark and climb higher, leaving deep valleys between them. They were blue-black mountains by sunset.

A surly dawn presented itself to us the next day, and gave way to an overcast sky. Ginger, the wit of the ship, asked me if I would have porridge for breakfast, and I said no.

By the evening we were pitching and tossing and every rivet in the ship started to groan. You slithered from side to side on the bridge, trying to keep your feet, and rain beat against the windows. I changed my quarters from among the crew to the chief engineer's cabin, because I could lie starboard and port, which suits me better in rough weather.

(*Continued on page* 144)

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Wonderful darling and it's a complete health Safeguard for us all – The doctor says so!
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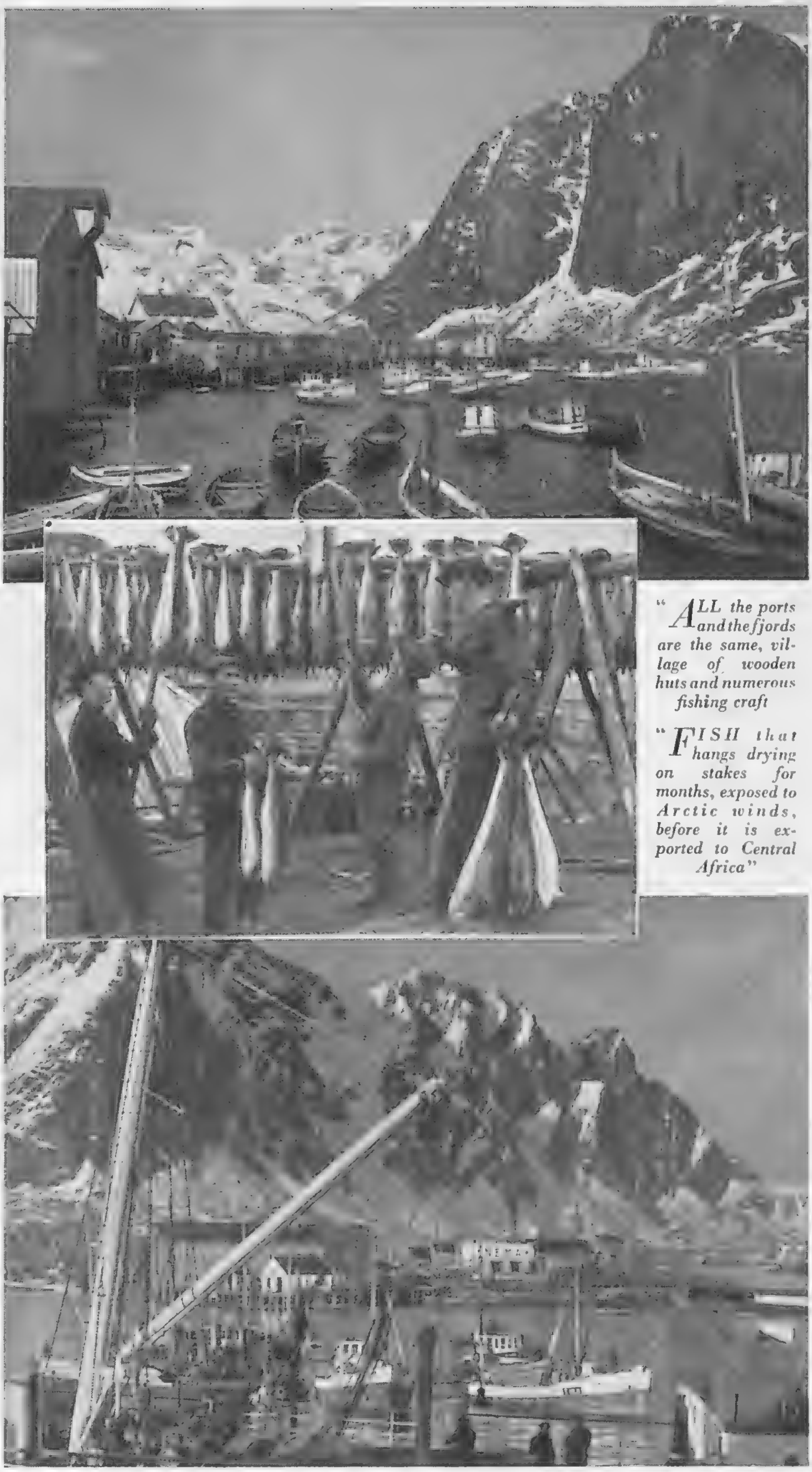


"ALL the ports and the fjords are the same, village of wooden huts and numerous fishing craft

"FISH that hangs drying on stakes for months, exposed to Arctic winds, before it is exported to Central Africa"

THE home of the Lofoten Fishing Fleet—the biggest fishing fleet in the world

Then came the thrill of the trip. Only a few days previously a sister ship, the *Leicestershire*, had foundered with all hands in the Pentland Firth. She had been, in nautical terms, "pooped," which means a rough sea and a following wind had driven her under. And now we were facing a terrible sea and being driven onwards by a following wind. If you can bear to watch it, a rough sea is the most dramatic thing in Nature and terrifying in its beauty.

Those shifting, rolling mountains that descend upon you with an angry roar and almost engulf you in their fury are thrilling to watch. As I am not a stranger to trawler travel, I did watch them on this occasion. Though I was never sure whether it was fear or admiration for Nature in its grandeur that held me spellbound.

When the waves are coming behind you they submerge half the ship and come tumbling amidships. When you dive down a deep valley of water the world seems lost, and you wonder whether you will ever emerge to the crest of the next wave. If you happen to see another ship pass you, you will notice that sometimes only its masts are visible, and sometimes it completely disappears behind a rolling black wall of water. Then it emerges, rolling and battling on, the trail of smoke from its funnel being its only permanent mark on the horizon.

Thirty-six hours of this weather made me wonder if we, too, should be "pooped." There would not be much hope of launching a boat in this weather, and even if we succeeded in doing that, how long could we live in that sea. I turned in that night, thinking these thoughts and listening to the thunder blows of the sea.

Up above me I heard the engine-room telegraph crunch out for half speed, quarter speed, and then only for a few knots. The chief engineer did not return at his usual time. The skipper went up on the bridge and stayed there. As I slid from side to side in my bunk, trying to hang on, a real feeling of wind-up gradually began to take possession of me. The engine seemed to beat out doleful warnings, "You'll never get back to London . . . you'll never get back to London . . . you'll never . . ." A land lubber feels very helpless in a real storm. He can only wait and wonder.

AT midnight I climbed up on deck, but wind and rain drove at me with such force that even to keep my feet by hanging on to the rigged-up life-lines was an achievement. And water swirled about my feet. So I staggered below and waited for the chief engineer to return.

He came at three-thirty in the morning and said quite calmly that we had to turn about and were now heading in the direction of home. Otherwise we should have been "pooped." The skipper had taken her on as long as he had thought safe, but he was a cautious skipper, and had now turned her head on to wind until the storm abated. It would mean a day's loss in the trip, but that was better than being "pooped."

For half a day we headed south again, then the sea flattened out, blue patches pierced the grey sky, and we turned about. I climbed up to the bridge and saw a pencilled note scribbled in the log, "Altered course 02.30; resumed course 13.00." That's all the storm meant to a sailor. Ah, how I welcomed those tall, snowy mountains that marked the entrance to the Norwegian fjords. The skipper, lusty Captain Wharam, an ex-heavyweight boxer of Hull, stood me a tot of whisky and asked me if I had been afraid. I said that I had, and asked if there had been any real danger. He said there had, but one grew used to such dangers in trawlers. One just had to keep one's head and stick to the laws of navigation. I was glad that I was not a trawlerman, for the only thing I could stick to during those thirty-six hours was a hand-rail, a life-line or the side of my bunk.

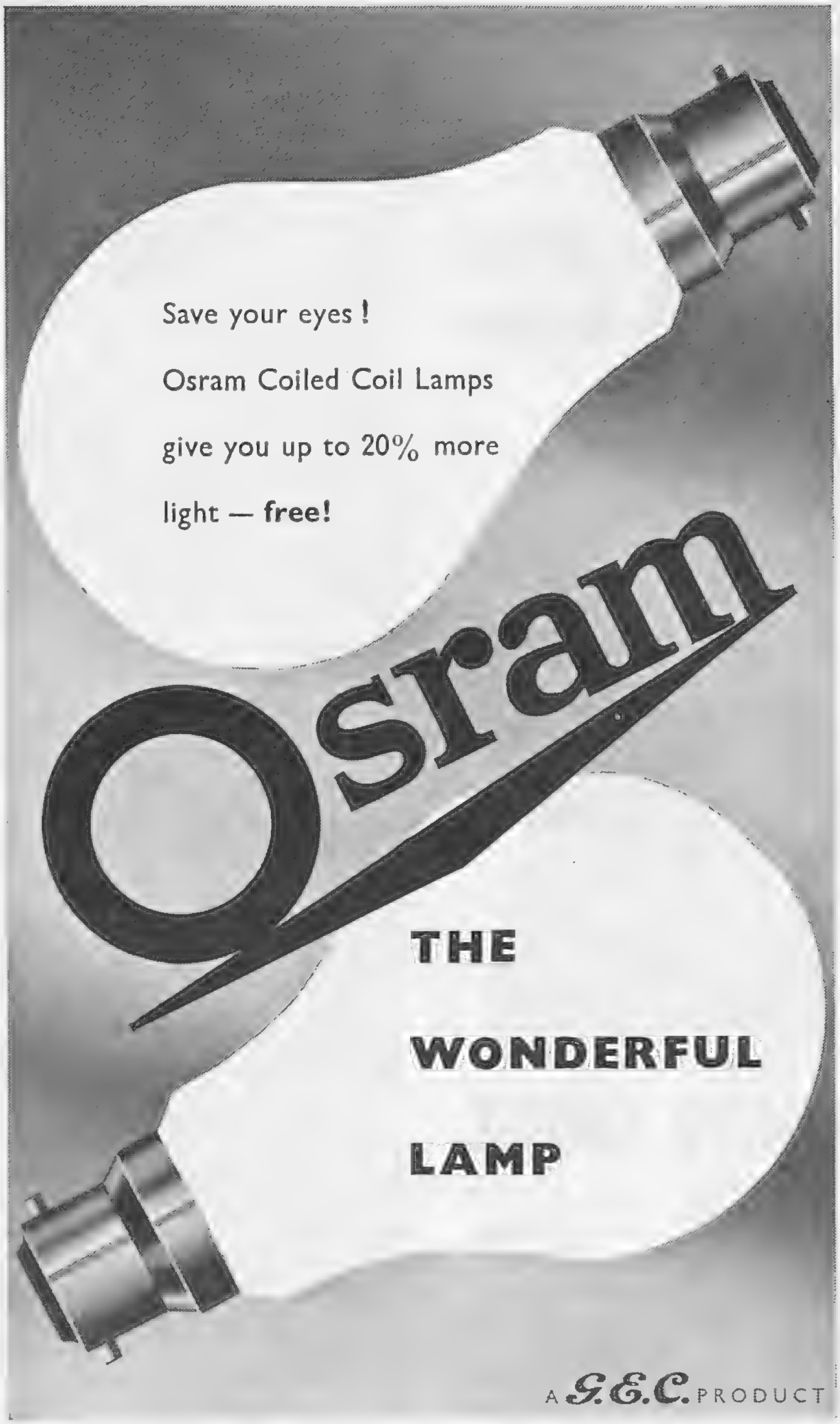
On the fifth day the lights of Honnesvaag, the world's most northerly village, fronting the waters of the Arctic Ocean, hove into view. The lights of the houses sparkled like diamonds against the snow. For the whole winter this village had lived in darkness. Now they were getting a few hours of daylight and waiting for the first ray of sunshine which they had not seen for many weeks.

I left the trawler and put up at the Sailors' Home, a wooden shack, where below my bedroom window a cold sea lapped at the beach.

NEARLY everyone of the thousand people living in Honnesvaag earn their living by fishing. All round the harbour you can see fish drying on stakes. They are left there to dry for, perhaps, two months amidst flying snow, sleet and Arctic winds. Then they are sewn into canvas bales and exported to Italy and Africa. I have seen natives walking through the bush in Central Africa, chewing this stuff like as if it was a bit of sweetmeat.

There is only one policeman in the village of Honnesvaag, and his one-roomed prison up on the hill rarely has an occupant. He parades the snow-covered main street, clad in a uniform that suggests an admiral in the British Navy. For

(Continued on page 146)



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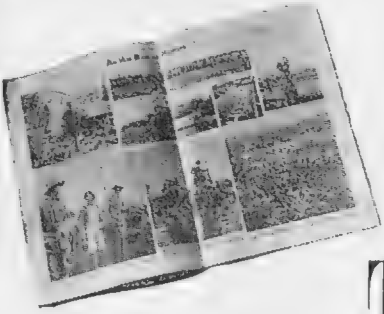

A Nottingham reader writes:

". . . In these days of appalling 'journalese' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about . . . is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

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the rest of the time he sits in one of the four cafés and reads Norwegian translations of American crime stories. It's the only exciting thing in his life.

The cafés there sell nothing but coffee and cakes, for Honnesvaag is like a number of places in North Norway, dry.

I found everyone dressed in a sort of ski-ing kit with calf-length boots and fur or astrakhan caps. The women, however, have rebelled against the calf-length shoe, and proudly display shapely silken-clad calves above the ordinary sized shoe—even though sometimes they plunge into a foot or two of snow, and have to change shoes and stockings as soon as they get home. What a thing is vanity!

I stayed in this queer little village three days. I found it very peaceful and happy. Everyone was healthy. Though they did not earn much money, they had plenty of good food. They communicated with neighbours on the island by ski-ing over snow-clad slopes. And on Saturday they saw American films in a wooden shack. Only the women were discontented. They said they found life too slow there. They wanted to go south. I thought of London, Paris, Madrid, Berlin . . . war scares, political squabbles, the scream of shells, the tramp of Storm Trooper's feet . . . and I wondered.

When I had interviewed the local policeman and the editor (and at the same time the only reporter) of the local paper, I boarded the *Arctic Mail* for Hammerfest. One thing I was grateful to the American films for—they teach most people in Northern Norway to speak some sort of English and that is useful for the traveller and journalist.

The *Arctic Mail*, which is a steamer that plies between Vardoe in the Arctic Ocean and Bergen in Southern Norway, is the only means of communication the north of Norway has with the south. There are no railways or roads connecting the two regions, therefore all passengers and mail must go by sea. The arrival of the steamer at all the little ports is a great event.

Sometimes there are only about a hundred residents, but they all come down to have a gossip, and find out if there are any letters for them.

I arrived at Hammerfest on a Saturday night and went to the local dance. And I was soon made aware that Hammerfest was much more important than "that hole, Honnesvaag." For Hammerfest is a town, and proudly calls itself the most "northerly town in the world."

The lads and lassies danced and drank coffee and gossiped. They all looked superbly healthy, and the girls had not a trace of make-up. The cold Arctic winds blew natural colour into their lips and cheeks, and their blue eyes were clear and steady. If you want a healthy and beautiful wife, go to Norway. And, funnily enough, they all want to come south. They think Norway is too slow. The cinema teaches them that it is only the life in the big cities that matters.

At Tromso, the capital of North Norway, I stayed with an old friend, Commander Cumming, the British Consul for the northern region. He and his wife, a Newcastle girl, are the only two British residents in the vast snowy wastes of Northern Norway. Up in their little blue wooden house that looks down on the harbour, they sit and watch the snow the whole winter and when it stops they ski across the hills for exercise.

Tromso in the summer is full of tourists from all over Southern Europe, because it has the midnight sun, and consequently perpetual daylight. I liked it in the winter because there were no tourists and the whole place was under two feet of snow. I have lived in all sorts of places—tropical cities, European, American and Far Eastern cities, huts in Central Africa—but give me snow for real health and well-being. You always have an appetite; you always want to keep moving and the blood seems to course richly through your veins.

There was a queer little local disagreement going on when I got there with Grimsby and Hull, and, believe it or not, it was all about

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N/BJ/29

blondes and coal. Tromso used to be a port of call for British trawlers coming in from the Arctic after a week or so's fishing. They would take on coal for the southward trip. Meanwhile the lads from the trawlers would take the blonde lassies from Tromso to the pictures or into a café to talk about this and that. Perhaps the coaling took a bit longer than it should have done. I cannot say for I am not an authority.

Anyhow, the price of fish fell on the Hull and Grimsby markets, the owners got the wind-up and decreed that shorter trips should be made, and no call made at Tromso. Every trawler should be bunkered sufficiently for the trip, which would have to be carried out to schedule. Thus, shorter and cheaper trips would give a bigger margin of profit.

Now the coal bunkering department of Tromso were wild about their loss of trade, and the blondes wild about the loss of potential husbands. For many a Grimsby and Hull trawlerman's wife comes from Tromso. And that's the legend of blondes and coal, the truth of which I can vouch for. Some trawlers still steal in there at the dead of night, and certain members of the crew row themselves ashore. But they lift anchor before dawn and before the local agent can spot and report their arrival to Hull or Grimsby.

I left Tromso rather regretfully when it was looking like a Christmas card under an orange glow of the setting sun. On the steamer going south there were few passengers, all Norwegians. They are a very peaceful people to talk to and move amongst. They have a natural charm of manner and a smile, and they look as if they could not lose their temper easily. If I have a fault to find with them, it is that their sense of humour seems a bit blunted. Still, they are among the most democratic people in the world, both in their character and in their political system—and that's saying a lot these days.

It's a three days' trip down to Trondhjem, because the ship calls at every port to deliver mail. The name of the port is usually displayed at the quayside like a railway station, and there is a general raising of fur caps to greet you as you tie up alongside. Nearly all the ports look the same, dried fish hanging on stakes, wooden houses, and rocky, snow-clad slopes climbing up behind them. You see few stretches of fertile land.

Coming out of one of these ports we had an adventure. I had just gone below to wash before dinner when there was a sudden jarring crash, and the ship heeled over at an angle of forty-five degrees. I did not waste any time dashing for the companionway, and I found the rest of the passengers doing the same. But when we arrived on deck our nerves were calmed. We had certainly run aground on a jagged piece of submerged rock, but we were less than a mile from shore.

Tugs were alongside us in fifteen minutes, but they could do nothing. We were too firmly wedged. And so we stuck the whole night until bigger tugs came from another port and hauled us off. But one part of that experience I really enjoyed was sitting in the saloon and listening to the B.B.C. announcing that a Norwegian mail steamer had run aground on some rocks and all the passengers were safe.

At Trondhjem we began to get into the sophistication of the south again. Here there were quite big cinemas, cafés and trams.

The train that hurtles over the mountains from Trondhjem to Oslo offers a magnificent panorama from the carriage window. It passes over deep ravines where water tumbles down out of sight, and seems to climb up into the clouds where you are lost in a sea of white

Oslo, lights, swift-moving cars and a tall four-master moored in the harbour; then across the mountains again to the loveliest port in Norway, quaint old Bergen with its cobbled quays, fertile slopes and the green spires of churches. On the boat that was to take me across to Newcastle, I picked up a two days' old London daily newspaper and read "HITLER MARCHES INTO AUSTRIA."

I thought wistfully of little Arctic villages and towns as we picked up anchor and headed south.

END

HORMONE CREAM
FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

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The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

From all leading Stores and Chemists
Per Jar 21/- and 12/6

LEICHNER
MAKE-UP & BEAUTY SERVICE
89, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Expert advice on any question of make-up or the care of the skin, free of charge.

LEICHNER
Laboratories and Offices
LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

DELICIOUS AND DELIGHTFULLY "DIFFERENT"
DIGESTIVE Cream MINTS by Elizabeth Shaw
1/- 2/- & 4/- PER BOX AT ALL LEADING STORES
CHOCOLATE COATED 1/6 3/- & 6/-

"Alkalize" Acid Indigestion

People everywhere are adopting this remarkable *NEW* way

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD Dr JONES TOLD ME ABOUT 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS FOR MY ACID STOMACH

On all sides, people are learning that the way to gain almost incredibly quick relief, from stomach upsets arising from over-acidity, is to alkalize the stomach quickly with 'Milk of Magnesia.'

You take either two teaspoonfuls of the liquid 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals; or two 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. Almost instantly "acid indigestion" goes: flatulence from hyper-acidity, "acid-headaches"—from over indulgence in food or smoking—and nausea are relieved. You feel like a new person; forget you have a stomach.

Try this amazing new way if you have any acid stomach upsets. And try it particularly, for quick relief. You will be surprised at the results. Get either the liquid preparation or the new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Sold by all Chemists.
'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (*Treble Size*)
Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.'

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"

—our advertisers would like to know you!

THESE ARE NEW TO ME . . .

IDEAS crop up in the sphere of home-making with astonishing rapidity. Even the reporter on home matters whose job it is to keep abreast of developments finds herself occasionally behind. Inventors always seem to get ahead.

At a recent exhibition there were surprises for the best informed. These are just a few of them:

A SOUND-PROOF radio or music room for the small home. The very thing many of us have been petitioning for. The *only* thing to solve the problem of the person who wants the radio on when you want to read. Better still, it protects the neighbours from your taste in music. It is simple, practical and air conditioned. Glass walls.

IDEA for the one sitting-room flat. One wall is completely covered with a life-size photographic reproduction of an outdoor scene. Gives the illusion of spaciousness and a beautiful outlook. For the Exhibition room they choose a sunny cornfield rolling away into a cloudy distance. Effective. Made a mere box of a room seem pleasant. Spacious.

FOR the bachelor one-room flat. Two-purpose furniture. Notably a sideboard, which almost by magic, becomes a dressing-table. Nothing eccentric or even unconventional about any of these pieces. Just simple, modern good-looking furniture with a difference.

SERVICE again for the one-room bachelor flat where the divan bed is supreme. A bed-head which behaves as such for night time and lowers to become a seat and a needlework cabinet during the day. Again, practical and not too tricky for common-sense use.

A COCKTAIL cupboard much like other good cocktail cupboards, has shelves which take out and act as trays. A device to be appreciated by all who know the difficulties of handing round drinks to a large party when the household's trays have been commandeered for food.

SILENT curtain runway made of synthetic resin. Said to be non-corrosive and positively everlasting. Obviates the use of brackets and is a permanent fixture. A great improvement generally on most older types of curtain fixture.

A NEW and very welcome kind of door, specially invented with an eye upon the human menace who has never learnt to close the door behind him. It closes itself. Moreover it does it *silently*.

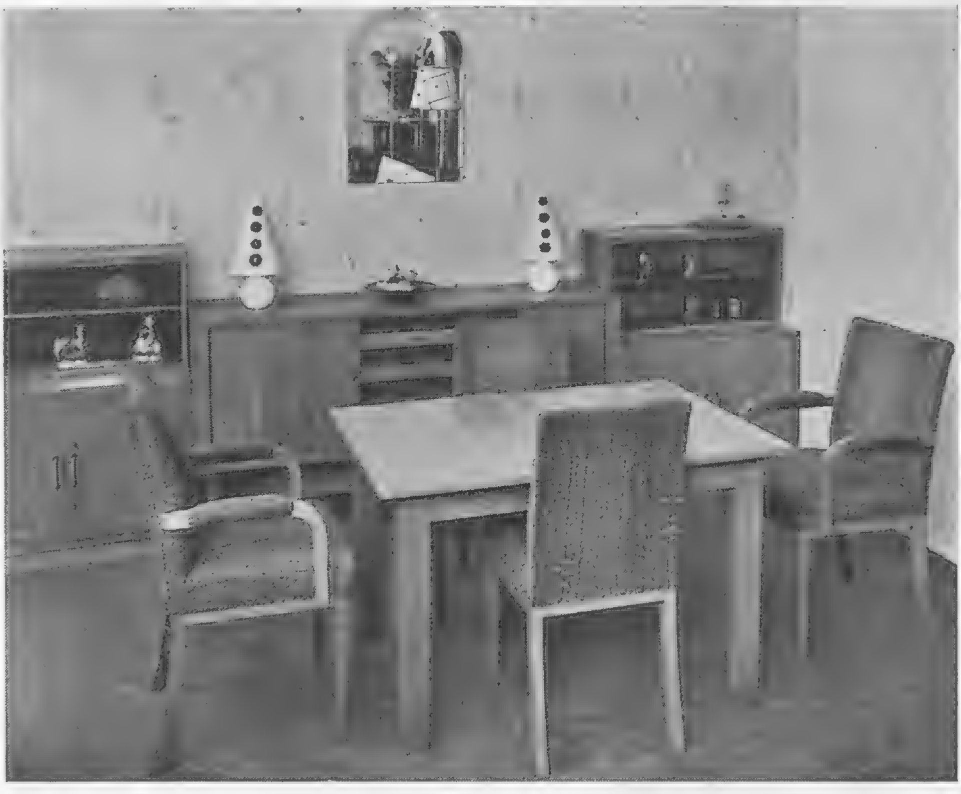
IN passing, a model exhibit to show that a matt wall surface reflects more light than a glossy one. Moral: to prove that you can sometimes save the cost of your electricity bill by redecorating your room.

A BALLCOCK specially designed to prevent the possibility of the lavatory cistern overflowing. Too technical to explain, but it works. If your lavatory cistern has ever flooded the bathroom you'll appreciate the importance of this very useful invention.

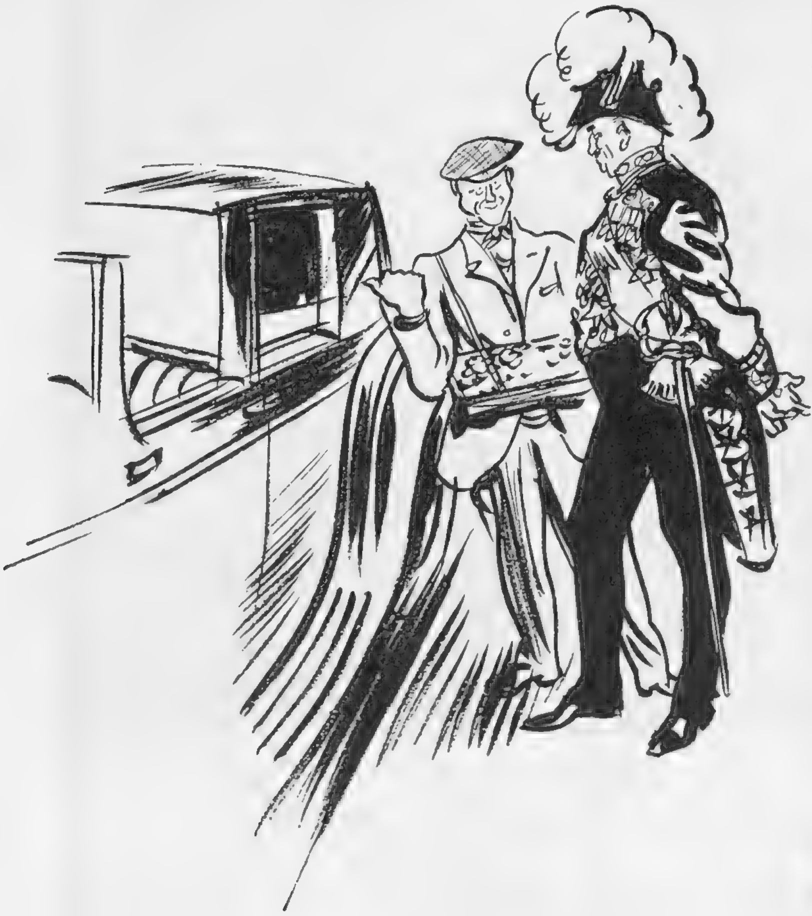
NEW and ever newer kitchen cabinets. The latest had wireless built into them and electric clocks. Everything you and your maid could possibly think of wanting in the least possible space. Straight-grained oak is used, instead of enamel finish. This only needs occasional waxing. No arduous cleaning.

KITCHEN boilers designed to make the kitchen easy to look at without sacrificing a mite of practical efficiency. New compact models in several attractive vitreous enamel colours, with "spring-cushioned" doors which let themselves down.

(*Continued on page* 151)



Unit sideboard for the small flat has roller shutter doors, so that the minimum of space is occupied when they are open. Extending sub-divided trays are fitted to the centre section



"Nice car, Guv'nor"

"It suits me! I saw it advertised."

Men who know the best, and can afford to pay for it, are resolute in their insistence on advertised goods. Only reliable goods (they know) can stand up to intensive publicity. The manufacturer who makes a public claim must be in a position to prove it. So—

ADVERTISED GOODS ARE THE GOODS TO BUY

LOVELY TODAY—LOVELIER TOMORROW

VELVET OF PEACHES

Barbara Gould's new Foundation Cream in shades to tone with her Face Powder achieves that dark over light principle known as "Duo-Make-Up" which softens the lines and contours of the face and gives a sparkling brilliance to the eyes.

VELVET OF PEACHES keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours and renders the skin soft, smooth and velvety. For best results apply to a freshly cleansed skin after damping with Skin Freshener. Can be used for all types of skin, normal, dry and oily. *Shades:* Natural, Rachel, Rachel 2, Rose Indian, Currant Rose. 4/6

FACE POWDER. Barbara Gould's Face Powder is renowned for purity and fineness and is blended to give the most flattering effect to all types of complexions. 6/6 and 12/6.

SKIN FRESHENER. Slightly astringent but does not dry the skin, refreshing and invigorating. From 4/6 to 55/-.

LIPSTICK. Gives that fashionable "slipper satin" look and is a permanent beautifier of the lips. In new enchanting colours for all occasions. 6/6.

Good class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers stock BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY PREPARATIONS. Write or Telephone the Beauty Salon (Regent 4131 2) to arrange a free consultation, or write to Dept. B, for a complimentary copy of THE WAY TO LOVELINESS.

Barbara Gould LTD.

STANDBROOK HOUSE, 2-5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.I

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS NOVEMBER, 1938

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

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Long, Lustrous and Intriguing Natural Lashes grown by

Crescent

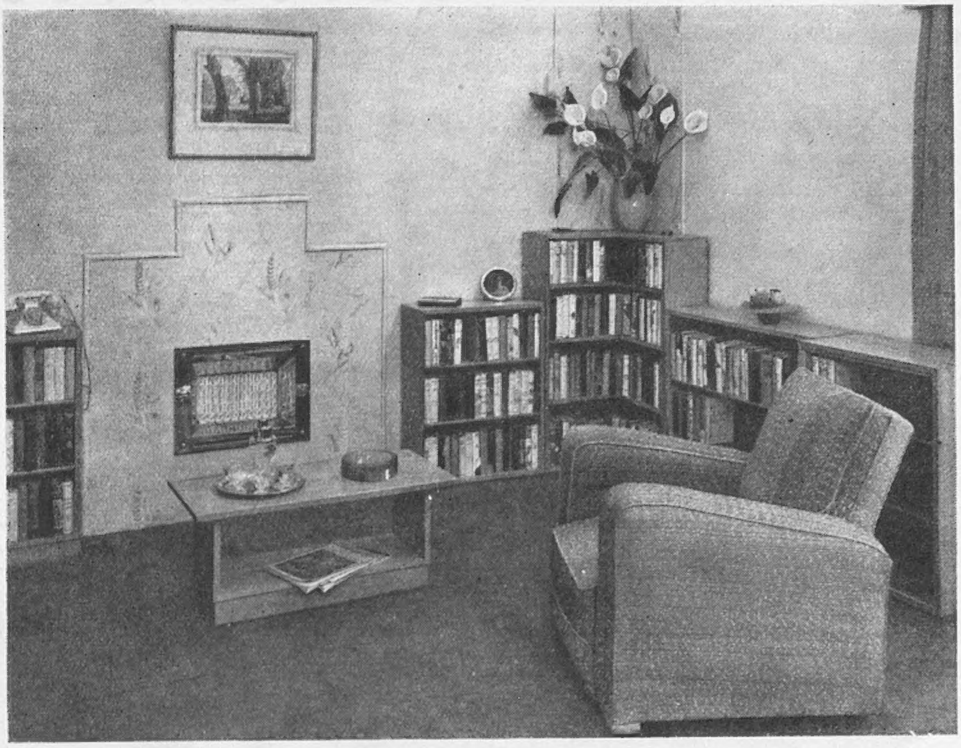
eyelash grower

Crescent never fails!

The first and most successful preparation of its kind, Crescent Eyelash Grower *definitely* grows long, thick lustrous lashes. It is good for eyelids, too. Endorsed by doctors, Crescent has a forty years' reputation and is stocked by all leading Stores, Boots and other good Chemists, also Hairdressers everywhere. A 7s. 6d. pot is sufficient for six months, and never fails to grow long, lovely lashes which beautify the eyes. In case of difficulty, Crescent is obtainable direct from

CRESCENT PREPARATIONS CO., LTD. (Dept. B.)
27 Old Bond Street London, W.1.

Crescent is approved by the Institute of Health and Beauty.

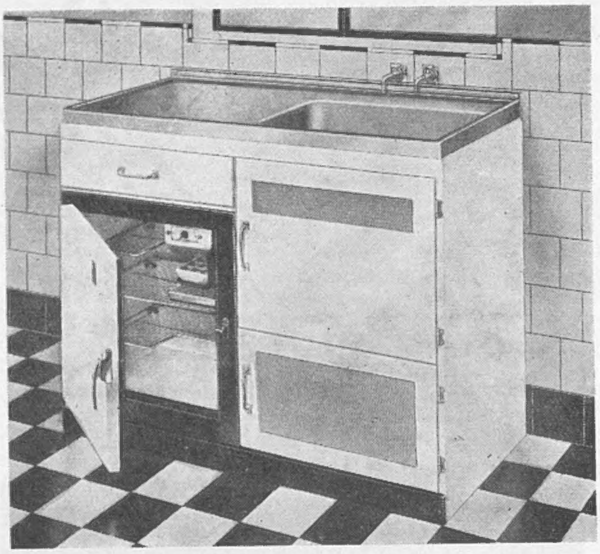


A clever use of plain and patterned wall surface. Plain pale green is used for the background. A surrounding panel of toning paper for the electric fire. The figured paper again in an upright panel behind the unit bookcase. One wall at the end of the room (not seen in the picture) is entirely covered with the figured paper

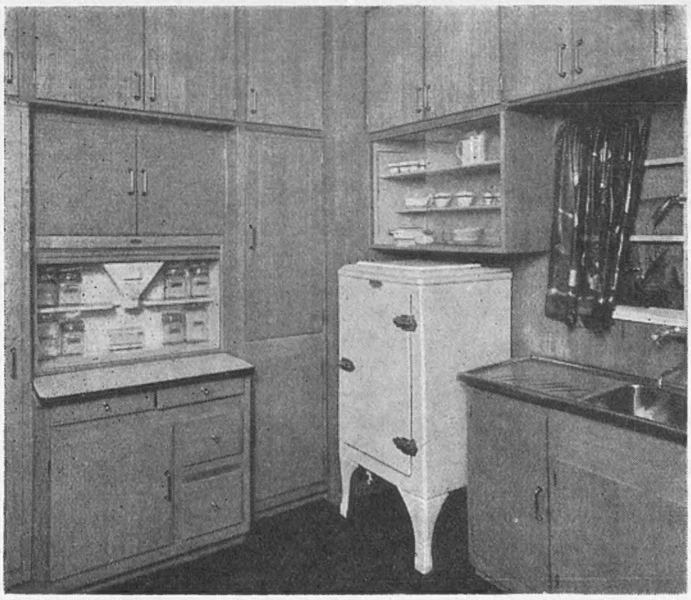
PORTABLE metal ladder. It folds up and can be stowed away in the smallest possible space. Really useful for climbing the pear tree, getting into the loft, hanging pictures and for any kind of climbing at all.

DOUBLE glazed windows that keep out noise. The "coming thing" for city houses and flats. The demonstration showed beyond possibility of doubt that these glass windows really deaden noise. Even a pneumatic drill seemed to whisper through them.

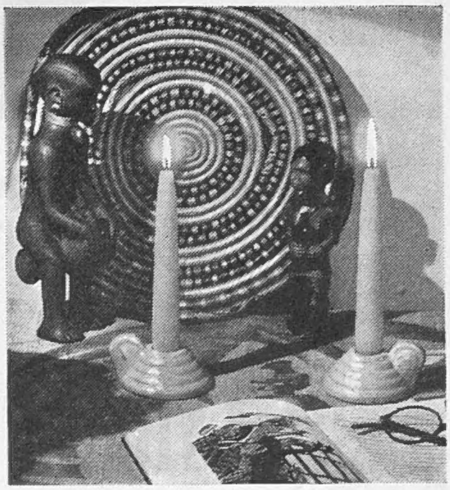
We can tell you more about these discoveries if you are interested. Send your enquiry to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, who will gladly send you particulars of any one of the objects mentioned.



A super sink unit with a stainless steel sink and draining board, cupboards and refrigerator fitted below



Kitchen walls and built-in fitments are of straight grained oak. An improvement upon enamel which requires constant attention to keep bright. On the left is a broom cupboard with double doors. The outer compartment holds the ironing board, the inner has slotted shelves for brooms of all sizes



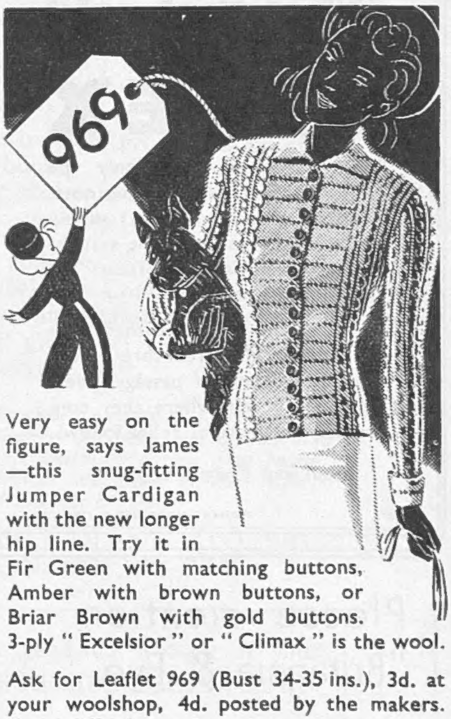
A touch of *Genius* :—
Colours SOLID-DYED!

1. Being SOLID-DYED, the colours are long-lasting.
2. Being SOLID-DYED, they do not chip, scratch or wilt.
3. Being SOLID-DYED, there is no white ring beneath the flame as with surface tinted candles.
4. They burn longer and give more light.

Nell Gwynn
SOLID-DYED CANDLES

In 36 long-lasting colours. From 6 to 24 inches long Sold only in Boxes (never loose) from 9d. to 5/6
J. C. & J. Field, Ltd. (Candlemakers from 1642) S.E.1

CVS—27

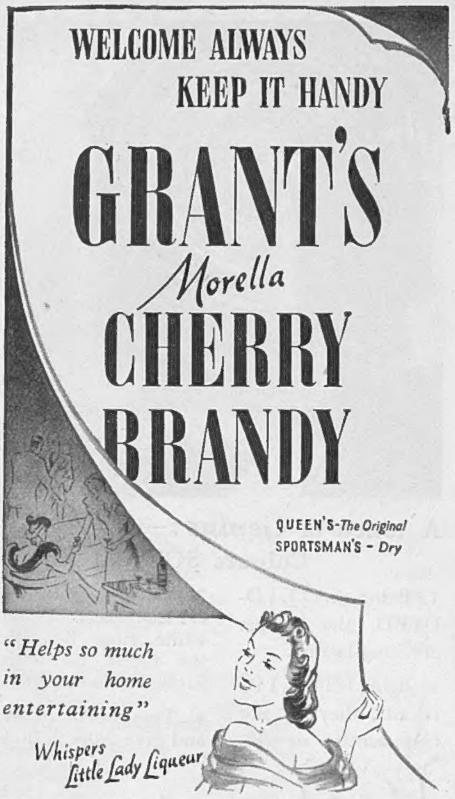


Very easy on the figure, says James—this snug-fitting Jumper Cardigan with the new longer hip line. Try it in Fir Green with matching buttons, Amber with brown buttons, or Briar Brown with gold buttons. 3-ply "Excelsior" or "Climax" is the wool.

Ask for Leaflet 969 (Bust 34-35 ins.), 3d. at your woolshop, 4d. posted by the makers. If any difficulty, write:

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS, LTD.,
47, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester, 2,
or 132/3, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

Copley's KNITTING Wools
IN THE COLOURS OF FASHION



WELCOME ALWAYS
KEEP IT HANDY
GRANT'S
Morella
CHERRY
BRANDY

QUEEN'S-*The Original*
SPORTSMAN'S - *Dry*

"Helps so much in your home entertaining"

Whispers Little Lady Liqueur

BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST

What that cold needs is
VAPEX
TRADE MARK

Remedies which treat only the symptoms of a cold (running nose, headache, sore throat, etc.) simply bottle up the germs in the system. To get well quickly, treat the CAUSE, not the effects.

Vapex, because it is breathed from the handkerchief direct through the nasal and bronchial passages, destroys the germs where they congregate, and natural relief follows.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V187 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

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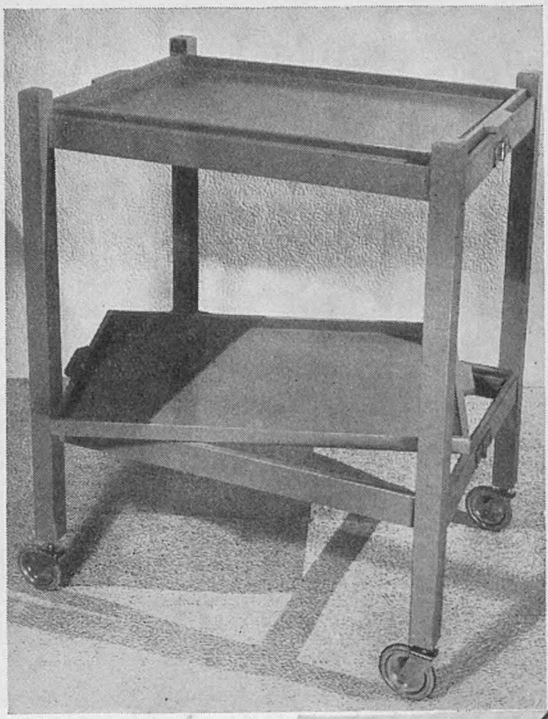
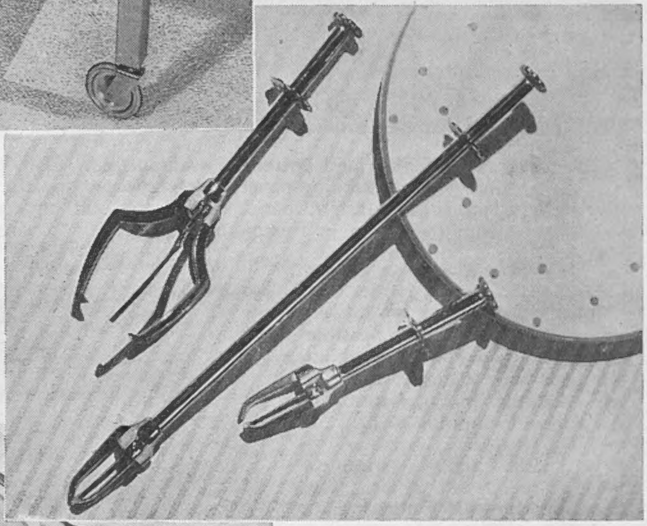
Kitchen Necessities

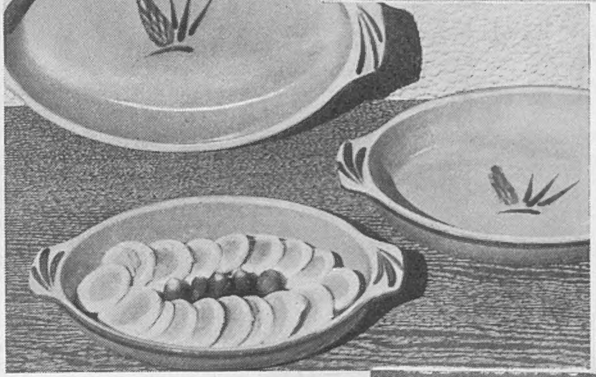


Folding Trolley for the small house. It is made in blue, green or oak colouring with two removable trays. Can be neatly folded and stored in a kitchen cupboard. Price 25s. 9d.

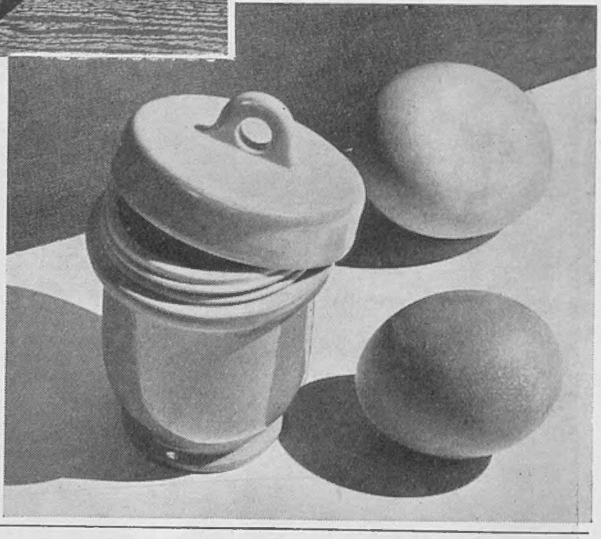
Below:
Press-top Tongs are excellent for picking up sugar, pickles or lumps of ice. The sugar tongs are 3s. 6d., the pickle tongs are 5s., the ice tongs are 5s. 6d.



Below:
Fire-proof dishes really fit to come to table. The background is grey and the neat, modern design is blue. The dishes are of various sizes from nine to eleven inches. Prices 1s. 6d. to 3s. 3d.



Below:
Fresh ways to prepare eggs are made possible with this new type of cooking cup. Place the egg, butter and any flavouring in the cup, screw down the lid and place in boiling water for five minutes. Serve in the cup. Price 2s. in white, 2s. 6d. coloured. Postage 6d.



The names and addresses where these goods can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Steet, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston. Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

So simple to cook—

WHEN YOU HAVE THE PROPER APPLIANCE

How the MAINSTAT controls the cooking

It first establishes the correct heat in the oven. Then it automatically turns down the gas to the exact size of flame required for the cooking. At the end of an exact time the food is ready.

The marks on the MAINSTAT enable it to be set to give any heat required for any sort of food.

The MAINSTAT abolishes the "hit-or-miss" method of cooking, and ensures that only the exact amount of gas necessary will be used—and no more.

To have your kitchen fitted with a MAIN Gas Cooker is the first step to easier and better cooking.

The oven, with its patent removable shelf supports and reversible grid shelves, cooks the food to perfection under the most economical conditions, and without attention, because of its MAINSTAT automatic oven control.

The hotplate provides a selection of boiling and grilling burners with that fine adjustment of heat that prevents waste.

In addition, you have in the MAIN Gas Cooker, an appliance that is an ornament to any kitchen—all glistening enamel and chromium plate.

● *Further particulars of MAIN Cookers in green and cream, blue and white, or dapple grey enamel finishes are given in the MAIN RECIPE BOOK.*

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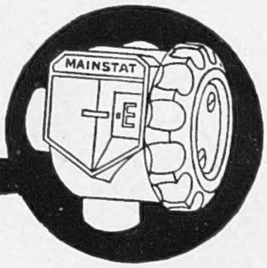
GAS COOKERS



Call and inspect these Cookers at your local Gas Showrooms

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Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS 3/11 to 10/6

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